THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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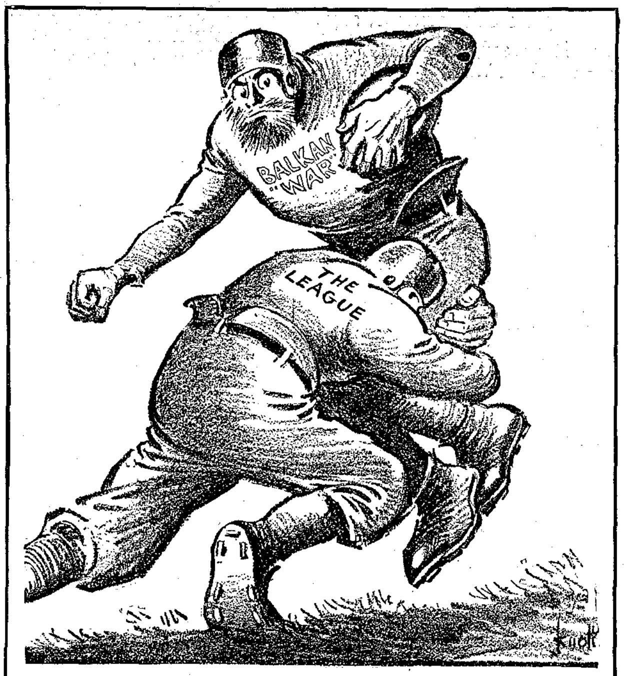
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE LEAGUE'S FIRST GREAT PEACE VICTORY

THE OLD WAR-TORN WORLD has swung into a new epoch at last, and a new chapter in human history has begun, say experienced editorial observers as they see two Balkan belligerents actually stop a war at the command of the League of Nations. It is taken, too, as a heartening sequel to the peace-pledge of Locarno when a word of command from the League can quench a flaming fuse of conflict in that ever-menacing powder-magazine of tangled racial hates and fierce national rivalries. It was only three days after the initialing of the security pact by the great Powers of Western Europe when an outbreak of fighting between Greeks and Bulgarians on the Macedonian frontier cast a sudden chill of apprehension across the rejoicings of the war-wearied nations, which remembered how a spark from Serajevo blew the world to pieces eleven years ago. Europe shuddered at the possible consequences of another Balkan war. But almost overnight fear turned again to rejoicing when the Council of the League of Nations, called to an emergency session in Paris, met the crisis with ultimatum to Greece and Bulgaria demanding immediate cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of all invading forces.



TACKLED ALMOST BEFORE HE STARTED

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

Prompt compliance by the belligerent nations was accorded this first ultimatum ever issued by the League. A Paris dispatch to the New York *Evening World* points out that this is "the first time in modern history that Western Powers have been able to prevent a Balkan war, with its incalculable consequences." In this case, the same correspondent adds, "it took less than a week for representatives of the League to meet in Paris and only two hours to make a definite decision which put an end to hostilities already begun."

This means, according to its friends, that at last the League of Nations has "arrived." It is stronger to-day than ever before, they say, because of the Locarno security agreement, which seems to establish peace and a more united spirit in Western Europe. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* remarks, "fortunately for the cause of peace, it is a united Europe that is facing the Near East to-day." "Here, for the first time in nearly seven years, the League has spoken with authority in a real crisis," says the New York *World*, noting that "it not only stopt an actual war in the Balkans, but it compelled the stronger Power to retreat." For those who have read the history of Balkan wars, the performance of the League at Paris "will rightly seem like a new chapter in human history," thinks *The World*, which goes on to say:

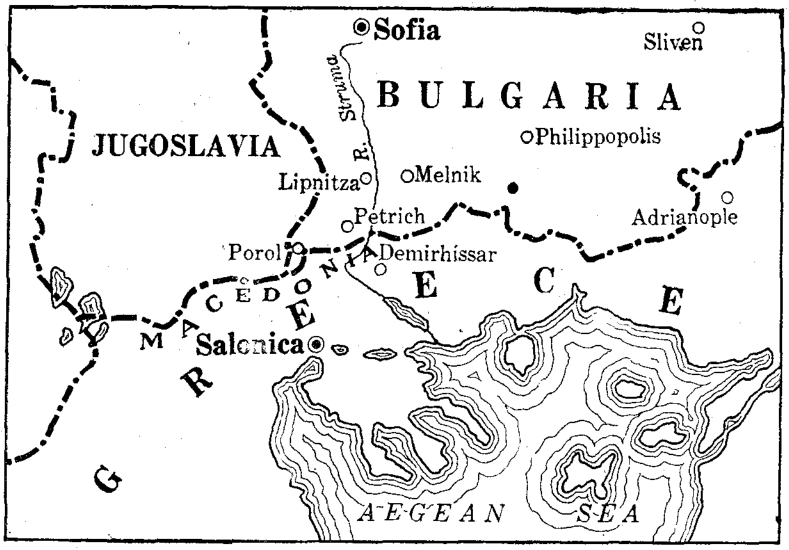
"The Governments belonging to the League spoke with such unity and such authority; they spoke so promptly and so plainly, that a nation engaged in the invasion of a helpless neighbor has actually halted the invasion, abandoned its own announced determination to occupy certain territory, and is withdrawing its Army. That is the kind of thing the League was created to do. And now at last it has found the strength to do it.

"How has it acquired this authority? What has happened that the League has grown so much stronger? It could do nothing with Poland and Lithuania, nothing with Greece and Turkey; why is it able to do so much with Greece and Bulgaria? The answer is Locarno. The League has become powerful in the outlying regions of Europe because at the center a peace has been begun among France, Germany and Great Britain.

"The difference between the League's handling of the Greco-Bulgarian conflict and its handling of the Italo-Greek conflict at Corfu is not due primarily to the fact that Greece is a small Power and Italy a great Power. That had something to do with it, of course. The real difference is that during the Corfu incident France was invading the Ruhr and at loggerheads with Britain. The League was a house divided against itself, with France afraid to coerce Mussolini and eager to intrigue for his help. To-day the influences at the heart of the League of Nations are reconciled and therefore able to act together to quell a disturbance of the peace of Europe.

"There is a very great lesson in this history. It is that no League, as such, and no machinery of peace, as such, can preserve the peace. At the heart of any device for maintaining the peace there must be a peace among the great Powers. When they are at peace themselves, they can maintain peace elsewhere. In Europe peace depends upon the settlement of the major differences among Britain, France, Germany, and Russia. In so far as such a settlement is made, the League will be powerful in all other European disputes. That is the lesson of Locarno and of the Greco-Bulgarian war.

"Hitherto a dispute between two Balkan States has been seconded and aggravated by the great Powers maneuvering for advantage. The Balkan wars have been endless, because in the Balkans each great Power had its pet nation which it egged on against the pet nation of its rival. To-day, for the first time within the memory of man, the great Western Powers have stood united on a Balkan question, and for the first time when they commanded peace the Balkans obeyed."



WHERE THE LEAGUE QUENCHED THE FLAMES OF WAR

In the early morning of October 19 shots were exchanged between a Greek and a Bulgarian, near Demirhissar. This led to border skirmishes and the invasion of Bulgaria by Greek troops, which bombarded Petrich and neighboring towns with artillery, until the League of Nations intervened.

The importance of the ultimatum which the League of Nations issued to Greece and Bulgaria can scarcely be exaggerated, says the New York *Times*, which welcomes it as evidence that "we are living in a new epoch" in which hereafter "the advance of strong and enlightened nations may be achieved without the maiming and slaughter of the nations' best and bravest." Continues *The Times*:

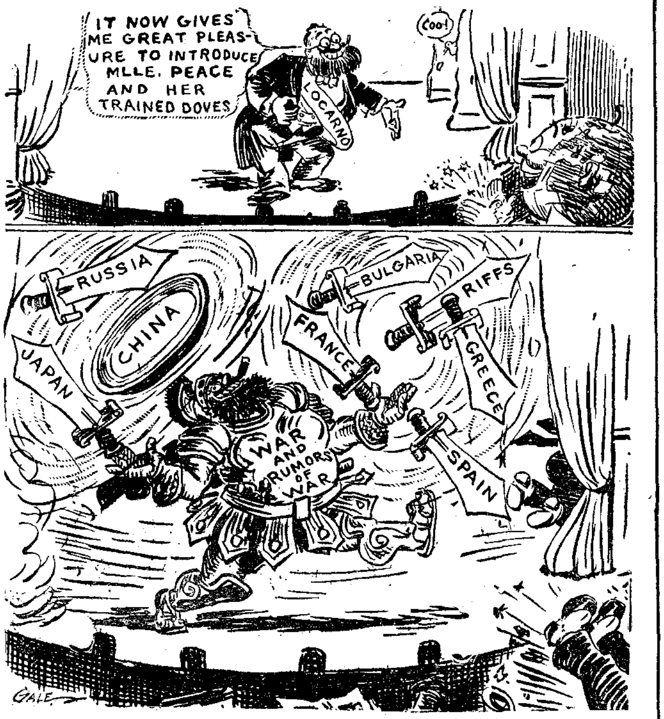
> "To-day those of little faith are asking what the authority of the League would have come to if, instead of disarmed Bulgaria and exhausted Greece, the belligerents had been Powers of the first order.
>
> "The answer is the treaties of Locarno. It may not be true, as one of the statesmen at Geneva yesterday declared, that 'Europe has found itself.' But the fact is beyond dispute that the League is finding itself. The Greco-Bulgarian ultimatum may not be 'epoch-making,' being itself a creature of the past five years, and at best an earnest of the future. But it does mark a new epoch, already so largely made. It does this because great Western nations are one and all binding themselves to precisely the just and pacific procedure which they are imposing upon Greece and Bulgaria. Much more is at stake than peace in the Balkans. Through their representatives at Geneva—whose astuteness and common sense have been too much obscured from the common view by their high idealism—England and France, even the Italy that once coveted Corfu, are creating for themselves a mighty precedent of loyalty to the plighted word."

Accounts differ as to how the flare-up on the Macedonian border began. According to the Bulgarian version, at 3 A. M., October 19, a Greek sentry crossed the frontier near the town of Demirhissar, fired on a Bulgarian, and was himself shot and killed. A detachment of Greeks advancing to recover his body was opposed by Bulgarian troops, and the fighting was on. The Greek story, on the other hand, is that a band of Bulgarian irregulars, assisted by regular Bulgarian troops, made a sudden and unprovoked attack on a Greek border post, killing a Greek soldier and a Greek captain. But whoever started it, the fighting continued and spread. Greece invaded Bulgaria with infantry, artillery and airplanes, bombarding Petrich and other towns, and killing, according to Bulgarian reports, almost as many civilian men and women as soldiers. She reinforced this invasion with an ultimatum demanding an indemnity of 2,000,000 francs, an apology, and the assurance of the punishment of those guilty in the incident near Demirhissar. Bulgaria appealed to the League of Nations to intervene, both she and Greece being members of that body. On October 26 the Council of the League of Nations, with Foreign Minister Briand of France presiding, met in Paris and issued an ultimatum calling for a cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of troops to their own soil. Both Greece and Bulgaria announced their intention to comply with this order.

While the general tone of the American press in commenting on the League's first ultimatum is one of optimism and unqualified approval, we here and there encounter a note of skepticism, and even cynicism. Thus in the Washington *Post* we read:

> "Why is it that the president of the council takes steps to have the council suppress war between Greece and Bulgaria and ignores the other wars that are going on in Morocco and Syria? Is it possible that M. Briand does not know of the Moroccan and Syrian wars? He should consult his chief, Premier Painlevé, who has just reported to the Chamber of Deputies that 1,700 Frenchmen have been killed in Morocco and that the two wars in question have cost France 3,147,000,000 francs
>
> "The spectacle of the League of Nations shutting its eyes and ears to the Moroccan and Syrian wars, while forbidding Greece and Bulgaria to fight, is a striking illumination of the fact that the League is merely a machine for manipulation of European affairs by the Great Powers. Individuals in the League had the audacity to try to call Mussolini to a halt when he delivered his ultimatum to Greece, but he would not halt. He was one of the Great Powers. The individuals who attempted to interfere for the sake of peace were roundly rebuked, and the entire question was taken out of the League's hands and placed in those of the 'Council of Ambassadors'—in other words, in the hands of the Great Powers themselves.
>
> "It appears that the League of Nations is a roaring lion in behalf of peace when little nations are involved, but it becomes a sucking dove when the Great Powers find it necessary to employ force to gain their ends."

As several journalistic friends of the League suggest, it should have an even larger purpose in the Balkans than to check the fighting and fix the responsibility; "it should attempt to remove the seeds of future conflicts." A number of papers advocate a


IT NOW GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE MLLE. PEACE AND HER TRAINED DOVES
Coo!
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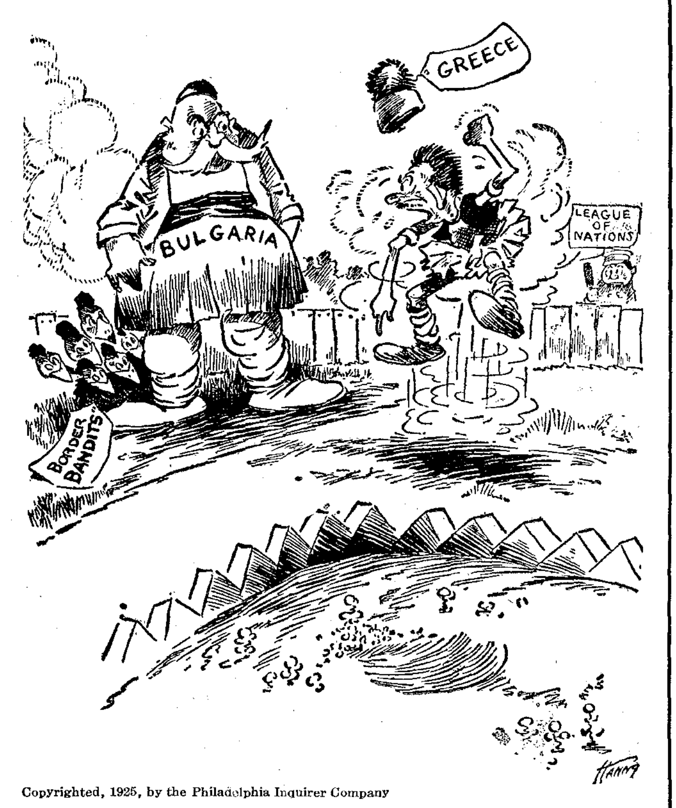
SPAIN
WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR
GALE

"PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE"

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.



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THERE IS ALWAYS BOUND TO BE TROUBLE WHEN THE NEIGHBORS KEEP CHICKENS

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

security pact for the Balkans modeled after that framed at Locarno. This idea has its supporters in Europe, as will be seen by turning to an article on page 16. And in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times*, we read:

"With the war-clouds brushed from the skies of Western and Central Europe, the Powers are determined to take every possible measure to prevent a conflict which might easily spread to other countries from breaking out in the Balkans.

"At the Council meeting in December or March, France or Britain will officially ask the Council to take the necessary steps to insure permanent peace in Southeastern Europe. Probably a neutral zone between countries troubled by border incidents, arbitration and conciliation commissions, and a general guaranty of the treaties by the League of Nations will be proposed."

It is generally agreed that when it undertakes to deal with the underlying factors of the Balkan problem, the League will have a poser. Thus the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* reminds us that:

"Prior to the Balkan wars that began in 1912, the Macedonian empire was the rich fief of the Sultans. As long as the Turks were the employers and landlords the mixed Greek-Serb-Bulgar peasant population dwelt in comparative peace. With Macedonia partitioned between Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria, the peasant racial elements have been in intermittent conflict. The peace congresses have sliced the Macedonian cake and handed each of the contiguous Balkan States a piece, but in each piece there have remained turbulent racial minorities—in some cases racial majorities—at war with the nominal sovereignty. The result is a political situation of the greatest difficulty. Its involvements had a part in the recent Bulgarian revolutions and are now responsible for the trouble with Greece."

In seeking a permanent pacification of the Balkan countries, remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the League of Nations is handicapped by the absence of Russia and Germany from its membership:

"The designs of powerful countries like Russia and Germany must be taken into consideration and dealt with effectively if much real progress is to be assured. Until both Russia and Germany are members in good standing of the League, and until they are able to establish reasonable influence there and, furthermore, until the League itself or some other agency is able to create a spirit of mutual understanding among the leading European members of the League, constructive work in the Balkans will be difficult."

What will be the effect of the League's peace victory on anti-League and pro-League sentiment in the United States? Mark Sullivan, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, answers the question as follows:

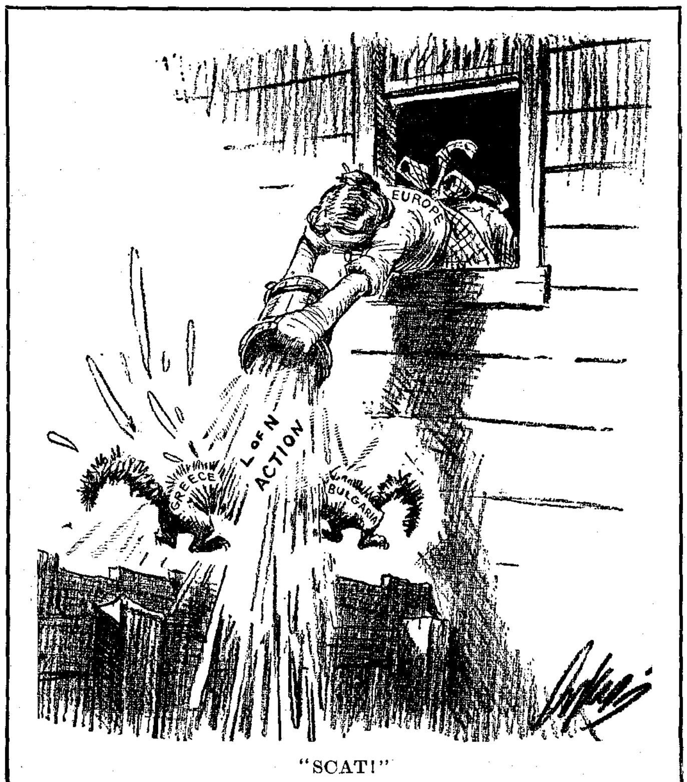
"There is nothing left in Washington of that old irreconcilable point of view which had a kind of sardonic hate for the League of Nations, jeered at its early failures, predicted it would die, and hoped it would. Of that nothing is left. On the contrary, there is speculation whether it would be possible for the United States now to reconsider the whole question of its attitude toward the League.

"There is in some of the most thoughtful quarters of Washington a reflection that the present step in Europe has a meaning for the United States of which we would be wise to take account while we can. As it is exprest, the present developments, including the security pacts and the action of the League of Nations in stopping a Balkan war marks a parting of the ways for the United States, the last opportunity for us to make an important choice. As it is put, America to-day has its last opportunity to associate itself and have a sympathetic relation with the League of Nations, or in the alternative to accept a permanent status of unwillingness to cooperate.

"It is argued that if America were associated with the League, we should be able to have a voice in the future of the world in proportion to our interests. On the other hand, with us outside, it is predicted the present group of treaties will mark the beginning of a self-contained, self-conscious Europe, which will take common action in matters where its interests are competitive with ours.

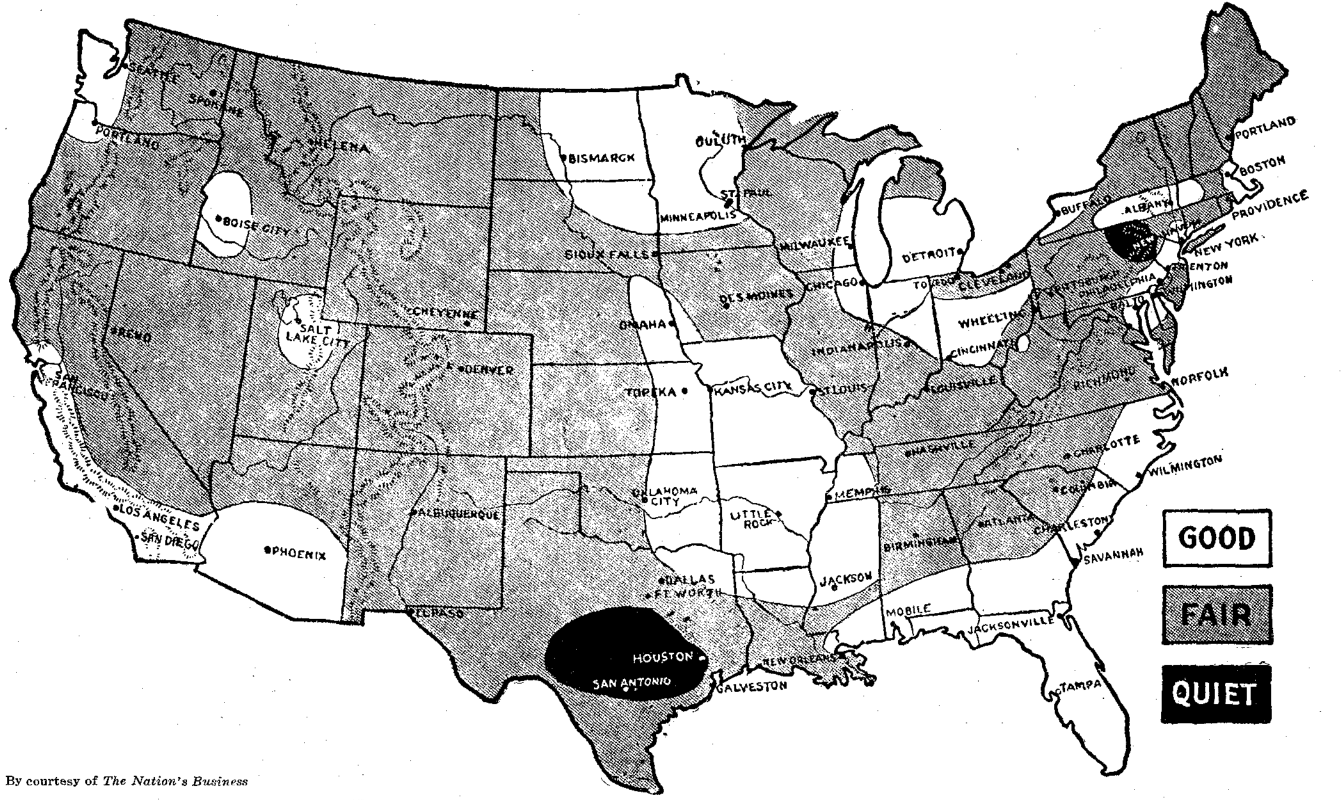
"According to the theory, the nations of Europe, with this security pact as a beginning, will tend more and more to confer, to cooperate and to agree upon matters of common interests. In time there will come a solidarity of Europe, which will have meaning for the United States in ways that would be beneficial to us if we were associated with it, but which can be detrimental if we continue to stand aside.

"These prophets foresee a Europe that cooperates politically for the prevention of war and economically for mutual advantage. With such cooperation, Europe can be self-sufficient, and a self-sufficient Europe would have an adverse meaning to the United States in a business sense. Europe, if Russia be included, has substantially all it needs. It could get along practically without imports from the United States. The suggestion is even made that the question of the United States cooperating with Europe and the League should now be raised again."



"SCAT!"

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.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DULUTH
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MINNEAPOLIS
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FT. WORTH
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
GALVESTON
LITTLE ROCK
MEMPHIS
JACKSON
NEW ORLEANS
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BIRMINGHAM
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By courtesy of *The Nation's Business*

THE BRIGHTEST FACE IT HAS HAD IN SEVERAL YEARS

So the map reflecting business conditions throughout the United States as of October 1 is described in *The Nation's Business.*

PROPHETS AND PROOFS OF PROSPERITY

THE BELIEF IN PROSPERITY which sustains the present boom in Wall Street seems to be shared by practically every authority in the business and financial world. Sir Robert Horne, former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, a frequent visitor here, leaves our shores declaring that he has never before seen "the real prosperity there is to-day in every form of finance, industry, and trade," a prosperity not confined to the wealthy, but extending to every one, and with nothing in sight that can stop it. Henry Ford predicts a century of prosperity. Elbert H. Gary tells us "we are on the verge of a great era of prosperity," and other steel leaders agree with him. One of our most important business publications finds "the map of the nation's business turning toward the sun, the brightest face it has had in several years." When the bankers of the country met in their annual convention a few weeks ago, they all agreed good times were ahead, and the New York *Times*, which sent out a questionnaire to thirty Chambers of Commerce in all parts of the country, finds their optimism as unanimous as it is enthusiastic. Bank presidents—including President Mitchell of the National City Bank—bank bulletins and business reviews join in the chorus. As Harden Colfax writes in a Consolidated Press dispatch,

> "This year swings into the home stretch with more than a fifty-fifty chance of breaking all records for American prosperity.
>
> "Already half a dozen thumping big lines of industry—building, automobiles, the railroads, lumber, petroleum, and radio—have left behind them the good times landmarks of other years, and a dozen other industries are pressing hard to make 1925 their banner year.
>
> "As viewed by government officials who keep their fingers on the business pulse, American industry bids fair to go thundering down the three remaining months of 1925 at a rate never equaled before.
>
> "All in all, it would appear that the period of general prosperity forecast almost a year ago has arrived."

Anybody, says J. Lawrence Laughlin, the economist, can see the trend toward prosperity, with its stage marked by:

> "1. Little or no speculation in carrying goods for a rise, low inventories (but with some signs of an increase).
>
> "2. Low rates of interest.
>
> "3. Fair, average harvests.
>
> "4. Production in some cases nearing capacity.
>
> "5. The greatest number of railway cars loaded in our history.
>
> "6. An enormous increase in bank clearings, which go with increasing production and greater exchanges of goods.
>
> "7. Prospects of lower taxes.
>
> "8. Funding of European debts due us."

The most important element in bringing about the present cheerful state of affairs, says the New York *Times*, is the return of agricultural prosperity. But as "steel is still the great barometer by which many far-sighted business men shape their sales for the long course," the fact that "its aneroid barometer seems to point to fair weather for some time ahead," as S. S. Fontaine puts it in the New York *World*, seems highly significant, especially in Wall Street. It was before the members of the Iron and Steel Institute that Mr. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, said emphatically: "I tell you, gentlemen, we are on the verge of a great era of prosperity." The next day Steel Common sold up to 130, a record price for nine years. Thus, observes the New York *Telegram*, "Mr. Gary stirs the porridge." When he says "the imperative demands of the consumers are large and increasing," adds this paper, it is "what the world of business wants to hear." If Mr. Gary is right, says C. W. Barron, publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, "this country is in for an era of up-building and expansion never before dreamed of." Charles M. Schwab and W. R. Grace, of Bethlehem Steel, back up Mr. Gary, as do the heads of smaller steel concerns, and *The Iron Age* calls attention to the signs of sustained activity in the automobile, railroad, and building steel industries during the winter months.

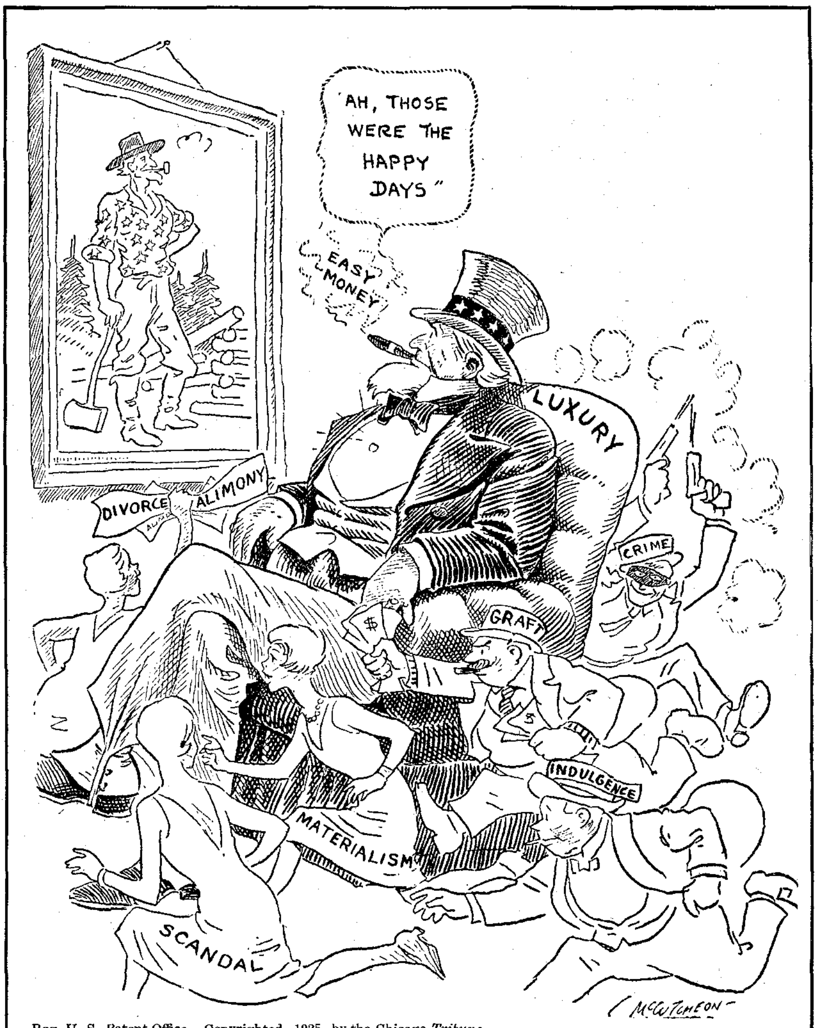
Not that it is a mere steel boom. In October, notes the American Exchange-Pacific National Bank of New York, in its November letter, all the accepted barometers indicated "generally prosperous business in practically all the important fields."

Writing in *The Nation's Business*, Frank Greene agrees that "trade and industry show more uniformly favorable terms than they have for some time past." The Department of Labor's employment service shows increased employment demand in September and October, with increasing activity in railroading, lumbering, the textile industries, building, cotton and beet-sugar production. The New York *World's* real-estate editor calls attention to a nation-wide continuance of the building boom. "All branches of textiles are on the up-grade," declares the mid-October letter of the First National Bank of Boston. And the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which has been conducting a survey in the textile industry, sums it up in the headline: "No Clouds Seen on Textile Horizon." The Cincinnati *Enquirer* calls attention to recent business surveys showing also that factories on the Pacific coast are working overtime, that automobile factories are attaining new high-production figures, and that railroad building and public improvements are being rushed in the West and South. In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* we read that America's world trade for the first six months of 1925 was the largest for any similar period since 1920, the last of the war-boom years. And then, writes Harden Colfax in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, "the retail business of the country is climbing; evidence accumulates that the nation is on its way to a new prosperity record that will be reached in all likelihood before the snow flies." He calls attention to a great increase over last year in the volume of business being done by department stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, chain systems of various kinds, and the life-insurance companies. "The present volume of retail business throws a long shadow across the coming holidays and presages a Christmas—for the merchants—the like of which the United States has never known before." The main reason for all this buying, he understands, is the fact that there is no lack of employment anywhere in the country. He also notes the big new demand for radio equipment, and the record-breaking freight hauls made by the railroads in September.

While trade is on the up-grade, the rise is gradual, points out *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, one of many authorities on business to emphasize the healthy condition of steady advance which is to be preferred to a wild boom. While the business advance has recently become more wide-spread, it is still progressing, says *Dun's Review*, in an orderly and wholesome way. "A condition of mild and restrained but sustained prosperity continues to characterize general business," we read in the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*. Exceptionally bright aspects of the situation are seen in the increasing output in iron and steel and the "distinct improvement in textiles which have been subnormal for a long time past." All in all, we are told, "the present prospects are that good business conditions will continue during the rest of this year and well into 1926 because fundamental factors are still in generally good balance, and promise to remain so for some time to come."

So many of our business journals are published in New York that it is significant to find this interpretation of the business situation also put forward by *The Business Chronicle of the Pacific Northwest*. The Seattle weekly is glad to bear witness to the absence of any feverish boom and the presence of a healthy feeling of confidence, and says:

> "Business is healthy now—never more so, in fact.
>
> "Let us keep it that way.
>
> "It is quite within the bounds of reason to say that never has the United Sates entered the quickening autumn season in better shape or with more reliable indications of a prosperity both genuine and lasting."



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PROSPERITY HAS ITS PENALTIES

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

But all these prosperity prophecies need tempering with sobriety, insists the Newark *News*, which remarks: "Just what this ballyhoo over long-continued prosperity is all about may be as uncertain as the meaning of Florida's real-estate boom." As an offset, it reminds us of statements that we have too many coal-mines and too many miners, too many textile mills and textile workers, and, with all this, agitation from big employers to let in more workers. So, "all these things introduce a note of sobriety to tone down the exaltations of the Fords and Mitchells."

The Annalist (New York) wonders whether a great deal of mechanical "optimism" has not been built up over the business outlook. Its business index for September is a shade below the seasonal average of the last twenty years.

We are reminded by the New York *Journal of Commerce* that "there are many industrial companies which are not paying dividends and are not likely to pay them in the near future, others whose dividends are on an extremely moderate basis, and still others which are likely to have to reduce dividends." While Mr. Schwab has been quoted as optimistic, he has also uttered the caution that "manufacturers can not expect to continue to be prosperous in this or any other country unless they study economy and the possibilities of cutting costs to a degree never before considered necessary." Finally, ex-Governor Lowden reminds us that the foundation of all industries is in the soil, and that we can not go on developing without paying serious attention to counteracting its growing impoverishment.

A LIVELY FIGHT OVER DEATH TAXES

IT BEGINS TO SOUND to editorial observers like a regular Donnybrook fair, this tax revising, for even before Congress meets we are told of fight after fight. First, the Washington dispatches told of statesmen at loggerheads over how much to reduce taxation, then they were said to be ready for a lively scrap over whether the reduction should most benefit the "big fellow" or the "little fellow." Now we hear of a grand row over the Federal inheritance tax. Governors and tax officials from seventeen States come to Washington to insist that the taxing of inheritances be left to them. Bankers, tax experts and business men join in the chorus. As the Providence *Journal* notes, "from every section of the country come complaints of business organizations, practical economists, tax associations and other groups and individuals regarding the impropriety of the Federal Government in enacting a tax that belongs properly to the State governments." The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sees the movement assuming "formidable proportions." "With so much evident discontent over the Federal inheritance tax law abroad," remarks the Detroit *Free Press*, Congressmen should hardly need further urging to amend the law. The opposition, the Washington *Star* informs us, comes from two angles, from those who simply want to turn this field of taxation over to the States, and those who are opposed to it on general principles. Secretary Mellon is on record for the repeal of the Federal estate tax. As he told the Ways and Means Committee at the tax-reduction hearings:

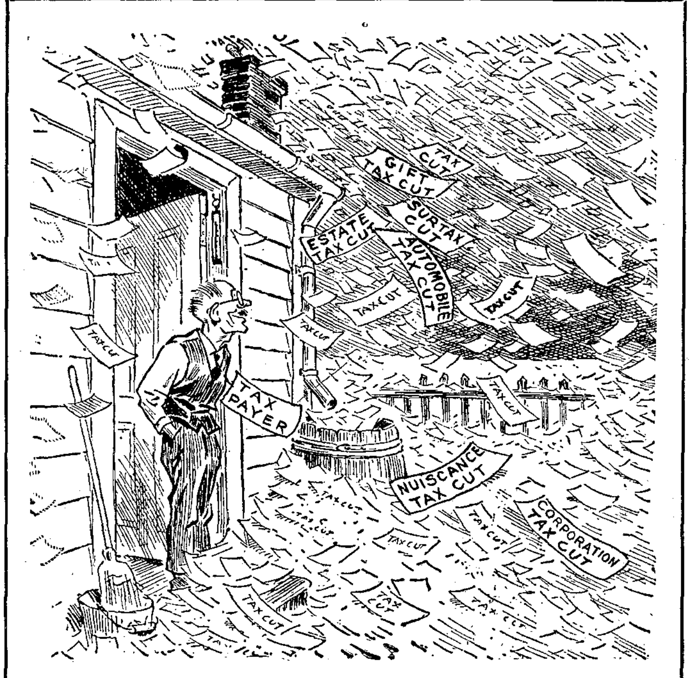
"There is no logical basis for the Federal Government collecting this tax. The right of inheritance is controlled by the States, and the Federal estate tax is based only upon the theory that to transmit property by death is the exercise of a privilege which can be made subject to taxation, just as we might levy a tax on the privilege of selling property.

"The present law, with its 40 per cent. maximum, has not been before the Supreme Court, and the question has never been determined as to whether or not you can confiscate a large part of the property through a tax on the exercise of the privilege of transferring it.

"Estate taxes have always been a source of emergency revenue: It is only in war periods that the Federal Government has made use of them, and except in the present case they have always been repealed when the emergency ended. They should be saved for this purpose. We ought not to use our reserves in time of peace. We may need them badly when the next emergency arises. There is no emergency now.

"Taxation by the Federal Government is going down and that of the States going up. The States need every source of revenue available. In the majority of States the Federal tax directly decreases the property which the State can tax. As an example, if an estate pays $1,000,000 of tax, this is deducted from the net value of the property on which the State percentage is levied. The States get no tax on the value represented by what the Federal Government has taken. Aside from the direct loss of revenue to the States, there is an indirect loss.

"The present muddle of death taxes in this country could in some cases take more than 100 per cent. of what a man leaves. Excessive Federal taxes contribute largely to this muddle. The result must be that ultimately values are destroyed, and with them the source from which the States must take revenue."



HE CAN STAND A HARD WINTER LIKE THIS

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.

Last June in Savannah the Governors of thirty-two States indorsed this resolution:

"That the inheritance tax program of the present Federal tax measure should be repealed, leaving this source of revenue to the States for individual action, as they see fit."

And on October 23 appeared in person before the committee, Governors Walker of Georgia, McLean of North Carolina, McLeod of South Carolina, Whitfield of Mississippi, Trinkle of Virginia, and Peay of Tennessee, with various Lieutenant-Governors, tax commissioners, and special spokesmen, representing in all seventeen States. The present law, said Governor Walker, "would not and could not have been passed save as a war-time measure, and the time has now come for its repeal." According to Governor Trinkle, "business men feel that the estate tax should go to the State government." Governor McLean told the committee that he and his fellow executives were strongly of the belief that the estate tax "is a tax which belongs properly to the States."

On the same day Mr. Frederick A. Delano laid before the committee the ten recommendations of the National Committee on Inheritance Taxation:

"1. Inheritance taxes should be substantially uniform throughout the United States.

"2. Inheritance tax laws and rates should be stable.

"3. Inheritance taxes should be moderate.

"4. Legislation should be enacted during the next session of Congress providing for repeal of the Federal estate tax, to take effect six years from the date of the passage of the repealing act.

"5. The rate structure of the present Federal estate tax should be immediately revised downward.

"6. The credit provision of the present law should be extended to allow a credit of all inheritance taxes paid to the several States up to 80 per cent. of the Federal tax.

"7. The gift tax should be abolished.

"8. Substitution by the States of estate tax laws for the succession tax laws now generally employed by the States is desirable.

"9. Multiple taxation of the same property by States should be abandoned.

"10. Intangible property should be taxed only by the State of domicile of the decedent."

The National Industrial Conference Board has urged ultimate if not immediate elimination of the Federal inheritance tax. So has a representative of the American Bankers Association. The spokesmen of a delegation from Iowa, Chairman Green's own State, delivered himself as follows:

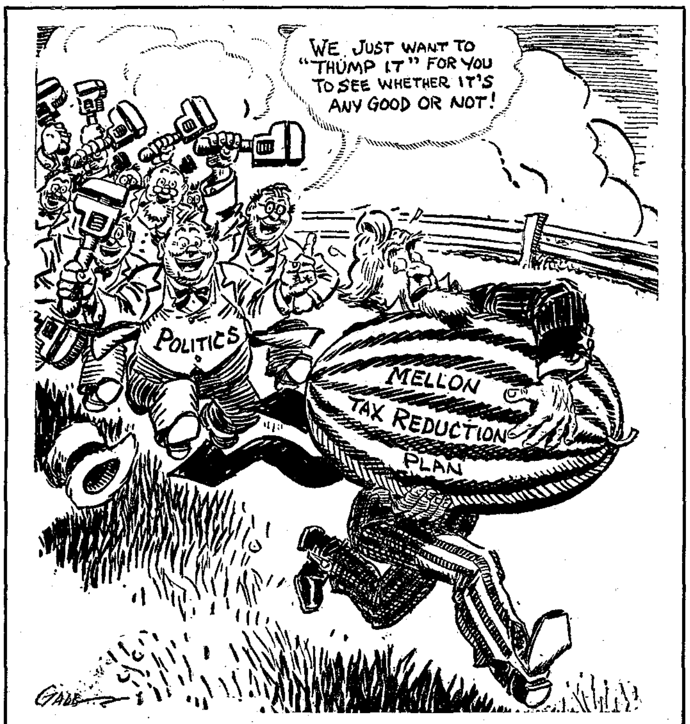
"The Federal inheritance tax destroys all initiative of individuals to accumulate large estates. It discourages enterprise. The theory of such a tax is simply an effort to break up large fortunes and destroy big business.

"The present system is simply a tax on capital. Don't pick the pockets of the dead to carry on the Government. The estate tax law wrecks large business enterprises and throws many people out of work."

A slightly different angle is taken by the American Farm Bureau Federation, whose representative favors State rather than Federal death taxes, but does not want the latter entirely repealed, because he feels that other States might follow Florida's example, bringing about almost complete loss of State income from inheritance taxes and so necessitating higher taxes on farm property. So, according to the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, he suggests "that the Federal inheritance tax be retained in force but waived either entirely or in large part in those States having an adequate inheritance tax law. The method suggested is for the States to deduct the amount of their inheritance tax from that levied by the Federal Government before passing on the margin, if any, to the Federal Treasury." And various Washington writers are beginning to conclude that some such plan is likely to be decided on by the Ways and Means Committee, Chairman Green and Democratic leader Garner both favoring the principle. In a dispatch to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. Green is quoted as saying that he now favors an 80 per cent. credit for inheritance taxes paid to the States, and the retention of the Federal statute for six years so as to give the States a chance to accomplish uniformity in this field. With the evils of the present State laws eliminated, he believes that "the Government can well step aside and leave the field free to the States, but only in the event that the States meet the requirements set out for their adoption."

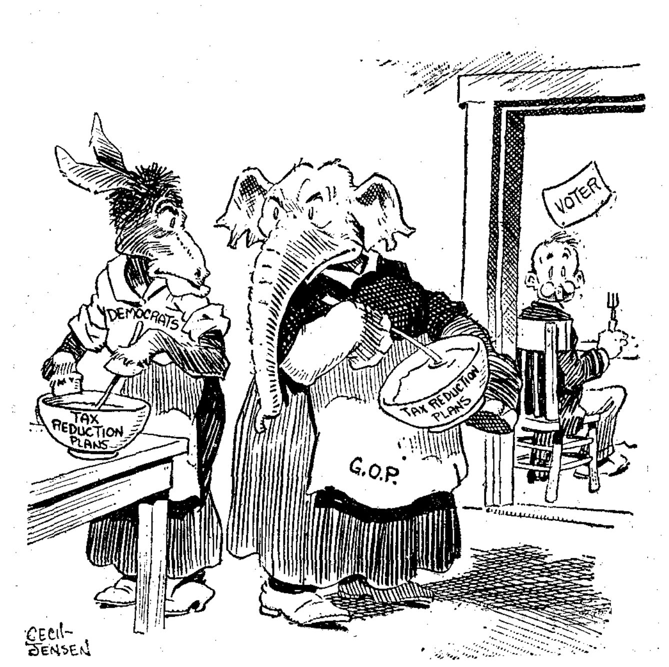
Complete elimination of the Federal inheritance tax would suit the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the New Haven *Register*, Minneapolis *Tribune*, New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and Mr. Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst papers, because they object to the "death tax" in principle. As Mr. Brisbane puts it, "there is nothing admirable or courageous in taxing a corpse; if you want a man's money, take it while he is alive."

Others incline to the idea that the inheritance tax is a very fine thing in principle but unsatisfactory in practise. The New York *Journal of Commerce* concludes that abandonment of the whole scheme of taxing inheritances would be better than continuance of anything like existing conditions. In a country where the taxing power is shared by the nation and forty-eight different sovereign States, even so logical a tax as that on inheritances "may easily come to be confiscatory and therefore intolerable." This question of interlocking Federal and State taxes must be threshed out and an understanding reached, insists the Seattle *Times*. The Springfield *Union* and Philadelphia *Bulletin* remind us that the States are, in the words of the Pennsylvania paper, "moving toward concerted simplification of inheritance tax, standardization of provisions, and such adjustment as will relieve existing injustices under which it is possible even to tax an estate out of existence in cases where jurisdiction is held over identical securities by various commonwealths." The Des Moines *Capital* suggests that "the only trouble incident to the restoration of the inheritance tax as a State monopoly is that the nation's equilibrium of capital might be disturbed by a lack of uniformity among the States." Already, notes the New York *World*, "more than one State is complaining of the tendency of wealthy retired citizens to transfer their property to Florida." And, we read in the Springfield *Republican:*


WE JUST WANT TO "THUMP IT" FOR YOU TO SEE WHETHER IT'S ANY GOOD OR NOT!
POLITICS
MELLON TAX REDUCTION PLAN
GALE

BEWARE OF THE MONKEY-WRENCH BRIGADE!

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.



THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

—Jensen in the Los Angeles *Daily News*.

> "Imagine half or quarter of the American millionaires worth from $5,000,000 up, becoming legal residents of Florida after the Federal inheritance tax had been repealed. The Federal tax could not be reenacted to meet that situation soon enough to satisfy all political parties."

In view of the confusion and inequality resulting from the varying State inheritance taxes, the Des Moines *Register* holds that "the need is for greater unity, not less; the last place to attack the inheritance tax is in its Federal application." And the Raleigh *News and Observer* protests that, "whatever else happens, the propaganda started to destroy the principle of the inheritance tax should not be permitted to prevail."

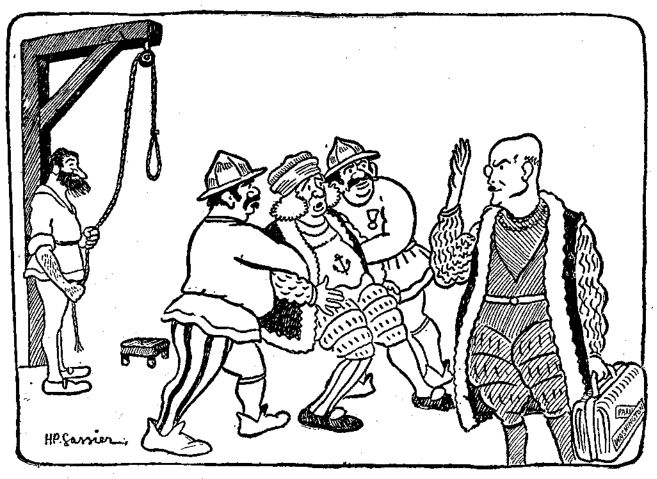
The argument that the abolition of a Federal tax would lead other States to compete with Florida by going without revenue from inheritances, seems curious enough to the New York *Herald Tribune*—"if States prefer to attract wealth rather than to repel it by overtaxation, that is a matter of economic policy which they ought to be left to decide for themselves."

Vigorous protest is made by the Charleston (W. Va.) *Daily Mail* against the proposal that credit be given for State inheritance-tax payments to force uniformity and to prevent Alabama and Florida from deriving any advantage from their abolition of State inheritance taxation.

> "In other words, the other States are to coerce these two States, which, somehow and in some way, can manage to get along without this tax."

THE DOWNFALL OF CAILLAUX

ONE OF THE BIGGEST POLITICAL SENSATIONS known to France in a generation is predicted by the New York *World's* Paris correspondent if Joseph Caillaux, former Minister of Finance, carries the fight to his opponents and brings into the French Senate the names and records of certain French bankers who are accused of speculating in francs and of transferring funds abroad, which is contrary to law. According to this writer, the resignation on October 27 of the French Cabinet, including M. Caillaux, was a nip-and-tuck affair, and might not have happened if France's Finance Minister had been able to take action against certain French bankers before they caused his downfall. "Beneath the battle of politics resulting in the resignation of the Painlevé Government, following the refusal of M. Caillaux to resign alone," adds *The Wall Street Journal*, "lies a battle between banks." The powerful Banque de Paris, we are told, "has undoubtedly been working for the overthrow of Caillaux, who on taking office last April transferred the State's exchange operations, formerly executed through that institution, to Lazard Frères." Thus for the second time within six months, a French Cabinet has been wrecked on the rocks of finance. Raymond G. Carroll, Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, informs us that "one of the first steps of the new Cabinet will be to reopen the debt negotiations with the United States." Continues Mr. Carroll:



AFTER CAILLAUX GOT HOME

MR. CAILLAUX: "Christopher Columbus?—the man who discovered America! Hang him!"

—Gassier in *Cyrano* (Paris).

> "Joseph Caillaux's is a name that will live long for its many political deals. In the last generation no public man has had a career so varied, so shot through with sensational episodes.
>
> "The Finance Minister's Waterloo came when he began to circulate 'informations' concerning a leading banker. At first the banker did not believe that M. Caillaux was his secret enemy. Then came the revelation, based upon conclusive evidence.
>
> "Things began to come out wrong for M. Caillaux. His adroit mentality at last had found its master; he was always outmaneuvered. His debt mission to America ended in a deadlock; his attempt to gain the ears of his own political party at Nice cost him its political backing; and, finally, his own Cabinet associates demanded his resignation, and when he refused, they collectively resigned and forced him into isolation.
>
> "France is not going to crash because M. Caillaux has failed. France is a nation where high intelligence is the rule, rather than the exception, and dropping M. Caillaux is clearing the atmosphere."

The immediate cause of the Cabinet upset, says an Associated Press dispatch from Paris, was Caillaux's refusal to adopt his party's plan for the restoration of the country's finances, based upon taking 10 per cent. of the acquired wealth of the country—a capital levy—for the Treasury. In other words, while the previous Cabinet was overthrown because Premier Herriot championed a capital levy, the Painlevé Cabinet resigned because its Finance Minister rejected such a plan.

M. Caillaux, writes Hugh O'Connor in the New York *World*, hoped to remain long enough in power to balance the budget by increasing taxes. Instead, he was compelled to raise the salaries of all government employees, and the French Government added to his troubles by carrying on expensive wars in Syria and in Morocco. While no Paris correspondent ventures to say how much direct influence M. Caillaux's failure to make a debt settlement at Washington had on his fall, Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, declares that "a successful settlement would have given him a prestige which, despite any imaginable event, would have kept him in office for some time." At the moment, adds Mr. James, "Caillaux is definitely 'out,' but national politics has not heard the last of this most romantic of all French statesmen. He now returns to the Senate perfectly free, and not without friends and supporters."

THE LODGE ATTACK ON WILSON

IT IS A STARTLING COINCIDENCE, thinks the Milwaukee *Journal*, that just as the treaties of Locarno, ushering in a new era of peace and good-will in Europe, are signed, and the League of Nations is acting to stop hostilities between Greece and Bulgaria, "there should come a voice from the past, saying: 'The League is a failure; it can not do anything to stop wars.'" The voice is that of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican of Massachusetts, who, a month before his death, completed "The Senate and the League of Nations," a volume of some 400 pages, which was issued October 23 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Not only did the former Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations consider the League "futile"; in the present volume he places the blame for our failure to enter the League squarely upon President Wilson, and assails the President's action in going himself to the Paris Peace Conference. Mr. Wilson's unbending attitude toward the Republican majority of the Senate is blamed for the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles and the League Covenant, and the President is declared to have thought of every problem in terms of himself, rather than in terms of the United States. "All the world knows that if Mr. Wilson had been willing to accept the Lodge reservations, he could have obtained ratification of the League Covenant without difficulty," agrees the independent Detroit *Free Press*, and the Chicago *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) agrees that "if President Wilson had used political discretion and had handled men with tact, he might have had largely what he wanted out of the peace." Certainly, remarks the independent New Haven *Register*, "there is no question of the historic value of this book, coming, as it does, from an outstanding figure in the Senate, and laying bare, as it does, the innermost thoughts of the author regarding the various steps taken." As we are reminded by the Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Ind. Rep.): "So much has been said of Senator Lodge as opponent of the League that it is somewhat important to be reminded that he was in favor of the ratification of the Treaty, including the Covenant, with certain reservations." In his book Senator Lodge says, in part:

> "Mr. Wilson, in dealing with every great question, thought first of himself. He may have thought of the country next, but there was a long interval, and in the competition the Democratic party was a poor third.
>
> "Mr. Wilson was devoured by the desire for power. If he had been a soldier and a man of fighting temperament, the Government of the United States would have been in grave danger.
>
> "He had as great an opportunity as was ever given in human history to one man. He could have settled the affairs of the

world from the White House and taken a position both at the time and in the opinion of posterity which it would have been hard to rival. He could have had the world at his feet, but he could think only of himself, and his own idea was that the part for him to play was that of the great peacemaker.

"If President Wilson had been a true idealist, in regard to the Covenant of the League of Nations, for example, he would have saved his covenant and secured its adoption by the Senate of the United States by accepting some modification of its terms. If it had been a real ideal with Mr. Wilson, he would have succeeded in large measure, just as Lincoln did when he put aside for the time the emancipation of the slaves, on which his heart was set, in order to preserve the Union, which to him was the highest ideal and the dominant purpose at the moment.

"There are those still extant who speak of Mr. Wilson as a 'very great man.' But 'very great' men are extremely rare. Mr. Wilson was not one of them. He was given the greatest opportunity ever given to any public man in modern times. Having this opportunity he tried to use it and failed."

Recalling the Latin phrase, "Speak nothing of the dead except good," the Chicago *Tribune* says:

"Senator Lodge could not honestly write 'nothing but good' of Wilson. The President hated the Senator. Friendly biographers have written of his bitterness. He couldn't speak of Lodge without feeling.

"A record of Wilson as seen by Lodge is an important document in American history. It would not be worth anything if it did not show what Lodge thought of Wilson, and how he construed his purposes and his acts. If Mr. Wilson had used political discretion and had handled men with tact, he might have had largely what he wanted out of the peace. But he would not consult, yield, or conciliate."

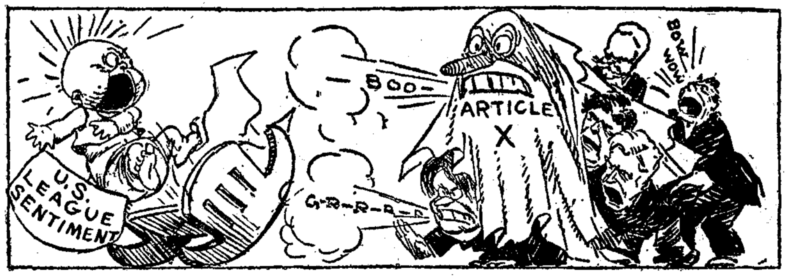
The defenders of Woodrow Wilson, however, apparently outnumber the critics ten to one. Many of them are unsparing in their denunciation of Senator Lodge. "From the beginning of his career until his death," asserts the Democratic Charleston *News and Courier*, "Henry Cabot Lodge was steeped in hatred and malice and venom. The most important rôle that he ever played was as the opponent of President Wilson, who was striving to restore peace to a world in chaos. Mr. Lodge's book is an attempt to justify the outrageous course which he pursued in the Senate against America's entry into the League."

"Anything that Mr. Lodge says of Mr. Wilson," thinks the Nashville *Tennessean* (Ind. Dem.), "is discounted by the former's failure to offer his testimony before Mr. Wilson died." Continues this Tennessee paper:

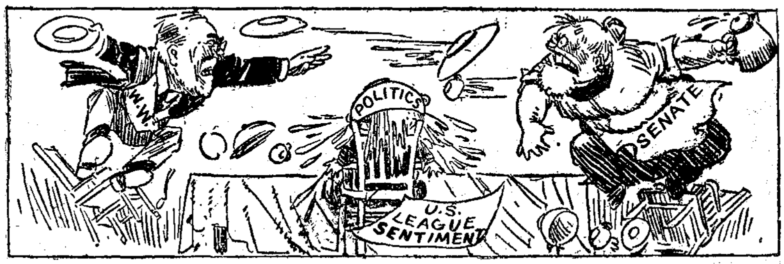
"Obviously, anything that he says is for the sole purpose of defending an indefensible position; a patent attempt to shift the burden of defeating a program he had whole-heartedly indorsed before it came to him in an official way from a Democratic President.

"Mr. Wilson declined to leave any written record of his controversy with the Senate or with Mr. Lodge. He preferred to be judged by his acts, by the official record, and in the light of what time will bring forth. Mr. Lodge was not sure enough of his position to do likewise. He preferred to write a brief for himself, and that brief convicts him of a narrow partizanship, bitter personal prejudices, and a rank preference for party over country."

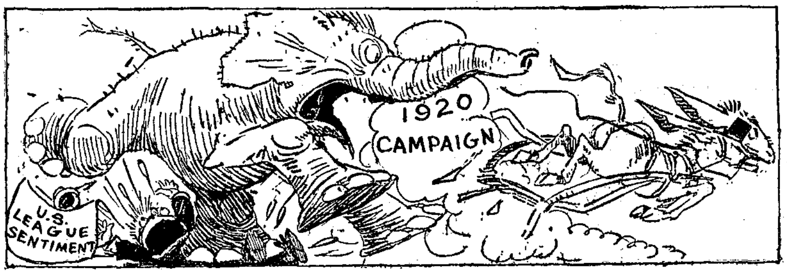
"The book is not a sober piece of history, but an impassioned attempt by Mr. Lodge to vindicate his course, and at proving that not he, but Woodrow Wilson, was responsible for rejection of the League," declares the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.). "When Senator Lodge was himself asked by a member of the Peace Commission how to modify the Covenant so as to meet the Senate's views, he flung back an impossible suggestion, knowing well that it could not be followed," points out the independent Springfield *Republican*. "Woodrow Wilson's place in history will in no way be affected by the Lodge attack, whose only basis is envy, jealousy, and personal hatred," avers Joseph P. Tumulty, former secretary to the President. "Senator Lodge nursed his hostility until he died, and now strikes again from the grave," caustically observes the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.). The Democratic Philadelphia *Record* likewise ignores the Latin phrase quoted by the Chicago *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) when it says:



He had a bad scare when he was very young



And his early home surroundings were not helpful



And when only two he was badly injured in a runaway

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CHILDHOOD DAYS OF U. S. LEAGUE SENTIMENT

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

"The world, no longer actuated by the passions of 1919, has condemned the course of Lodge and his fellow partizans, and no cheap abuse of Woodrow Wilson by the principal conspirator will affect the verdict which posterity will pass upon this revengeful and narrow-minded old man who, with the grave yawning before him, exerted all his waning strength to blacken the character of the infinitely greater man who had preceded him to the judgment seat."

It is a matter of regret to Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson Cabinet and publisher of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, that Senator Lodge, "embittered in his last days, should have let his envy and hatred of Woodrow Wilson mar his written words." Continues this Democratic editor:

"The historical value of the book is destroyed by such wholly unjust reflections. Wilson died without opportunity to state his side. It is to be hoped Ray Stannard Baker, in his forthcoming life of Wilson, will have in mind Lodge's statements and will present the record in so clear a way as to make it a complete answer to Lodge.

"Wilson made his mistakes, but the idea Lodge seeks to convey—of egotism—is not true of Wilson, whose one passion was to serve his country and to serve mankind. He would have been ready any day to lay down his life to secure world peace. In fact, it was his complete consecration to this master passion that caused his physical collapse and his death."

CHANGING RANK OF OUR CITIES

CHINA, it seems, is the only land to rival America in the number of great cities. The latest census estimates reveal the fact that we now have four cities of over a million people, with a fifth within easy sight of the million mark, while China has three. Great Britain has two cities of over a million population, Japan two, India two, and several other nations one each. Russia's figures are doubtful. And what is more, the great American trek to the cities continues and gains in speed and power. This is the conclusion reached by the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* after a study of the Census Bureau's 1925 estimate of the population of the United States. Certainly, agrees B. C. Forbes, writing in the New York *American*, "some astonishing changes are revealed by this mid-census estimate," which the Census Bureau undertakes decennially in order to provide a record of the country's growth midway between census years. The estimates, except in special cases, notes the Mobile *Register*, are based upon the rates of growth of our largest cities between 1910 and 1920. "They are, in most cases, below, rather than above, the actual population, for the cities are growing faster in this decade than in the preceding one. Therefore, the estimates can be relied upon not to overestimate the population of our cities." This "guessing that each city has gained exactly as many people in the past year as it has gained in the average year between 1910 and 1920," however, does not sit well with such papers as the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*, to name but a few.

AMERICA'S "FOUR HUNDRED"

(From the New York *Times*)

Here are the eighteen cities whose population exceeds 400,000, in the order of their standing as based on the latest official estimates, with percentage of increase in 25 years. The figures for 1900, 1910 and 1920 are shown for purposes of comparison.

	1900	*1910*	*1920*	*1925*	*P. C. Increase*
New York.......	3,437,332	4,766,883	5,620,048	6,103,384	77
Chicago.........	1,698,575	2,185,283	2,701,705	2,995,239	76
Philadelphia.....	1,293,697	1,549,008	1,823,779	1,979,364	52
Detroit.........	285,764	465,766	993,678	1,242,044	331
Cleveland.......	381,768	560,663	796,841	936,485	145
St. Louis........	575,238	687,029	772,897	821,543	42
Baltimore.......	508,967	558,485	733,826	796,296	56
Boston.........	560,892	670,585	748,060	781,529	39
Los Angeles.....	102,479	319,198	576,673	727,102	609
Pittsburgh......	451,512	533,905	588,343	631,563	39
San Francisco....	342,782	416,912	506,676	557,530	62
Buffalo.........	352,387	423,715	506,775	539,016	53
Milwaukee......	285,315	373,857	457,147	509,192	78
Washington.....	278,718	331,069	437,571	497,906	78
Newark.........	246,070	347,469	414,524	452,513	83
Minneapolis.....	202,718	301,408	380,582	425,435	109
New Orleans.....	287,104	339,075	387,219	414,413	44
Cincinnati.......	325,902	363,591	401,247	409,333	25

Whatever may be the faults of the decennial estimates, a writer in the New York *Times* tells us that the population of the United States is now approximately 115,000,000. We read on:

> "Of this number it is probable that a little less than one-fifth live within the corporation limits of the eighteen cities whose population is in excess of 400,000. Count in the other cities, big and little, and the result will disclose that probably 55 per cent. of all the people are in the cities and towns. The other 45 per cent. are engaged in agriculture. This indicates that the movement is still from farm to town, but it is not so pronounced as during a few years back.
>
> "Twenty-five years ago the first ten American cities in the order of standing were: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo and San Francisco. The big three—New York, Chicago and Philadelphia—are still holding the commanding positions. But they are no longer the only seven-figure towns, for Detroit is now in that class, while Cleveland is in sight of her first million, with every indication that she will have arrived before another year has passed.
>
> "Incidentally, Cleveland, a beneficiary, like Detroit, of the vast industries which have arisen in the Great Lake regions, was anchored in fifth place, while Los Angeles was in the first ten and on the heels of Pittsburgh. And now Pittsburgh is trailing Los Angeles by nearly 100,000.
>
> "Detroit, Los Angeles and Cleveland continue to be the 'wonder cities,' with Detroit in fourth place and Cleveland, which fifteen years ago was more than 125,000 behind St. Louis and almost as bad a second to Boston, now far ahead of those two cities in population."

Amazing developments in two new industries—the automobile and motion-pictures—are given by Mr. Forbes as the reasons for the extraordinary growth of Detroit, Cleveland, and Los Angeles Such cities as Seattle, Kansas City, and Indianapolis apparently lack a few thousand inhabitants of being in the "400" class.

With the cities growing all the time and making ever-increasing demands upon the soil for food products, it seems strange to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* that our farm population is diminishing. Yet, while there were 6,448,343 farms in the United States in 1920, there were but 6,372,608 on July 1, 1925, says the Census Bureau. This is a decrease of 75,735. "Aside from the normal increase that might be expected, many cities show a growth that can only be accounted for as coming from the countryside," observes *The Ohio State Journal*. "Farmers are moving to town, where incomes look larger and hours of work are fewer, " believes the Lincoln *State Journal*. According to the Columbus *Dispatch*, the decrease in our farms and farm population may also be due to "the forward movement in agricultural methods."

The average loss throughout the nation, the Chicago *Journal* finds, is 1,578 farms to each State, the South suffering worst of all. Continues this paper in a summary of the Bureau's figures:

> "Among reasons given for the decreases are: The ravages of the boll-weevil in some of the cotton States; the migration of the negro farm workers; a succession of dry seasons in parts of the Northwest; the consolidation of farms, and a general recession from the war-time expansion in agriculture, which still persisted in 1920. The increases noted here and there have resulted from the opening up of new lands in parts of the West; from the subdivision of ranches and farms for more intensive operation, and from the development of orchards, truck and poultry farms, especially near the cities, and particularly in the East.
>
> "The census does not touch upon one very obvious reason for the decrease in the Mid-West, and that is the migration from country to city, resulting not so often in the abandonment of the farms as in their sale and consolidation with other farms. The Government has counted as a farm all the land directly cultivated by one person, either by his own labor alone or with the assistance of members of his household or hired employees. When a landowner has one or more tenants, renters, croppers or managers, the land operated by each is counted as a unit. The tractor has been an aid to consolidation, and probably accounts in considerable measure for the growth in the size and the decline in the number of farms in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. At the close of the war and for two years thereafter many farmers, accustomed to war prices, and blind to a possible decline, brought about an epidemic of land trading, hoisting prices to previously unheard-of levels.
>
> "Then land values collapsed, and bankruptcy caught tens of thousands of farmers. Thousands of farmers were forced to sell their acreage, or to see it sold through foreclosure. And now the census tells the story.
>
> "There is a warning in the figures. The time will come in this country when there will need to be radical readjustment of agricultural methods. If all the people are to be fed, the land must be intensively cultivated."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Too many of our submarines are.—*Dayton News.*

If security comes, can disarmament be far behind?—*Providence Journal.*

Being hard-boiled is much better than being half-baked.—*Columbia Record.*

New Pest Attacks Florida Palms.—*Headline.* What is it? Itch?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

How people would rave if the Riffians were Armenians and the French were Turks.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

It usually is a happy marriage if he will give and she will forgive.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

If only philanthropists would give it back to the same people they took it from.—*Roanoke World-News.*

As regards our invitation to pay, it seems that every time the Frank declines the franc declines.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

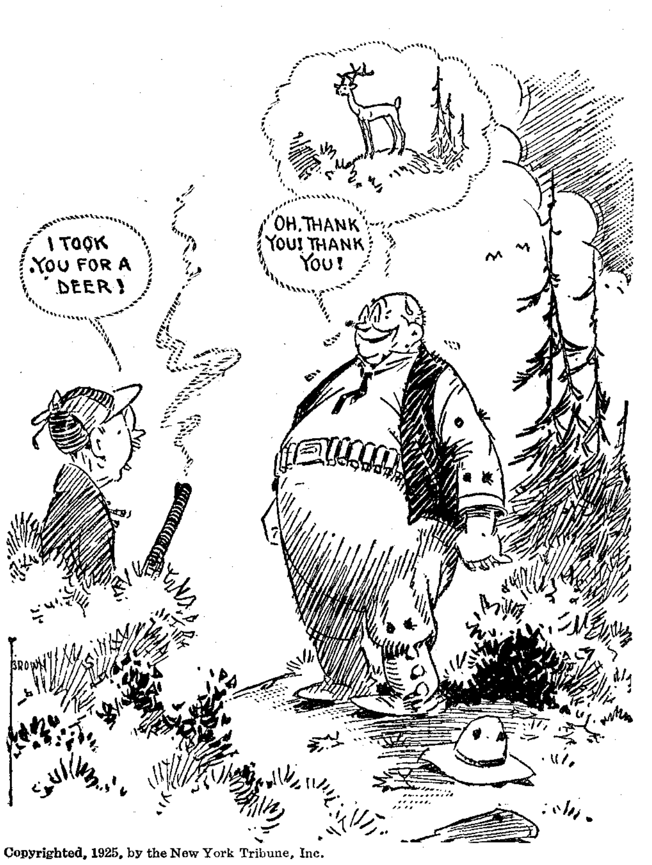
One thing women's clothes leave to the imagination is what makes them so expensive.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

Up to a late hour to-day Mr. Coolidge had not received his discharge notice from the Shipping Board.—*Detroit News.*

America may have more crime than other countries, but she didn't raise all the criminals.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

We read that some of the autumn fashions are softly feminine. If so, we can guess what sex they are intended for.—*Punch.*

Now it is said that Philip La Follette will be a candidate for Senator Lenroot's seat. Well, if Wisconsin folks are so fond of the La Follette brand of politics, we suppose we must let them have their Phil.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*


I TOOK YOU FOR A DEER!
OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
BROWN

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THE COMPLIMENT DIRECT
—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Increase of autos suggests propriety of changing national flower from golden-rod to car-nation.—*Wall Street Journal.*

With immigration shut off, it may again be necessary to teach our own boys and girls to help around the house.—*Port Arthur News.*

Money is a small matter with most of us—especially after the taxes are paid and the fuel bin replenished.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

An American film producer says that it is easier to move an audience to tears than to laughter. Especially with one of their comic films.—*Punch.*

Canada's announcement that "any one willing to work is welcome here" should not be taken too literally in China and India.—*Providence Journal.*

Mr. Coolidge's economy program has been so successful that the Government is now able to employ 8,000 more job-holders than it had a year ago.—*Columbia Record.*

Editorial says the young Chinese in China are "tearing their shirts for self-government." Over here they tear other people's shirts for no reason at all.—*New York American.*

In other words, Mr. Mellon plans to cut one.—*Detroit News.*

It was a red-letter day at Locarno for everybody but the Reds.—*Providence Journal.*

Another general aid to longevity is the fact that the good die young.—*Akron Beacon Journal.*

In the old days "pay dirt" referred to gold-bearing soil, not to the drama.—*Wilmington Dispatch.*

The coal-miners are doing their bit toward making fire-prevention a reality.—*Fergus Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

Amy Lowell left an estate valued at more than $700,000. Evidently not all her verse was free.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Teaching the saxophone by mail should either improve the execution of players or hasten it.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

We have the ships; we have the men; we have the money, too. But we also have the Shipping Board—*Dayton News.*

Dixie is a place where any stranger who has money is suspected of being a Republican.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

They call it "civilized warfare," but the most modern of private killings isn't called civilized murder.—*Canton Repository.*

Our idea of comfortable circumstances would be to have enough to be scared to death about Communism.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Still, the modern girl knows as much about a needle as the modern boy knows about a bucksaw.—*Wichita Falls Record-News.*

New York's jewelry robbery for this week fell away behind last week's record. Only about $300,000 against $800,000. What's the matter with New York anyway?—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

The 14-year-old child is 11 when buying a railroad ticket and 16 when driving a car.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

The minimum wage for women is unconstitutional. But some employers will still pay it—and some employees still earn it.—*Dallas News.*

It is a queer world, and the boy who flunks on two subjects may some day employ dozens who headed the class.—*Denton Record-Chronicle.*

Instructions to telephone users say that we ought not to drop the final syllable of any words. Especially when saying "Hello!"—*Punch.*

"If Shakespeare were alive to-day he would be looked upon as a remarkable man."—*Lecture.* Sure, he would be over 300 years old.—*Chicago Herald-Examiner.*

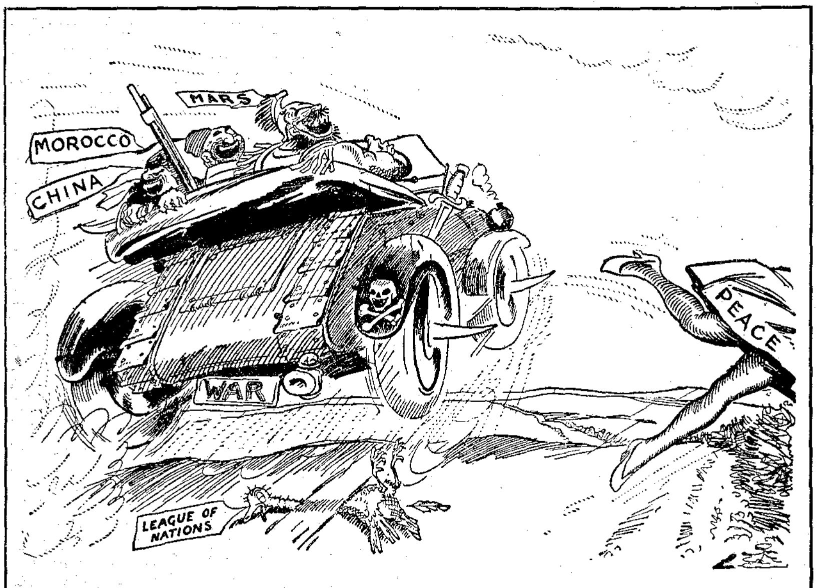
It would be fine if clothing manufacturers would sew on buttons with the same care that is devoted to the affixing of size and price tags.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

The doctrine that the Philippines will be given independence when the Filipinos become fitted for it has gained new elasticity since we began cultivating rubber there.—*Columbia Record.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE SECURITY IDEA IN THE BALKANS

ONLY IN THE BALKANS could it happen, we are told, that just when the various countries began to talk about mutual security pacts and the arbitration of disputes, there should break out such hostilities as we have witnessed between Greece and Bulgaria. The resignation of Greece's Foreign Minister, Rendis, is reported to have been forced by his demand that matters between Greece and Bulgaria should be settled by friendly intercourse instead of by arms. and he is credited with the initiative for a security pact among the Balkan States. The Athens *Eleftheros Typos* quotes him as saying that altho his recent visit to Geneva was chiefly prompted by a wish to renew the Greek-Jugo-Slav alliance, he nevertheless approached the other representatives of Balkan countries with his proposal for a security pact. Mr. Rendis is further quoted as saying that as soon as the Greek-Jugo-Slav treaty of alliance is signed he will begin negotiations with Jugo-Slavia and Roumania on the subject of the pact, and also later with Bulgaria and Turkey. The Greek press in general approves of the project of Mr. Rendis, altho an opposition organ, the *Eleftheron Vima*, goes so far as to accuse Mr. Rendis of having made extravagant concessions to Jugo-Slavia in order to lay the foundation of his new Balkan coalition. This newspaper says:



"AIN'T WE GOT FUN?"

—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

> "Neither Serbia nor Greece fears Bulgaria. We are naturally not afraid of Albania. We have arranged our relations with Turkey so that we have nothing to fear from that quarter. Our relations with Italy are normal. Why then should Greece be afraid of Serbia? Is it on economic or on military grounds? The first assuredly has no terrors for Greece; and as for the second, Greece can very well rely on her national forces, and on the assurance that any new move of Jugo-Slavia toward further expansion will hurt other interests besides those of Greece. Greece naturally desires the alliance, especially if such an alliance would also take in Roumania. But Jugo-Slavia needs this alliance just as much, especially in case Hungary and Germany, together with Austria, succeed in combining against the Jugo-Slav State. The necessary condition to any alliance is the mutual respect between the contracting parties, and the full appreciation of the feelings and the sentiments of one another. If these conditions do not exist, the alliance itself may just as well be laid aside."

Turning to the Jugo-Slav press, we find the semiofficial Belgrade *Vreme* saying that "altho the idea of an arbitration pact is admissible in principle, still it does not yet offer any concrete evidence of the advantages as well as of the obligations that such an arrangement would entail for the different participants." This newspaper goes on to say that, in proposing the pact, "the Greek Foreign Minister is only hoping to obtain a guaranty of Greece's territorial integrity without any compensation to those assuming such a responsibility."

The Serbian opposition organ, *Novosti*, on the other hand, declares that:

> "Altho not hostile to arbitration pacts, we nevertheless want to discuss them freely before we accept them. Long conversations must therefore precede such a pact. Bulgaria, Albania and Turkey are just as much interested in it as we are. The fact that Greece's relations with Bulgaria, Albania and Turkey are not cordial just as this moment, makes the whole proposal more difficult. Therefore the whole question should be discust more extensively, because there is involved the peace of all Europe, and not of the Balkans alone."

In Roumania the influential Bucharest *Adeverul* calls attention to the fact that the idea of an arbitration pact between the Balkan States continues to attract the attention of those in interested quarters, and it goes on to say:

> "The Greeks are working most assiduously toward the realization of this plan, altho the methods employed by Mr. Rendis have not been of the best. For instance, Mr. Rendis wanted to assure himself at first that the great Powers would view his project with favor, and at the same time tried to bring some pressure to bear on Jugo-Slavia. The Balkan security pact should be concluded in an atmosphere of good-will of all the interested parties. Greece should not be impatient, because the whole plan may go to pieces. The misunderstandings between Greece and Jugo-Slavia should be ironed out first, and in this connection, Roumania, being the friend of both countries, is expected to play a predominant rôle."

Only a mild reception appears to be given to the pact idea in Bulgaria, where the Sofia *Mir* says:

> "We are among those who, now, as in the past, when the treaty of 1912 was signed, are firmly convinced that the pacification of the Balkans depends chiefly on a closer understanding between Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia. Such an entente is not only desirable, but also possible, and we think that the day will come when this understanding will be necessitated by the force of events. In certain statesmen of the two countries we already see the first good signs of such an agreement."

"The Balkans need peace, but more than that they need tranquillity," observes the Sofia *Preporetz*, which adds that "all the great questions affecting the peninsula should be taken up one by one before the pact proper comes into play." Turkey's official opinion is reflected in the Constantinople *Djoumhouriet*, and from this journal we learn that the possibilities of a conference in Constantinople to discuss the pact have already been canvassed by the Foreign Ministers of Greece, of Jugo-Slavia, and of Turkey. Bulgaria and Roumania would be invited to attend such a conference, it is said, which would be called some time in November and "take up the problem of obligatory arbitration of all Balkan questions among the nations that sign the pact." Another important Turkish Government organ, the Constantinople *Aksham*, approaches the question of a Balkan understanding from the economic side, as reflected in the demands of the several Balkan States for an outlet at the port of Saloniki, and says:

"It has been recently announced that the Roumanian Government has officially formulated a demand for a commercial outlet in Saloniki. This demand has caused no little embarrassment to the Athens Government, because there is no guaranty that first Bulgaria and then Albania may not come up with similar requests. What a strange situation would there be created if the whole port of Saloniki were to be transformed into innumerable special zones, each one enjoying extraterritoriality.

"The more one studies this problem, the more one comes to the conclusion that its solution consists in the creation of a large international zone, whose status would be regulated by a series of agreements among the nations interested. In this case Greece would be in a position to offer all the Balkan States many more facilities than she would be able to do within the relatively narrow limits of separate free zones as is the case with Jugo-Slavia now. In this connection one might even go further and state that it would probably pay to suppress even the existing Jugo-Slav zone in favor of a large international zone affording ample facility to the entire Balkan trade. Such an arrangement would strengthen the Greek position in that port, and at the same time it would make of Saloniki a real Macedonian metropolis."

Altho Czecho-Slovakia is not a Balkan State its interest in the Balkan pact possibility appears in an editorial in the Prague *Cescoslovenska Republika*, which reads in part as follows:

"The interest of the Balkan countries is pushing them to the conclusion of a Balkan Entente. Greece can not approach the Little Entente except through the assistance of a Balkan State already a member of that organization. The Greek-Jugo-Slav accord is the first step in that direction. Bulgaria should be included, because without Bulgaria the Balkans can not be pacified. The Bulgarian Premier claims that, before the conclusion of any entente, the economic problem of his country and its outlet to the Ægean should be assured. Jugo-Slavia holds an identical point of view as regards Saloniki. When these issues are settled in a satisfactory manner, the entente of the Balkans will become easy to organize."

The present conflict in the Balkans, according to Central European authorities, indirectly quoted in Vienna press dispatches, is one phase of the rivalry between England and Italy for dominance in Southeastern Europe. Bulgaria is described as the advance post of Italian policy, both toward Greece and Jugo-Slavia, while England is described as backing Greece to counteract Italian ambitions in the Levant. We read further:

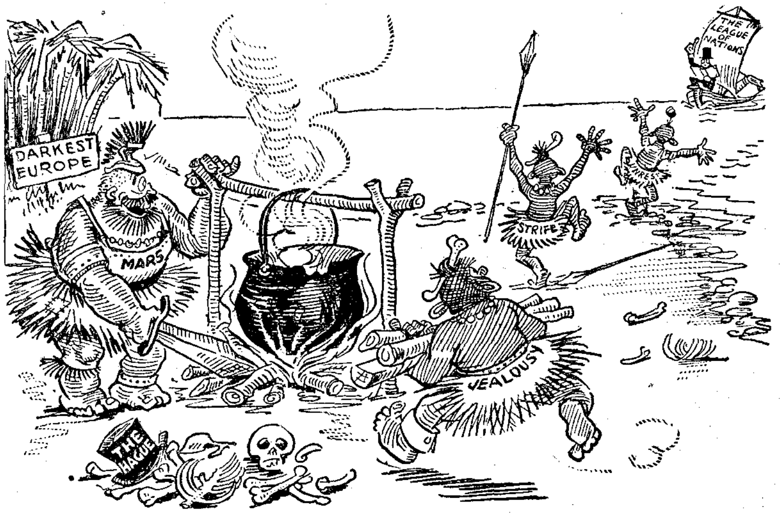
"This does not mean that England actually instigated the present Greek aggression as England could not desire an armed conflict at this moment. On the other hand, England is keenly interested in the power alinement of Southeastern Europe. Her great scheme is to bring about Hungarian-Roumanian reconciliation, which would not only create a united front against Russia, but also with the addition of Greece would check aggressive Italian policy.

"At this moment the potentialities of Jugo-Slavia are the most interesting aspect of the situation. Greece is Jugo-Slavia's ally and Bulgaria its hereditary enemy. It is thought not impossible that Jugo-Slavia might utilize the present turmoil for the purpose of reaching out for Saloniki."

Turkey's restored influence in the Balkans has been the aim of the Angora Government ever since the Turks, once seemingly driven out of Europe, came back dramatically by defeating the Greeks in Anatolia, we are told by the Sofia *Bulgarie*, which adds: "Turkey's wish evidently is to reestablish its power in the Balkans, which have lost nothing of their right to the name of peace disturbers."

POSTAGE-STAMPS AS A NATIONAL COMMODITY

As a TRADER IN POSTAGE-STAMPS Portugal is said to be the foremost country in the world, altho the distinction is not an enviable one, according to some journals. The question arises because of criticism directed against Turkey on account of a new issue of 100,000,000 stamps of nineteen different values, notes the London *Observer*. Now these stamps are not of the speculative character produced for collectors rather than correspondence, it avers, but are a legitimate supply for genuine postal needs. This newspaper tells us further that during recent years Turkey has been making use of locally printed stamps of no particular pretension, and with the star and crescent device. But she wishes to assert her importance as a nation by producing a stamp worthy of her position, and it is said that while many of the new stamps will undoubtedly find their way into albums, far more will be used for correspondence. We read then:



THE NEW MISSIONARY
"Sail Ho! Welcome to the Hot Pot!"
—*The Daily Express* (London).

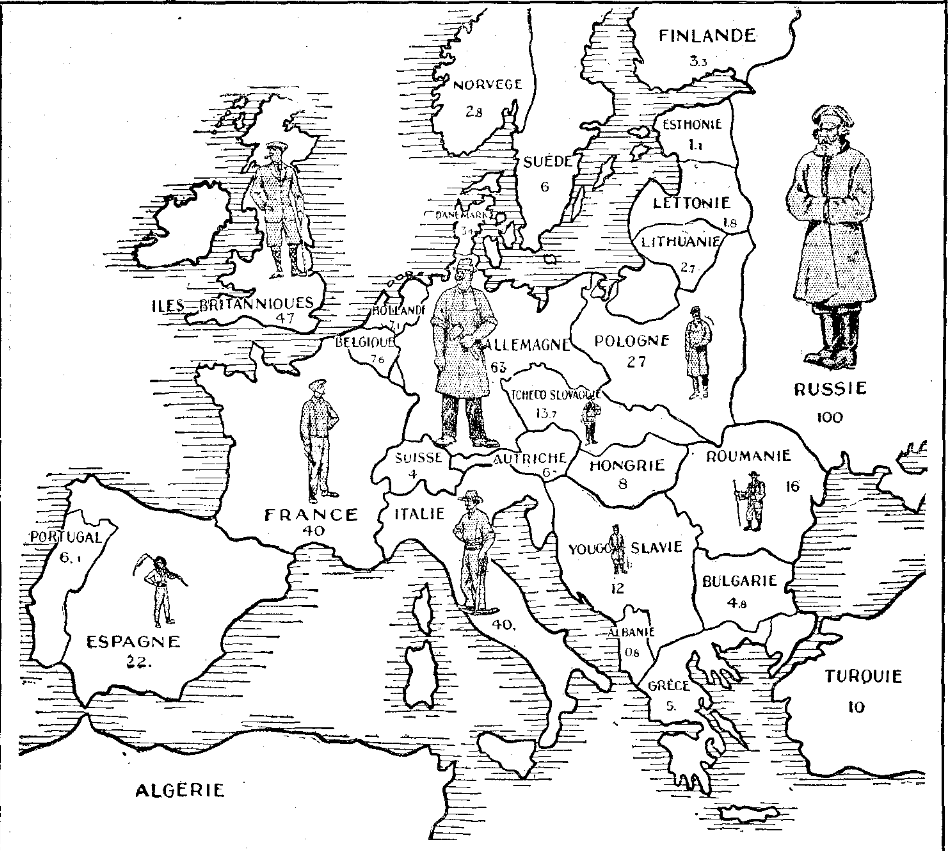
"For an example of what countries will do in issuing stamps of an unwanted or speculative character, one must take Portugal rather than Turkey. Two years ago Portugal began operations with an issue of a series of stamps of sixteen different values, commemorating the flight of Portuguese aviators across the Atlantic. Last year in a similar way, but with double the number of values, the poet Camoens was commemorated. Early this year another new issue was produced, and again with more than thirty different values. This time it was for the centenary of the novelist, Branco. Next came a series of four special stamps commemorating the deeds of Portuguese troops in the Great War. More recently still there has been an issue, in sixty-six different values, in memory of the Marquis de Pombal, who planned the reconstruction of Lisbon after the Great Earthquake."

Practically none of these stamps has been in general use for ordinary postal purposes, says *The Observer*, and some of them have been sold only through the Portuguese mint, to which stamp dealers have to send their requisitions. A similar practise in Italy was stopt some time ago, owing to strong protests from Italian collectors, according to this newspaper, which goes on to say:

"With the rapid growth of stamp-collecting it is hardly surprizing that the postal authorities of various countries should take into account the activities of collectors. At the same time it is generally recognized that a postage-stamp is a symbol of national dignity, and that any prostitution for purely speculative commercial purposes can only lower a country's prestige."

VISIONS OF PAN-EUROPE

HEARTS BEAT FASTER in many European countries, it appears, when political prophets began to predict a prompt realization of the dream of Pan-Europe, or, as it is also called, the United States of Europe, after the results of the Locarno Conference became known. The prospect of a united Europe, however, has recently been much under discussion in various parts of the Continent, especially in Germany. According to some German editors, the matter is of greater importance to Germany than to the rest of Europe, because Germany suffers most from European enmities and economic antagonisms. The *Berliner Tageblatt* declares that Europeans must understand that a new war "would mean not the triumph of the right, but the end of Europe," and it continues:



EUROPE'S MISCELLANEOUS MILLIONS IN 1925

The most complicated region, it is said, to which peace on earth must come to men, is here shown by figures that indicate the population of the various countries in millions. This map was prepared by the National Alliance for the Increase of France's Population, and is used in French schools to show how the French number in comparison to the inhabitants of other European countries.

> "They must understand also that even the present condition of subdued political hostility and struggle in Europe involves the end of Europe's international influence. Equally pernicious is the economic rivalry of the European States. Europe's prosperity can be built only on the foundation of a customs union of the larger States, and especially of France and Germany. Pan-Europe might be the issue of such a customs union; and Pan-Europe would mean world significance for Europe.
>
> "The relations between Europe and America begin to assume a resemblance to the relations that existed in the ancient world between Rome and Greece in the period of Greek decline. Those who do not want the Americans to look down upon the Europeans, as once the Romans looked down upon the intelligent and cultured but unpractical *Græculi*, must contribute to the unification of Europe which is attainable only through real peace between France and Germany."

This Berlin daily thinks France's cautiousness and lack of confidence in Pan-Europe is due to the fact that she does not know Germany, and it adds that however limited Germany's knowledge may be of France, France's knowledge of Germany is still more limited. The disinclination of the French to learn German, and their reluctance to travel, it alleges, keep the French less familiar with the rest of the world than any other European people. At the same time, we are told that the French have a great advantage in that their political leaders have the talent to grasp new ideas of international importance, and it is further declared that:

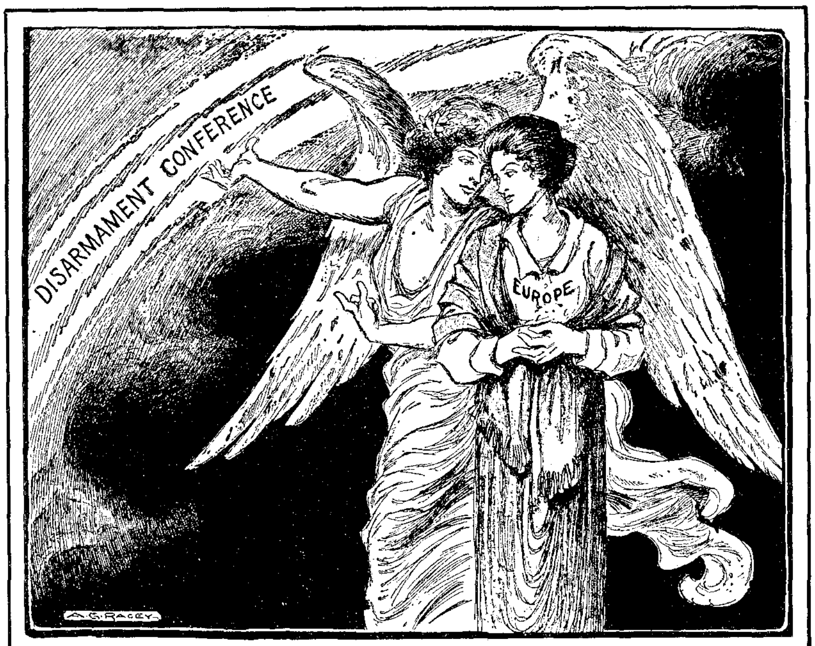
> "One can not doubt that, owing to its disappointment in the Peace Treaty, in the negotiations with Great Britain and America, and in its supremacy over Germany, France is prone to a marked extent to depart from the isolated policy which it followed in the first years after the war and to espouse the new Pan-European ideas."

That there is no salvation for Europe without Pan-Europe is also the contention of E. Rosse, a contributor to the *Koelnische Zeitung*, but he points out that Pan-Europe can not be built in a day, and says:

> "Each one of the twenty-eight States of Europe must develop a firm belief that it is more advantageous for it to keep peace with the remaining twenty-seven States than to rely solely upon its own forces, as the case has hitherto been. . . . In Germany people are getting convinced that our political and economic organization can stand on its feet only through cooperation with Europe. This, however, does not suffice to create Pan-Europe. Just the contrary is true, for it provokes suspicion outside of Germany that Pan-Europe is a shield for Germany's secret nationalistic aspirations.
>
> "Only when we have convinced people that Pan-Europe answers to their own best interests, will it be possible to work for the unification of Europe. We must therefore devote our efforts in the first place to the propagation of this idea."

In the Paris *Information* Jean Montigny calls attention to a "European Manifesto," apparently issued by a group of "Pan-Europeans," in which it is stated that Europe is exposed to three perils. Each is said equally to be feared. The first named is that of wars of revenge, which, because of the science of massacre developed by modern savants, might result in the complete decay of Europe, and the destruction of both victors and vanquished. The second danger to Europe, according to this manifesto, lies in immense and mysterious Russia, which can gather her strength together quickly and fling it upon a disunited Europe, bring its boundaries to the Rhine, the Alps and the Adriatic, and thus reach the Atlantic Ocean, leaving Europe to be no more than the Western province of the Russian Empire. The third menace, mentioned by this manifesto, is the economic ruin of a divided Europe, which would result in its subjection to the united economic force of America, and so reduce Europe to the condition of a colony.

The conclusion is that salvation lies in the formation of Pan-Europe, that is, in a union of all the democratic nations situated between Russia, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, including their colonial empires. Pan-Europe, it is declared by this manifesto, can not include England, because of England's bonds with her Dominions, but it should practise a policy of friendly collaboration with England. Nor could Pan-Europe admit Russia, it is averred, because of the irreconcilability of the Soviet constitution with systems of democracy, but it could



THE RAINBOW

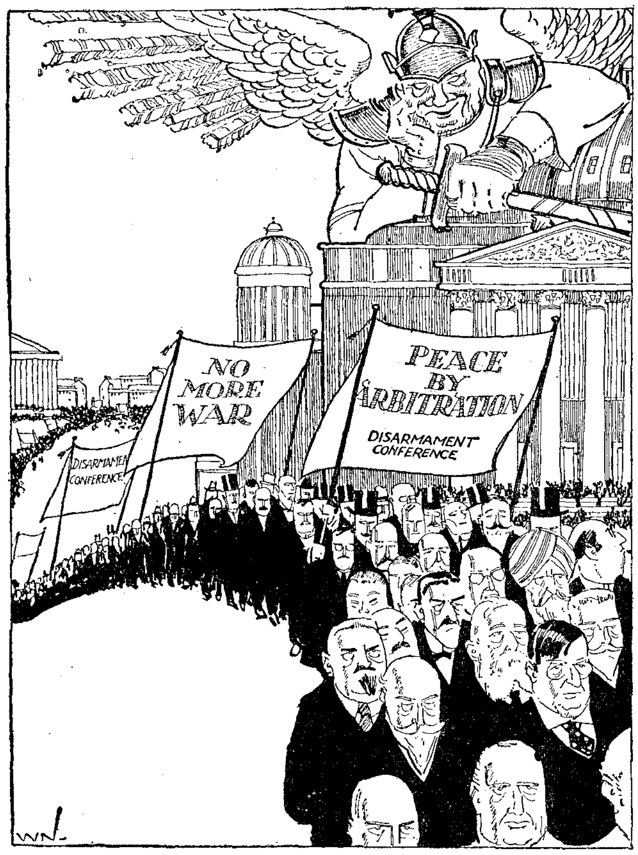
"Hope Springs Eternal."

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

undertake friendly and economic relations with Russia. In this vision of Pan-Europe, all the nations of the Continent would be grouped in the bosom of the League of Nations for protection against Britain, America, Russia, and the Far East, and Mr. Montigny goes on to say:

> "The prophets of Pan-Europe do not disguise the difficulties of their apostolate and the obstacles of nationalism. But the imminence of the cataclysm which threatens the European nations persuades them that it is the duty of all countries to have the will toward European unity. They argue that it is impossible that the small near-peninsula of Europe, with its twenty-five States, should live in a condition of international anarchy without having the situation finally end in a terrible catastrophe, political, cultural, and economic. The railroad, the telegraph, the wireless, the airplane and the automobile have so reduced distance that Europe at present is relatively smaller than was Italy in the time of the Renaissance, and so they say there is no use in calling upon the authority of the past. Old Europe, which dominated the world, and was absolutely safe from foreign aggression, could enjoy the luxury of internecine wars, but Europe to-day, weakened, wounded, impoverished, and torn, has lost its hegemony.
>
> "Asia is awakening. The United States has drawn power and wealth to the New World. Russia is separated from Europe and constitutes a world closed and hostile. England has become a world Power whose center of gravity is the Indian Ocean. So while mighty empires are forming themselves everywhere, Europe, laboring under the blows of the late war, has been progressing in decline. And so the manifesto declares that whether one wishes it or not, if Europe does not seek her salvation in union—within one generation it will be only a vast tomb, a field of ruins, the graveyard of a great civilization."

This appeal of the "European Manifesto" is full of grandeur, imagination and also of wisdom, according to Mr. Montigny, who says further that French republicans, with their great and noble tradition of pacifism, can not remain indifferent before the vision of the United States of Europe, "the hope of which roused the enthusiasm of such a man as Victor Hugo." It is to be remembered that great events in history have always before the fact seemed utopian, but, this writer goes on to say, if the business of being a prophet is as much open to disgrace as that of an inventor, it is blest also with "brilliant posthumous revenges." We read then:



MARS, "THE INNOCENT BY-STANDER"?

—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).

> "France possesses a national unity and a genius strong enough to keep it from hesitating to join the United States of Europe. Through the age of her democratic tradition, the sincerity of her unselfishness, the quality of her intelligence, she is destined to play an inspiring rôle in all Continental policies. It may be that, on the morrow of the war, she neglected her European vocation too much. She has windows that open on the Atlantic and on the Anglo-Saxon world, and she should keep them open, but in despite of all, the threshold of her door is on the Rhine.
>
> "Let us, therefore, follow with sympathy, and without illusions, even the illusion of skepticism, the Pan-European movement which is being nurtured in Central Europe. Let us uphold the integrity of present boundaries, and engage resolutely in opposition to Pan-Germanism. Those who gain supporters for Pan-Europe in Germany are good workers for peace. After all, the destiny of Pan-Europe, and even of Europe as she is now, will not be unrolled on the shores either of the Seine or of the Danube, but between the Vistula and the Rhine."

By contrast we find a very scoffing skepticism in the Brussels *Nation Belge*, by Fernand Neuray, who declares that in despite of the "failure of Wilsonism and the brutality of the financial claims of the Grand Republic," Americanism is very much in style on the European side of the Atlantic, "above all by those who do not know what it really is." In looking at the map of Europe, this critic says, nothing seems easier than to "draw together, federate, and Americanize all the nations of the Old World." It appears to be easy, but, in his view—

> "America is America, and Europe is Europe. There are nations in Europe which have been civilized and governed for a thousand years and more. Not all European nations were born in the same year, not all of them speak the same language, and they all have a different interpretation of words and ideas that seemingly are identical. How long after victory did the federation of the victors last? Yet the event has proved that there were as many reasons for them to remain united as there had been for them to join together in the first place."

JAPAN'S NEW PROLETARIAT PARTY

A PROLETARIAT PARTY, made up of rural and urban workers in Japan, was the great result, we are told, which the Japanese organized workers hoped for after the passage last spring of the universal manhood suffrage bill. The prediction was freely made, it is said, that within ten years at the outside, labor would be the controlling political force in Japan. Labor's optimism found its natural reflection, notes the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*, in the pessimism of the existing parties, which hastily sought to revise their policies and platforms in such a manner as to catch the fancy of the workers, and so entice them into membership and away from the formation of their own independent party. To tell the truth, this American-owned Tokyo daily goes on to say,—

"The only tangible result so far from the radical extension of the ballot has been this concentration on so-called social politics by the three existing parties and the activities of the Government in drafting a bill recognizing labor unions for introduction in the coming session of the Diet. That first flush of optimism is gone. During the intervening months the leaders of unionized labor in Japan and their sympathizers in intellectual circles have worked strenuously to form a large Proletariat party, but the net results so far have been comparatively negligible."

Political parties are expensive affairs in any country, *The Japan Advertiser* says, but adds that they are more especially so in Japan, which is "rife with corruption during an election campaign." The leader of the ordinary political party in Japan, it appears, is usually chosen because he is a man of great wealth, or one able to command such wealth in the interests of the party. To this fact is due the position of more than one statesman and politician in Japan to-day, declares this newspaper, which tells us further:

"It accounts for a considerable portion of the past party political history of the nation. To achieve party leadership has required the combination of men plus yen, men alone, no matter how able and brilliant, not having a fair opportunity. Naturally, no such man of wealth is to be found in the ranks of labor, either urban or rural. The machinery of a party is a complicated arrangement that can not be created overnight and that necessitates the most carefully adjusted balances among its component parts, balances that are worked out over a period of experimentation."

The majority of voters in the next election will not be factory workers at all, it is alleged, because urban labor compared to labor on the land, is a negligible quantity in Japan, which is predominantly an agricultural nation. It was not until the unionized farm workers, who represent but a fraction of the total rural labor of the Empire, met to consider the formation of a political party and kindly invited urban labor to confer with them, that even the nucleus of what some day may be a great party was brought into being. This daily reports further that factory labor in Japan, both organized and unorganized, is too small a group ever to dominate the politics of the nation by weight of sheer numbers. We read then:

"Clever leadership alone will give it the commanding position. Japan is still, and will continue for some time at least to be, an agricultural country. It is a difficult thing for urban labor, which possesses the initiative and leadership at present, to work out a platform acceptable to both it and to the workers on the farms. Practically all that the two groups have in common is a certain class consciousness, and it is doubtful if even this is felt by millions of the farm workers whose homes are at some distance from the cities. On most practical legislative measures the interests of urban and rural labor conflict, rather than coincide.

"An examination of the tentative platform that is to be submitted for adoption, rejection or revision at the October convention here offers no policy which promises to prove a major attraction to the 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 new voters. The reduction of the age of enfranchisement will not stir any great interest. The cutting of the period of compulsory military service to one year and a reduction of expenditures on the Army and Navy make a more direct appeal, but the Army is still held in respect and something of reverence in the interior parts of the nation which are as yet untainted by the 'dangerous thoughts' to be found in the periodical press that is in semi-touch with the world lying beyond the shores of this Empire."

An extreme instance of the failure to grasp realities on the part of the fathers of the proposed Proletariat party, says *The Japan Advertiser*, is to be found in the fourth clause of the program of the recently formed Kwansai Minseito, which reads: "That we shall recognize the League of Nations for the maintenance of world peace, so that we may thus promote the causes of international solidarity." Of this resolution, we read:

"It is easy to picture the straw-coated peasants of Japan rushing to the polls to vote for the candidate who has made his campaign on this issue, rather than for the Kenseikai, Seiyukai or Seiyuhonto candidate who has confined himself to promising the district an extension of the railway or some similar measure.

"The only conclusion possible is that urban labor, if it is ever to control in Japan, will have to follow the suit of the existing parties in setting out to capture the allegiance of rural workers with some very tangible bait. Sheer liberalism and appeals to class consciousness will never do it, for it is among the millions of farmers and farm workers that there is found the mass of conservatism which forms one of the startling contrasts of this people. Time and education will be required before the mass of the farm workers even desire to vote, and more time and education will be necessary before they can themselves organize and direct their own affairs and so dominate politics, as they should do, being the majority. In the meantime they are open prey for the old parties and the new Proletariat party alike, but the old parties are the more experienced and cleverer hunters. Only if rural economic conditions, already bad, reach the point where the peasants are ready to rebel against things as they are, is there any chance of their throwing themselves into the arms of urban labor and so making the new Proletariat party an organization of great strength."

In *The Gakwan* a Japanese authority, Tsunego Baba, agrees with the remarks above that it is difficult to found a Proletariat party, and he admits that one of the chief obstacles is money. Thus he says:

"Supposing that the election of a member requires 10,000 yen, 100 members will require 1,000,000 yen for a successful contest. (A yen is approximately 50 cents.) This is the rough estimates of the funds which the existing parties spent on an election in the past. The estimates are not exact, but neither are they far removed from the mark. Those who hope for the appearance or who contrive the organization of a Proletariat party have no source of such large funds. Even tho they have, the organization of such a party through the influence of money would interfere with its principles. This is one of the difficulties which the formation of a Proletariat party encounters."

As an indication of the spirit in which this party's organizers work, Mr. Tsunego cites a passage from its initial declaration, which reads as follows:

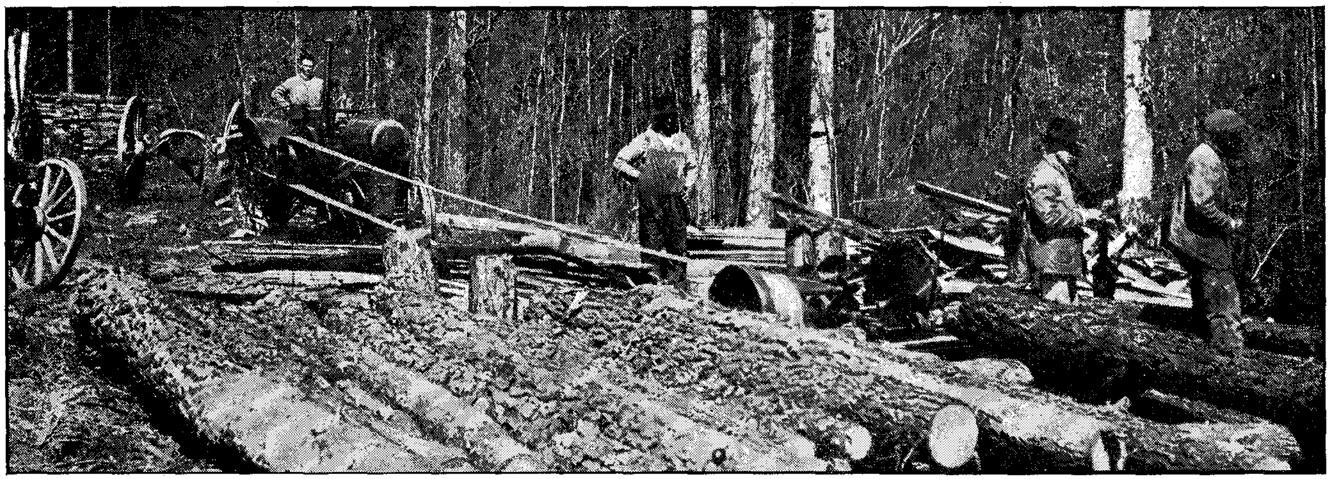
"The history of the world is a record testifying to the growing consciousness of the masses who have been subjected to persecution and exaction but who combated and emancipated themselves from tyranny. The classes that have been governed up to the present have released themselves from unjust treatment by the application of united major force in politics.

"We shall take the field in political warfare in order to lay a foundation for reconstructed Japan. Just see what our fatherland is like. Eighty per cent. of the people have no wealth, have no education, nor any rights. They may well be called poor people out and out.

"The governing classes have utilized politics to formulate an economic policy on behalf of capitalists, utterly disregarding the interests of the Proletariat.

"We shall have our eye riveted on actualities that we may stride along the thoroughfare of politics. We shall be self-reliant in this immense universe. We turn to politics in order to organize our own political party. We shall ourselves be the nucleus in reforming Japan. We shall turn a deaf ear to the ringing chorus of noisy criticism, and shall present ourselves at the head of the marching order."

SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION



By courtesy of the American Sawmill Machinery Company (New York)

THE SUCCESSOR TO THE OLD WATER-POWER SAWMILL

Portable sawmills like this are held by a Springfield *Republican* writer to be largely responsible for the decay of farm life in New England. This writer argues that the gain in efficiency in bringing the sawmills to the trees, instead of bringing the logs to a sawmill, is offset by a social loss.

NEW ENGLAND CULTURE MEETS THE BUZZ-SAW

THE DEGRADATION of many New England communities, the abandonment of their farms, the loss of their best civic elements, the decay of villages, farmsteads and mills—all are attributed by Paul W. Goldsbury, writing in the Springfield *Republican*, to an agency as apparently harmless as the portable sawmill. For a half-century, Mr. Goldsbury charges, this monster has moved about the countryside, leaving desolation in its wake. About the results there can be little doubt, but possibly the sawmill is a symbol rather than an active agent. So many other causes have been assigned for New England's deserted farms that it is at least novel to find the whole trouble blamed upon the wandering buzz-saw. Many will dispute Mr. Goldsbury's argument, and we merely present it here as a new thesis in sociology, to be accepted or rejected. Whatever may be the reason, Mr. Goldsbury's comparison of certain New England districts to the "burnt-out" mining-camps of the West is not inapt. Silver or coal, Mr. Goldsbury remarks, will not grow again, whereas trees will; but the trouble has been that the New England woods have been "mined" and not treated as a growing crop. We read:

"In New England and other parts of the East, we find the portable steam sawmill, a modern enterprise, hardly fifty years old. The practise of our grandfather of taking logs cut from his wood-lot to the old water-mill during the winter months has been superseded by that of bringing a more up-to-date and noisy outfit to the wood-lot, where it is handier to cut and draw the logs. This kind of specious economy has been able to maintain itself for near two generations. Undoubtedly it has had an upsetting influence upon the life and habits of the region into which it has come. The present depopulation of large sections of New England, formerly prosperous with agriculture and manufacture, lead a student of such visitations to associate their operations with the decay of the home, which had so long been the backbone of that region.

"Mining regions do not heave forth an annual crop of nuggets; if they did, mining-camps for gold and silver might be more permanent. When coal is once taken from the earth, there is no practical hope of getting anything like it for thousands of years. However, in the fifty years of the portable sawmill there are lots which have had at least three visits from such a visitor.

"The price of lumber at the first cutting was so low that immature trees were not cut as much as later. In short, the work of the portable steam sawmill has been another illustration of a policy of getting while the getting is good, and meant generally a disregard of what comes after and the ultimate cost.

"The portable mill brought a number of men together where only two or more had labored before. These men were put under the modern spell of cooperation, and there was a social and mental stimulus in this. When the mill left a new district, there was left a void in the neighborhood. Its coming had awakened new ideas, and with its going was germinated in the minds of the youth a spirit of restlessness, so there was a steady drift of young men in such timbered country into this game.

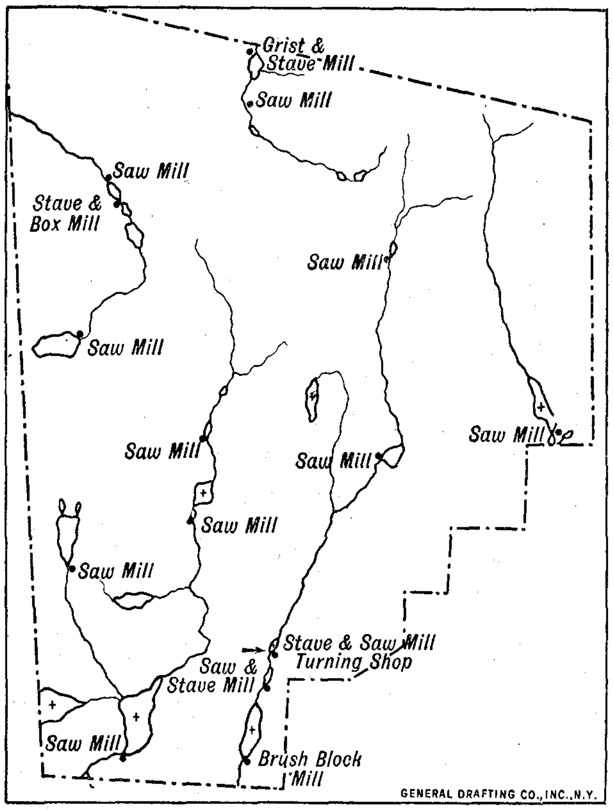
"Lumbering in some sections had been but one line of local industry. Farming had been the main line, but it had suffered by competition with Western farming, and now with the youth so deserting their elders and joining up with this kind of lumbering, the farms sadly missed the youthful man-power, and lapsed. Farms were sold, or timber lots, which had contributed their quota for the upkeep of the home and farm, were cut off or sold off to meet with slashing treatment, and in either case the reaction was against the original owner staying long where the complexion of things was so radically altered. Farming of a successful type tends to groom the landscape, but slashed timber along the roads and on the hillside are sore defacements."

About a dozen years ago, Mr. Goldsbury tells us, the State forester, coming into a town that bore possibly hundreds of such spoliation marks from the visits of the portable sawmill, called attention to the conservation treatment of land when lumber was cut from it fifty years previous. The farmer in the old days went into the woods in the winter, when other work did not press, and selected mature trees to be cut. He felled these with a regard to the interests of the growth about, so as not to break off or destroy neighboring trees which might mature ten to twenty years later. The portable mill works at all seasons, suiting more the interests of its owner than that of the lot owner on to which it moves. During the summer it often attracts labor needed for farming, road-building, or in other ways. Its own profits and economies too often work against conserving the interests of the land and the maintenance of the interest of the farm and community. To quote further:

"The portable steam mill could show an obvious economy from the standpoint of time and immediate cost, but it left pictures of desolation over districts to discourage and upset communities. It had its part in paralyzing other enterprise in such localities, and had a demoralizing influence in matters of local self-control of business, of local self-determination in town and government affairs. Where were once the homes of a hardy New England stock which had been able to maintain themselves generation after generation and manage their own affairs, there are too often found cellar holes or buildings in a condition less ornamental.

"Types of architecture have been corrupted by the presence of shanty neighbors with their gipsy practises. Mills by the ponds have gone to pieces by rust and decay, dams have not been kept up. Mill-ponds and reservoirs have disappeared. In short, the safeguards, the checks, the barriers have been gradually undermined and material resources have been drained off

"A map of a town, made fifty-five years ago, together with some points of its history since, serve to illustrate many of these contentions. The old map shows roads covering every section of the town area. Scattered along these roads are dwelling-houses with sheds, shops, barns, mills and factories, and at the village center, stores, hotel and churches.



From the Springfield *Republican*

FIFTEEN SAWMILLS IN THE TOWNSHIP

This is a map of a rural township in Massachusetts as it was in 1871. Every little pond had its sawmill to which farmers brought logs carefully selected from their timber lots. Now only one of these sawmills is left. The ponds are drained, the timber has been ruthlessly cut down. Farms, roads, shops, inns, churches, have been abandoned. Mr. Paul W. Goldsbury holds the portable sawmill responsible for all the desolation.

"A study of the business notices printed with this map show what a diversity of industry there was then, and how nearly self-sustaining this town of about 1,000 population was by reason of native products and manufactures.

"Those were the 'good old times' before the introduction of so much labor-saving machinery. Such a variety of enterprise afforded one privilege of changes, freshened one up, where now, under the modern program of 'system,' consolidation and specialization of tasks, these same industries have been transported to distant factory towns and cities. Now the many must be driven by the social, industrial, mechanical fabric of the modern town and factory. The country is the playground of health. The human animal should be spread about to develop individual initiative and progress, and to be where he can best oversee tree and plant and animal life, to make it minister to his interests.

"At the time this map was drawn, the town and its citizens enjoyed a very practical control of its domestic and business life, but the powers of greed behind this agency helped to make a different picture in the course of less than two generations. The history of the portable sawmill in this particular town is hardly more than forty years, but within that time all but one of the fifteen water sawmills has ceased running, rotted away or burned down, and most of the supporting mill-ponds have disappeared. The history of the portable sawmill was an insidious one, getting control of this fine lot of pine timber and then that, this woodlot and then that, this farm and then that.

"Somehow or other the farmer who had sold off a good timber lot or his whole farm felt disinclined to stay in the town. The farmers who went into the portable mill business for the most part deserted the town sooner or later. Farming was more and more deserted, mowings grew up to bush. Outside interests came to the ownership of three-fifths of the real estate of the town.

"This town has a half-dozen farmers on farms of 100 or more acres deriving their main income from operating their own land, whereas in the old days there were ten to twenty times as many. It seems regrettable that a conserving foresight could not have infected the whole community, that would have operated to modernize the fifteen water-power mills with machinery and devices to saw out lumber and manufacture it into useful products, so obtaining fullest benefit at the home.

"Many of these ponds and reservoirs could be used to generate electrical power which would serve the homes with light and energy for running washing-machines, separators, for wood-sawing, for lightening labor, save drags upon muscles, which takes blood the mind needs in these days of competition. It appears then like an evil genius, a greedy bit of engineering that so tapped native wealth and diverted it so to filling coffers, the pockets of those that had no local interest, that drained off ponds and reservoirs, which should be doing the work at home, that even now operates to make labor at home so difficult and requires such travel and hardship to meet mere necessities."

TO TERRACE RAIN-WASHED FARMS

AMERICAN MECHANICAL GENIUS is beginning to revolutionize mountain agriculture, we are told by Prof. Walter B. Pitkin, writing in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). In the last twenty years the art of rice-growing has been taken out of the hands of the Asiatics and adapted to machine methods so successfully that our high-priced workers now produce the crop as cheaply as the eight-cent-a-day Chinese coolie. But this is as nothing compared with the changes being wrought in the handling of hillsides down South. He goes on:

"For years the Appalachian slopes have been washing away, with terrific losses to the farmer, because men of western European stock applied the tricks of flat-land farming to the steeps. They had never heard of the terraces and water-holes which the Corsican mountaineer, the Javan farmer, and the persistent Japanese make to hold the rains and the rich earth on slopes as sharp as a house roof. When news of these methods first came to the American, he was unwilling to use them because of the vast amount of heavy labor required to build such dirt architecture. But, after a while, he began wondering whether machines couldn't turn the trick. And, surely enough, machines would.

"A retired engineer, Lawrence Lee, of Leesburg, Virginia, seems to have been the first to hit on a way of using tractors and a specially designed scraper for such work. Even in the heaviest thunderstorms of summer, hardly a drop of water runs off the sixty acres which Mr. Lee now has terraced and planted as orchard. Some parts of this tract have a pitch of about forty degrees—which is quite as great as most of the remarkable mountainside terraces in the Philippines and Java, where for centuries the banking of soil and care of crops have all been done by the most laborious of handwork.

"In the last few years progressive farmers in North and South Carolina have adopted this new technique. Especially in the badly eroded stretches along the Catawba River, thousands of acres have been delivered from the ravages of the rains. Applied to the millions of acres in Appalachia which are being washed away, this method will conserve many hundred million dollars' worth of top soil; and it will convert what is now an unprofitable wilderness into a rich empire. Land worth nothing to-day can, in a few seasons, be transformed into forage-crop acreage worth at least thirty dollars per acre; and, after ten or fifteen years of tree-planting along the terrace ridges, this same land, as had already been demonstrated in Virginia, yields a return that makes it worth from seventy-five to two hundred dollars per acre.

"Prof. J. Russell Smith, the economic geographer at Columbia University, has made a special study of the Old World terrace methods and of these new American ways. He has found rough mountain-sides in Corsica yielding nut crops as heavily as Illinois bottom lands yield corn. He states that a new dividend-paying country about the size of France will be added to the United States as soon as the Appalachian region adopts generally the tractor-built terrace of the Lee type and develops fast-growing hardwood trees to plant on the land. Oaks, walnuts, and hickories can grow much faster than the common run of them now do. Were it possible to increase, by selective breeding the rate of wood growth by only 20 per cent., this would add many millions of dollars to our national wealth."

MACHINES WITH NIMBLE FINGERS

RECENTLY DEVELOPED AMERICAN mechanisms for automatically filling, sealing and labeling bottles and jars are described and illustrated in an article contributed by Cornelius Burford to *The American Exporter* (New York). Mr. Burford tells us that these machines, which fill, seal or label the glass-containers in which liquid or semi-liquid products are marketed, are among the marvels of inventive genius and modern industry. They do their work with speed and accuracy, require little attention, and have largely superseded hand labor. He writes:

"Bottle-filling machines have a capacity of from 30 to 120 bottles a minute. They not only fill each container exactly to a predetermined height, but also automatically skip and refuse to fill bottles that are badly cracked or broken or have blow-holes. They fill properly with any liquid, and also with semi-liquids, such as sirups, catchup, chili-sauce, salad-dressing, horseradish, olives, and so forth.

"The sealing of bottles, which is the next step after they have been filled, is also done automatically. Sealing caps have now displaced corks as the stoppers of containers used for many products. One, of American manufacture, that has come on the market during the last five years, can be removed and replaced by hand without the use of a corkscrew, opener or tool of any kind. The container is opened by lifting up the little lever at the side of the cap; it is closed and locked as hermetically as before by replacing the cap and pressing down the lever.

"For placing these seals on bottles, a rotary machine, fully automatic in action, has been developed.

"Labeling bottles or other containers by machinery has progressed in the last twenty years from the simplest foot-power machines that placed the labels only on the body of the bottle to the automatic rotary labeler that affixes the label not only to the bottle body, but also puts another label and tinfoil around the neck—all this in one operation. The output of these rotary labelers is said to be three times greater than that of the hand-fed labelers.

"The operating mechanism of these machines of American manufacture is so placed that it is out of reach of dripping gum and other liquids from defective bottles.

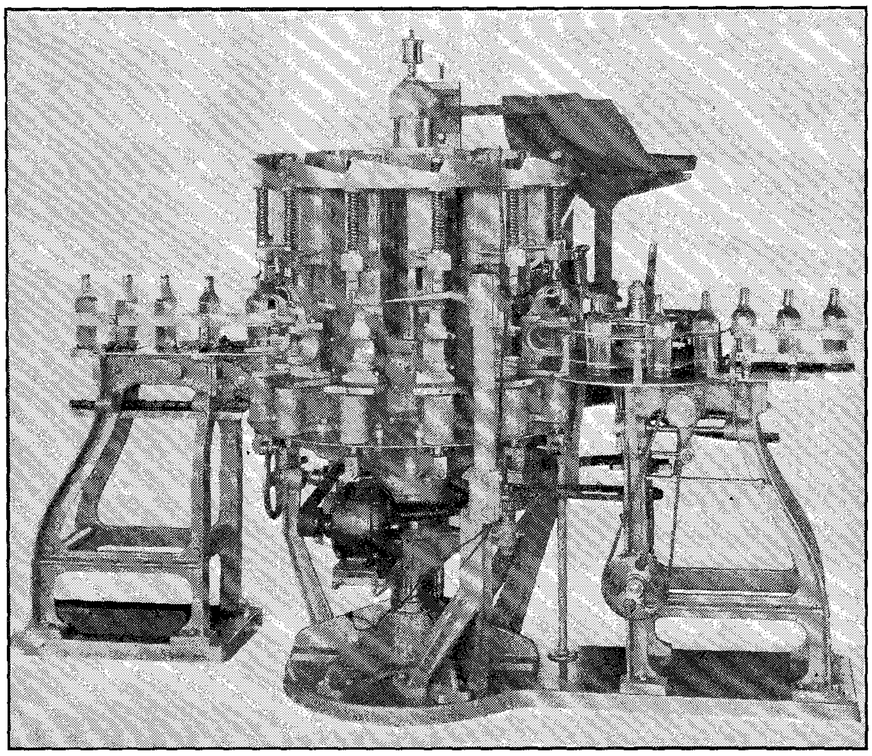
"The bottles stand upright and properly spaced on a turntable, which carries them to the pickers.

"As the pickers come down with the label, the bottle moves into a position between them. At the same time one of the five upright gripfingers, which operate in slots in the turntable, moves in from the center of the table. The rubber-cushioned gripping surface of this finger contacts with the label stretched across the pickers, and as the pickers continue to move back until they pass the front surface of the bottle, the gripping surface of the finger presses the center of the label firmly against the bottle; then the pickers open up slightly until the label has been stript from the gumming surface of the pickers, and the up-stroke of the pickers for the label for the next bottle is started. The entire operation is continuous and without any intermittent motion.

"The pickers are so called because they pick the labels out of the holder. Describing an arc of 90 degrees they pass upward to the holder and contact with the bottom of the pack of labels. The adhesion of the fresh coating of gum causes the pickers to pull the bottom label, and only the bottom one, from the pack. The pickers in moving from the bottle to the label holder and back to the bottle, travel in the most direct manner possible.

"The bottle is then carried by the turntable until it comes in contact with the wipers—soft rubber pads—and the label is wiped neatly and securely to the bottle."

After the wiping is completed, the bottle continues toward the front of the machine, still carried by the bottle rest, and the gripfinger returns in its slot to the center of the turntable, to be ready to come forward in time to meet the next bottle at the label-stripping point. The bottle continues on the turntable until its direction is changed by a guide and a revolving disk which transfer it to the discharge table to be packed. To quote further:



Courtesy of the Williams Sealing Corporation

THE LATEST THING IN AUTOMATIC BOTTLING MACHINES

The accompanying article explains the workings of this almost human apparatus.

"The development of automatic machinery for making the bottles themselves has been as great as that for filling, capping and labeling. Machines are now designed and built in the United States for making all shapes and kinds of glass containers. Sizes vary from one-half ounce to 130 ounces. The product is uniform in size, capacity and thickness of glass. Most of these machines will make from ten to thirty bottles per minute at an almost negligible cost per piece.

"A machine of this kind, when fed by automatic means, makes a completely automatic unit from the tank to the conveyor. Glass is charged automatically, the neck is formed, and the glass is distributed in what might be termed an embryo bottle which is then transferred to a finishing mold where it is then blown to the finished size. It is then carried free of the machine and placed on a conveyor. All of these operations are completely automatic and require no manual labor. The bottles on the conveyor are picked up by means of a fork and carried to the annealing ovens where they remain from four to six hours. Even this manual operation can be dispensed with by installing automatic conveying outfits which carry the ware direct to the annealing ovens.

"A machine of this kind will produce as high as twenty-four bottles per minute, depending, of course, on the size of the ware being made. It is possible to make smaller ware at a higher rate of speed than large ware."

EMOTIONS IN MEN AND WOMEN

NO VERY PRONOUNCED DIFFERENCES in the emotional natures of the sexes are found by Donald A. Laird and Thomas McClumpha of Colgate University, in recent tests in the psychological laboratory of that institution, as reported by them recently in *Science* (New York). We read:

"Before reliable measures of intelligence existed it had been generally assumed that women were less intelligent than men. When these alleged differences are measured, however, they have been found on the whole to be practically negligible, if, indeed, there be any differences.

"Recent development has made it possible to make similar measures of the emotional natures of the sexes. We have recently compared about six hundred college men with about four hundred college women on the Colgate mental hygiene tests. These are tests of indirect emotional outlets which are indicative of mental or emotional instability.

"College women we find much more introvert than college men, the average woman appearing to be about 10 per cent. more introvert. This means that women tend—or may be forced—to live their emotions largely within their own mental sphere, while the men live their emotions more in associating with others.

"Women are more inclined toward spurious mental fatigue, being on the average about 20 per cent. more psychasthenic than the men.

"Neurasthenia is tested in twenty-two items of the tests. Again we find the women with an excess of these indirect emotional outlets.

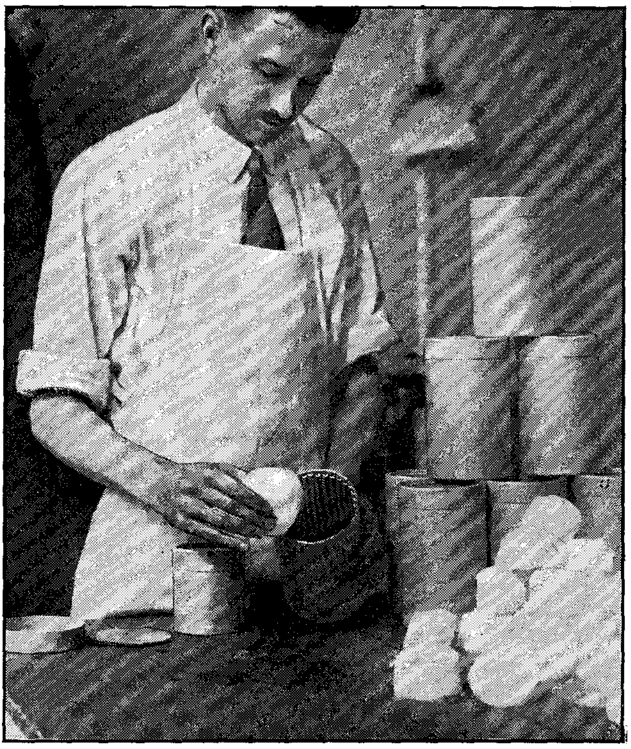
"In signs of hysteria there have been no demonstrable differences. The unfavorable showing of women on these tests may be due in part to some selective influence rather than to any inherent differences by and large. Can it be that emotionally unstable women are attracted to college?

"In 1910, which is the last year with available figures, one out of every 1,416 men from twenty to twenty-four years of age and one out of every 1,815 women of the same age range were admitted to a State hospital as a mental patient. Among twenty-five thousand college students in 1923-24 the ratio was one man per 1,079 and one woman per 876. Among the general population the incidence of extreme emotional instability is greater among men. Among the college population, however, the incidence is greater among women. This may be due to the age group from the general population being slightly older than the college population. Or it may be due to the woman inclined toward emotional instability entering college.

"In practically every instance statistics record an excess of male over female psychoses, both in absolute numbers and in ratio to the general population. Typical figures from twelve States showed one male from each 1,105 of the total male population and one female from each 1,199 of the general population admitted to a State hospital during the year. This shows a slight and perhaps insignificant predominance of psychoses among men.

"Some psychoses are the product of physical forces in the environment rather than of indirect emotional outlets. Eight times as many men, for instance, were confined because of traumatic mental disorder. Five times as many men suffered general paralysis, caused by social disease. On the other hand over three times as many women had mental disorder associated with pellagra. These psychoses due to exogenous influences should be eliminated in comparing the inherent emotional differences of the sexes. When these are eliminated the ratio is one out of 1,444 men and one out of 1,355 women. When the psychoses due fairly directly to environmental factors are excluded the balance shifts in favor of the male. This may confirm the findings on the mental hygiene tests and indicate that the college incidence rate of psychoses fairly represents the true conditions with the sexes under somewhat more similar environmental stresses than exist outside of the cloistered seats of education.

"Granting, however, that when environmental stresses are equalized among students there is a preponderance of undesirable emotional outlets among women, we have yet to demonstrate that the difference is inherent in sex. From earliest childhood the restraints and training of the sexes differ. Our data can not be interpreted as showing that there are innate differences; the differences may be acquired. The trend of opinion is that the emotional outlets such as we are testing are acquired. Data are being gathered which bear on this point. The very practical problem of an effective difference remains, regardless of its origin."



From the *Popular Science Monthly*

PACKING ICE-CREAM CONTAINERS WITH "DRY ICE"

The white lumps are compress carbon-dioxid gas. It is shaped into cylindrical pieces like those in the picture. Each large container holds with the dry ice the smaller container of ice-cream. If you sent ice-cream this way from New York to Chicago by air mail it would still be frozen hard on arrival at its destination.

"DRY ICE" BY MAIL

ICE-CREAM MAY NOW BE KEPT frozen in its original state for hours at a time without the use of ordinary ice. It is now possible to send a pint of ice-cream from New York City to Chicago by air mail, says *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York), and when the package is opened the ice-cream will be found frozen hard, just as it came from the freezer many hours before! To explain:

"The wonderful material that makes this remarkable feat possible is called 'dry ice.' It can not melt. It is perfectly dry to the touch, and yet it is so cold that it will make a thermometer go down to 110 degrees below zero.

"You have noticed the small bubbles that form and rise to the surface in a soda-pop bottle when you pry off the cap. This new ice is made out of the same gas that forms those bubbles. In other words, it is carbon-dioxid gas cooled down and compress until it finally forms a solid, frozen mass.

"Solidified carbon dioxid has been produced on a laboratory scale several times, but this is the first application of this queer freezing agent to the preservation of ice-cream. Its use is the result of a long search by a New York ice-cream manufacturer for a method of packing his product in small packages so that customers can take it home and keep it in perfect condition for hours afterward.

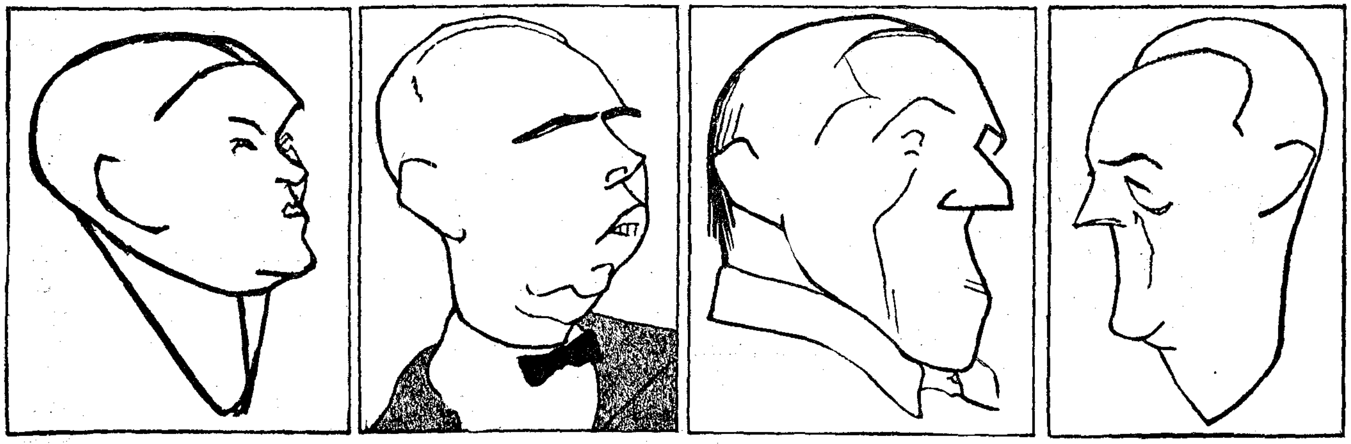
"Altho the temperature of dry ice is colder than the North Pole in winter-time, it may be handled with the bare hands, provided the skin of the fingers is not allowed to touch the solid lumps for more than a second or two at a time. In the ice-cream plant, lumps of dry ice are sent to the packing room, where a workman places a cylindrical piece in a large carton, which also holds a smaller container filled with ice-cream.

"The outside container, as well as the one that holds the ice-cream, is made of paraffined cardboard and is, itself, a fair heat insulator, so that the warmth from the outside air penetrates slowly. Instead of heating and melting the ice-cream, the air warms the surface of the block of frozen carbon dioxid and gradually converts the latter back into a gas again.

"The gas then passes away through a small hole in the outer container, and when it is all evaporated no trace remains to show that there ever was anything in the larger container except the package of ice-cream."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE



Illustrations from *The World* (New York)

H. L. MENCKEN — THEODORE DREISER — D. W. GRIFFITH — LIONEL BARRYMORE

CARICATURES ENJOYED BY THEIR ORIGINALS

William Auerbach-Levy, the artist here, declares that in caricature a "characteristic tilt of the head, the way the head is set on the shoulders—in other words, the character of the person, plus his facial feature—is the thing to get."

WHERE CARICATURE SUCCEEDS

CARICATURE THAT APPROACHES ART does not pick a person's most prominent and homeliest feature—a large nose or mouth, or whatever it may be—make it larger and call that a caricature. People who remember the old days of *Puck*, where big heads set upon little bodies was the staple of caricature, will pause over this dictum of William Auerbach-Levy. Writing of his art in the New York *World*, he tells what he regards the true caricature to be. "A characteristic tilt of the head, the way the head is set on the shoulders—in other words, the character of the person plus his facial feature—is the thing to get." A good caricature, he declares, "may leave out all of the features and yet be an excellent likeness." His own practise emphasizes this principle. "A caricature becomes a work of art," he finally lays it down, "when it has likeness, humor and good solid, simple drawing." Some of "the best German caricaturists" and a few in America are admitted to achieve this. *The World* publishes a strip of Mr. Auerbach-Levy's drawings of some of our celebrities of fiction, stage and screen, to illustrate. For one who is about to pose for a caricature, the following advice is offered, "Never say, when he begins to draw, 'Now don't do it from that side, that's my worst side!' The chances are that he would have found it himself, but calling his attention to your weakness will make certain his doing a really cruel one." Some of this artist's experiences with sitters are cases in point:

"I made the caricature of Lionel Barrymore while he was playing in 'The Piker.' We discovered a few minutes after we met that Barrymore had studied painting at the Academy Julien in Paris about the same time I was studying there. We began swapping reminiscences at a great rate, and since my caricatures are not animated I worked under some difficulty. Add also the call boy's constant reminder that it was near curtain time. Barrymore made up and I made drawings while we both talked.

"'Curtain going up, sir.' On the way out he wanted to see what I had done. Perhaps the mean look that the call boy gave me when I hesitated had something to do with it—well, I showed him the one I thought I'd use. 'Pretty good if you fix—' The curtain was going up. Of course I didn't 'fix' it, whatever it was—I've learned that the subject's criticism of his own caricature may safely be ignored.

"But the reactions of others who know the subject are sometimes of great help to me. I went to Keen's Chop House to do my caricature of David Griffith—he was rehearsing 'Sally of the Sawdust.' I made several drawings of him while he was directing the players. When I showed my best one to W. C. Fields he howled with laughter and called Miss Dempster. They both had such fun over it that I left knowing that I had got something of what I wanted.

"Rarely do people like caricatures of themselves. For some strange reason they prefer to laugh at the other fellow. Women are much better sports, tho, than men when it comes to being caricatured. Either they refuse to pose at all or else they tell me to go ahead and do my worst. Men usually preface their posing with 'Please don't be too cruel.'

"When I told Helen Westley that I had come to do a caricature, she said, 'Of course it would be a caricature—aren't you afraid you'll forget how to make a straight drawing? Well, go ahead and be as wicked as you like. I'm used to it.'

"Willa Cather absolutely refuses to pose for a caricaturist under any circumstances. She has, evidently, had a very sad upbringing as far as being caricatured is concerned. Once, it seems, she posed long and untiringly for an artist who made something of her which she says was an excellent likeness of Chesterton without the mustache. Since nothing could be more cruel than to look like Chesterton from any point of view she has, quite naturally, placed all caricaturists under the ban. Editors, like youth, however, must be served. When I told the editor, 'Willa Cather refuses to pose for me,' he said, casually, 'You're not going to let that stop you, are you?' I didn't. I trust I have managed to soften Miss Cather's heart a little toward my fellow caricaturists."

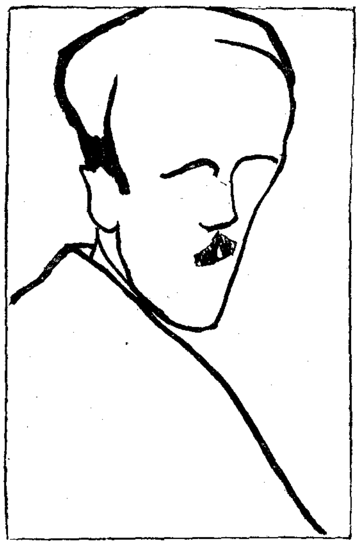
The ability to enjoy a caricature of one's self the artist calls "a most admirable and charming quality." Some illustrations along this line show how good a psychologist the caricaturist is:

"The accepted opinion about humorists certainly holds true, according to my experience in doing Ring Lardner. He came to my studio promptly at the appointed time, like any dyed-in-the-wool business man. He posed seriously and faithfully, and, the drawing finished, he left promptly—and all without making a single witticism.

"Balieff, on the other hand, posed for me in the wings of the theater between his constant entrances and exits as he introduced each act of the Chauve-Souris, and his comments as he did so were funnier, if possible, than those he made from the stage. He wanted to see each line I put down and laughed and joked and applauded every drawing I made. I haven't made up my mind yet about one of his comments. He told me that I looked so much like him that he would call on me to take his place if he should fall ill. I like to think that that remark has something to do with the fact that he made it right after I showed him a particularly funny drawing I had done of him.

"Because he doesn't happen to have the features of a moving-picture actor, Theodore Dreiser would seem to the layman to be an easy subject for the caricaturist. But this is not so. He is, as a matter of fact, rather difficult to do, because of a very elusive and changeable expression. It took me considerably longer than usual, and I used up a whole pad of paper before I got what I was after. . . . I told Mencken that I would see that he gets the original and this was his characteristic note that came to me in Provincetown, where I had gone to paint and etch during the summer.

"'I like the caricature very much. It is grotesque and yet it does justice to my underlying beauty. Needless to say, I'll be delighted to have the original, if it still exists. I only hope that Swope has not stolen it for his collection of Great Christian Leaders.' And in a later letter—'I shall have it framed and hang it on the wall of my music, beer and Rinderbrust room. An excellent caricature!'"



A VERSATILE ACTOR

Roland Young, the comedian. Another sketch by Auerbach-Levy.

THE COVER—Sir Thomas Lawrence, living between 1769 and 1830, was the most celebrated portrait painter of his day, but history has not altogether sustained the judgment of his contemporaries. As a matter of fact, beside some of the other eighteenth century painters, his fame finds it difficult to maintain itself, tho justice demands that he be regarded seriously. Our cover will commend itself for beauty and charm even tho the subjects can scarcely be said to resemble any two young boys of our own day. His portraits of women were extremely popular, and indeed the making of them involved him in many love affairs. One of the most famous of these has been described as "his alternating affection for the two daughters of a celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons." He painted the famous woman herself as well as other distinguished ladies such as the Countess of Blessington, Lady Ellenborough, the Countess of Sutherland, the Countess of Wilton, and the Countess of Derby, who was the famous actress, Miss Farren. This last picture, perhaps his supreme masterpiece, hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, the gift of the late J. P. Morgan. Other canvases by him are in the Boston Art Museum, the Walters Gallery, Baltimore, and the Collection of E. T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia. He was handsome in appearance and won his way into society. In 1792 he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as painter to the King and he was knighted in 1815 during the reign of George IV. His drawings are, perhaps, even more famous than his canvases, and the National Gallery, South Kensington Museum, and the Wallace Collection in London contain many examples from his pencil and brush. Among his most notable portraits are the series of the participants in the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in Windsor Castle. The National Gallery possesses portraits of Angerstein, Benjamin West, Mrs. Siddons and J. P. Kemble as *Hamlet*. Besides the painting of Miss Farren, the Metropolitan Museum has the portraits of Lady Ellenborough, Rev. William Pennicot, Miss Baring, and John Julius Angerstein.

AMERICA OR EUROPE FOR THE ARTIST?

THE EXODUS ABROAD for permanent residence has somewhat fallen off among our younger writers. Just after the war there was a great hue and cry for Europe as the only fit place for an artist. At least it was a haven for some afflicted by Volsteadism. The converse, that America is not a fit place for an artist to live, is a question which has been agitating the pages of *The Nation* for a long series of months. Mary Austin was the first contributor, whose conclusions we reported at the time. Now it is the turn of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, who reiterates the conclusion brought forward by Van Wyck Brooks in his book on "The Pilgrimage of Henry James." Converting the problem into a statement in these terms: "Can an American artist be productive in America?" his terse answer is: "Nowhere else." Here is sentence to the permanent exile. Mr. Lewisohn does not disparage "the trip abroad." A "well-stored American mind may be extraordinarily enriched by such experiences." But he has "no patience with the silliness of the professional artistic 'expatriate' with this theory that you—an abstract you evidently—can work in Paris and not in Philadelphia, and have masterpieces happen to you in Cordova which would have remained unwritten in Connecticut." Mr. Lewisohn, born in Europe, is still her lover and there is evidence that he is writing the article in Germany. We begin by quoting his lyrical cry:

"Europe is delicious; Europe is adorable. Even that phosphorescence of decay which to-day is often the only spiritual light it has to offer is not unpleasing to the natural morbidezza of the artist's temper. And spring comes, spring with more song-birds than an American ear has ever heard, and you stroll through long avenues of blossoming chestnuts to an upland meadow. On the hill-edge of the meadow is a garden, with chairs and tables and country wine. And your European friends talk art and philosophy with a richness and grace that come of long, inherited, easy familiarity with the things of the mind. Money isn't, thank heaven, involved. Your European friends haven't any and are not interested in it. The wine and bread cost a few pennies. Of course, one loves it. Of course, one thinks of the American spring alternative: crowded hotels, poisonously vulgar and expensive road-houses; at best, a grimy backyard in Greenwich Village and a little surreptitious synthetic Chianti. Of course . . .

"Only, for us, this is diversion, not life, rest and not art. It is rational enough to wish to have been born and to have lived here, even tho at this moment of time Europe is artistically almost unproductive. But art needs the stuff of life; you can not create out of nothing. And this is not our life, this is not our material. We can never learn it. No one can create out of a life that he has to perceive consciously. In this matter all must be instinct or must, at least, have become instinct. It does not matter whether you contemplate a lyric or an epic. Life and landscape strained through language have soaked into your marrow in one country only. I know the German language as well as most Germans. It does not matter. I know life here only from without and with my mind. I know American life with physical antennæ, with the tips of my fingers; I know it through little tones and odors; I know its inarticulate meanings. I see man in that landscape, against that sky with those sounds on his lips."

Mr. Lewisohn herewith pays his compliments to some of our "expatriates," living and dead, and we leave him to bear the onus of his charges:

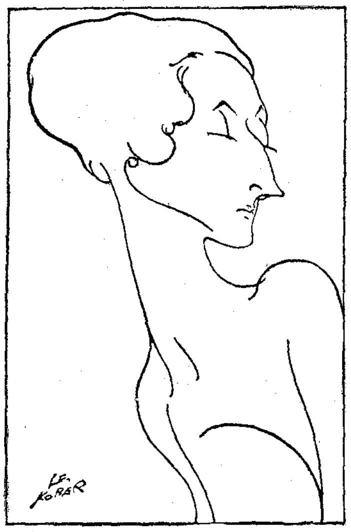
"I shall, no doubt, be reminded of Shelley and of Browning in Italy and of Henry James in England. But both Shelley and Browning worked within a tradition and convention, the Italianate classicizing renaissance tradition which they themselves did much to exhaust and which has long been finally spent. They both instinctively, and prior to expression, translated their material into the symbolic terms of that great tradition in which they lived and moved. To attempt to write in that tradition to-day is to become quite hollow, to be feebly decorative at best. One can imagine Mr. Cale Young Rice permanently abroad, but neither Mr. Robinson nor Mr. Frost; Mr. Robert Chambers, like the late Marion Crawford, could weave his tales anywhere;

Mr. Dreiser settled at Alt-Aussee or Mr. Anderson ensconced on the hills of Capri would be neither happy, productive, nor at home. The case of Henry James is immensely, as he would have said, to the point. His work at its best is exquisite. But it is, after all, only exquisite. A fatal Alexandrianism is its mark. Byron, another expatriate, took through the Continent the 'pageant of his bleeding heart.' Henry James dragged about Europe the spectacle of a faint distaste, a fastidiousness without energy.

"It has all happened before. Longfellow went abroad in one generation, went during his own formative period, and came back writing like Uhland at his feeblest; in a far later generation Henry Harland went to Paris with the result that the stories in 'Grey Roses' are, after all, not so good as Daudet even at his most sweetish moments. I forget neither Mr. Pound nor Mr. T. S. Eliot. Nor do I question their talent. But Mr. Pound rewrites a minor Latin poet and Mr. Eliot produces macaronic verses.

"The very youngest generation of expatriates whose work appears in *Broom* and *Secession* and *S4N* all belong to the eternal Alexandrians. It is their aim, to quote a young friend of mine, to get away 'from the realistically convincing and true to life' and to stress 'the more rhetorical properties of letters.' They play with letters as an earlier simpler generation played with elaborate acrostics. It is a delightful game for the player. Its connection with literature is slight. It has been in all ages the refuge of those who have more taste than talent, more cleverness than creative vitality. And, by a pathetic irony, that most advanced Europe for which, presumably, these young rhetoricians write persists in reading Whitman and Sinclair Lewis. For Europe naturally has a good memory. It remembers the Greek rhetors who played with certain properties of letters so very long ago; it remembers the acrostics; it knows the DaDa was half a sign of exhaustion and half sheer *blague*. Both Werfel and Duhamel are terribly, agonizedly concerned with life. Even expressionism is dead in Europe. In brief, this whole question of the artist in America has been raised primarily by youths who, in their innocence, are striving after a moment in the literary history of Europe which Europe itself has almost forgotten.

"I shall be committing no indiscretion if I report how Sinclair Lewis told me in Vienna the other day that it was time for him to go home and refresh within himself the feeling of American life, nor if I repeat the story of how Miss Millay, intensely charmed by the freedom and variety of existence in Europe, suddenly declared that, for creative purposes, life didn't 'smell right'; and hurried home. The authentic artist in letters has no ultimate choice. The landscape, language, life of his country are his material, his work, the body of his creative self."



ACCORDING TO RULE

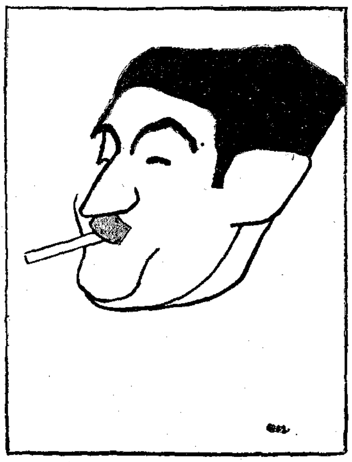
Tho this caricature of Clare Eames is by a confrère, Leo Kober.

An exception is made in the case of the musician, whom Mr. Lewisohn maintains "can not exist without Europe." In spite of frequent assertions to the contrary, this writer declares that the musician "can not master his technique at home; he can not ally himself with the fundamental traditions and moods of his art." But—

"The writer who can attain universality only at the price of an original home-rootedness must make the best of his given environment. He must, in America, through the activity of a rational opposition, liberate his soul from the heavy pressure of the fundamentalists, the rabid moralists, the stupid censors. He must try to take a long view and possess his soul in peace. It is possible to live a decent and moral artistic life even in America. The great European writers live as quiet and withdrawn a life as their American colleagues. They are the reverse of gregarious."

EPITAPHS OF A PAST AGE

EPITAPHS ARE PERHAPS a better index to the common thought and feeling of an age than the more carefully wrought literature. "Most of the loveliest epitaphs in the language," says Mr. J. C. Squire, "are to be found in books, not on monuments." "Spoon-River Anthology" is hardly admired for the beauty of its thought or the comfort it administers to bereaved relatives. What Masters did for the little mid-Western hamlet of his imagining we find that our British ancestors really did for themselves. A new anthology, "Epitaphs; Graveyard Humor and Eulogy," compiled by W. H. Beable, proves this. A taste of its quality is given us in *The Observer* (London) by Mr. Squire, who observes that "our ancestors, when speech was freer, and acceptance of the social order more general, and candor was less embarrassed by snobbery, hypocrisy, sensitiveness, good taste, and other virtues and vices, let themselves go in a manner completely foreign to us." Perhaps nothing brings us nearer the real heart of these ancient peoples or shows us the distance we have traveled from them. Mr. Squire asserts—



MUCH IN EVIDENCE

The famous playwright and novelist Michael Arlen, viewed by the *World* cartoonist, Mr. Auerbach-Levy.

"Their frankness achieved sometimes a pathos, sometimes a humor, sometimes even a ferocity completely absent from modern epitaphs, in which discretion has effaced differences. We write 'In loving memory,' and leave it at that. The idea of deliberate waggery on the tombstone of a dead friend or acquaintance appals us. We don't mind cherishing his memory in conversation by recalling his delightful peculiarities, but we would not dream of putting them on his tombstone. Even a gentle wit we should consider out of place. 'Here lies Fuller's earth' was put upon the stone of a Dr. Fuller; it would not be now. To our thinking we should at least pretend to be deadly solemn when composing an epitaph, too distracted by grief for a play upon words. Certainly some of our forefathers went so far with their jocularity that they ran the risk of hurting the feelings of relatives. Mr. Beable (I do not know whether he is right) ascribes to Jersey the epitaph on a brewer:—

Here lies poor Burton,
He was both hale and stout;
Death laid him on his bitter bier,
Now in another world he hops about.

He gives no ascription whatever for another, which rings like modern facetiousness:—

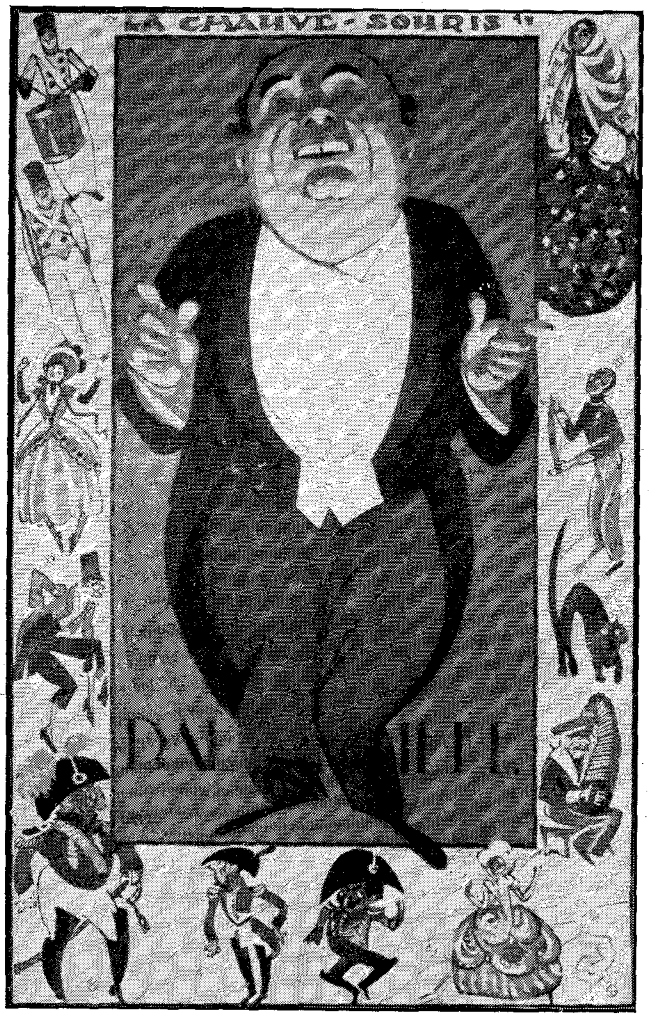
Here lies John Bun,
He was killed by a gun,
His name was not Bun, but Wood,
But Wood would not rhyme with gun, but Bun would.

"But the country is covered with punning epitaphs. Some are touching, as the one at Lillington on 'Cole':

Then do not doubt, the Cole's not out,
Though it in ashes lies;
That little spark now in the dark
Will like a Phoenix rise.

Others exhibit a mere delight in ingenuity. Jokes are made either about men's names or about their occupations. Our modern reticence scarcely allows us to mention a man's occupation on his stone unless he was something 'important,' and then the bare fact is recorded. In olden times there was often an attempt to make the 'lapidary inscription' a genuine summary of a man's life. Nothing was out of place. A fox-hunting squire in Devon has an epitaph all about the chase. There is the celebrated and frequent epitaph on the landlord of the Lion, whose son 'keeps on the business still.' At St. Mary's, Cheltenham, there is an epitaph on John Higgs, pig-killer, which begins:—

Here lies John Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs,
For killing pigs was his delight,
Both morning, afternoon, and night.



From *The Bystander* (London)

"THE PUPPET MASTER"

An English caricaturist's idea of Nikita Balieff whom Mr. Auerbach-Levy also memorialized.

At St. Michael's, Eastcheap, there is an epitaph on Bob Preston, 1730, drawer at the renowned Boar's Head, which recommends his virtues to other potboys; at Great Walford, Worcestershire, this:

Here old John Randall lies
Who counting from his tale
Lived three score years and ten,
Such virtue was in Ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive.
And if he could have drunk his Ale
He still had been alive:
But he died January five 1699.

At Edwallon, Notts, is a similar but briefer one on a sociable old lady, Rebecca Freeland, 1741:—

She drank good ale, good punch, and wine,
And lived to the age of 99.

The most famous epitaph mentioning liquor may be the one in Winchester Cathedral to the Hampshire Grenadier who died from drinking small beer, the passer-by being recommended to take it strong. On the frontiers of civilization this naive candor persisted later."

Our own land is not entirely overlooked in this collection:

"'She done her best,' is on a child's stone in New York. I doubt the authenticity of the American dentist's epitaph:

Stranger! Approach this spot with gravity!
John Brown is filling his last cavity.

But this from the Far West has the right ring:—

> To Lem. S. Frame, who during his life shot 89 Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1843."

Really offensive epitaphs cause Mr. Squire a measure of astonishment. Those "abusing the dead, or other people, or even the parson, exposing faults and satisfying grudges" are not absent from this curious assembly:

"There is a depressing prudence about the remark on John Guley's tomb at Crofton Hackett, 'in expectation of the last day What sort of man he was that Day will discover.' But there is no prudence about this, at Potterne, Wilts.:

Here lies Mary, the wife of John Ford,
We hope her soul is gone to the Lord,
But if for Hell she has chang'd her life
She had better be there than be John Ford's wife.

On some stones hell is even indicated as deceased's destination! There is an epitaph at Bideford which reflects on the lady in the next grave; there is one at Wolverhampton which says that the dead died from over-eating; there is one in Devon which abuses the parson for neglecting the deceased in his last illness. As Mr. Beable mildly says, 'Some of the epitaphs are by no means eulogistic, and would, of course, not be tolerated in these times.' It is not only the abusive which would not be 'tolerated' now. At Easingwold there is this really fine, and obviously just, tribute to a woman:—

> Anne Harrison, well-known by the name of Nanna Ran Dan, who was chaste but no prude; and tho' free was no harlot. By principle virtuous, by education a Protestant; her freedom made her liable to censure, while her extensive charities made her esteemed. Her tongue she was unable to control, but the rest of her members she kept in subjection. After a life of eighty years thus spent, she died, 1745.

Here is a complimentary candor; the most terrible example of the other kind is to be found at Horsley Down, Cumberland. The woman's brother, who had survived her husband, put it up. He admitted all her virtues, but stated her vices at great length. I can not quote it all. Here are extracts:—

Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised,
With an endearing smile.

The talents in which she principally excelled
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.

He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years
Of matrimonial comfort.

This was put up as a warning to wives. Warnings used to be quite common. On one city stone there are instructions about preventing fire, deceased having been burnt to death.

"Mr. Beable does not classify the epitaphs which say something they do not mean, but there are several of them. Quite rightly the most striking is Irish. It is to be found at Monknewton, near Drogheda:—

Erected by Patrick Kelly,
of the town of Drogheda, Mariner,
in memory of his Posterity.

No source is given for this:—

In memory of ———
Who died of cholera morbus,
Caused by eating green fruit.
In the certain hope of a
blessed immortality.
Reader, go thou and do likewise;

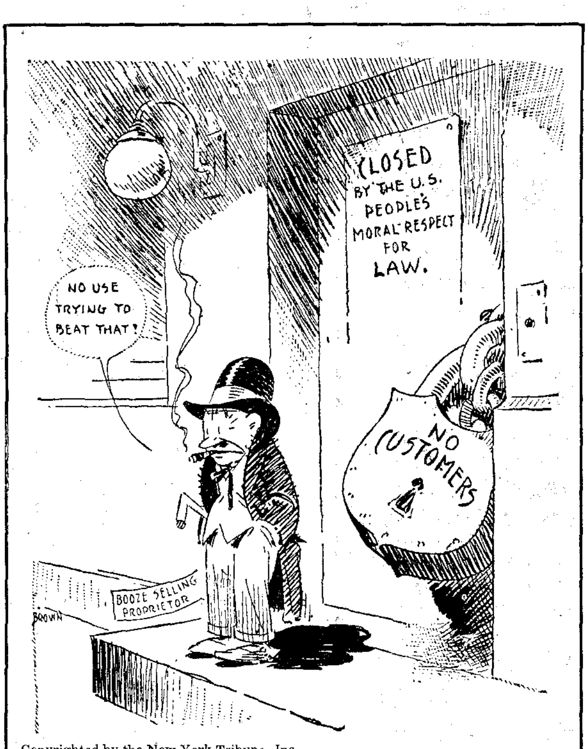
But this one is in Woolwich Churchyard:—

> Sacred to the memory of Major James Brush, Royal Artillery, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol by his orderly, 14th April, 1831. Well done, good and faithful servant."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE PRESIDENT'S SERMON TO THE NATION

IT IS A TIMELY ADMONITION that the President gives us, we are told, when he says that men can not be made good by law, for, as the Washington *Star* observes, "the disposition in many quarters to-day has been to make the people 'good' through legislative enactment." Furthermore, the President points out, unless the people are fundamentally "good," are fundamentally governed by a sense of morality founded upon religious faith, there is little chance that the laws themselves can be properly enforced. President Coolidge was speaking before the National Council of Congregational Churches in Washington, but his sermon was to the nation. In his mind religion is the stay of law, order and government, the solution of all the difficulties arising from an inadequate conception of liberty and its responsibilities, the solvent of the laxity which has followed upon the heels of war. As we quote from published reports of the address, President Coolidge expresses his "belief in the necessity for a growing reliance of the political success of our Government upon the religious convictions of our people." He speaks of the increasing complexities and interdependence of modern life, and emphasizes that "lawlessness is altogether too prevalent and a lack of respect for Government and the conventions of enlightened society is altogether too apparent." The law, he says, can go a long way in repressing crime, "but the utmost ingenuity on the part of the police powers will be substantially all wasted, in an effort to enforce the law, if there does not exist a strong and vigorous determination on the part of the people to observe the law. Such a determination can not be produced by the Government." His "own opinion is that it is furnished by religion." He goes on:


NO USE TRYING TO BEAT THAT?
CLOSED BY THE U.S. PEOPLE'S MORAL RESPECT FOR LAW.
NO CUSTOMERS
BOOZE SELLING PROPRIETOR
BROWN

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THE ONLY EFFECTIVE PADLOCK

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

> "If the people are the Government, it can not rise above them; it can not furnish them with something they do not have; it will be what they are. This is true representation. The Government will be able to get out of the people only such virtues as religion has placed there. If society resists wrongdoing by punishment, as it must do unless it is willing to approve it through failure to resist it, for there is no middle ground, it may protect itself, as it is justified in doing, by restraining a criminal, but that in and of itself does not reform him. It is only a treatment of a symptom. It does not eradicate the disease. It does not make the community virtuous. No amount of restraint, no amount of law can do that. If our political and social standards are the result of an enlightened conscience, then their perfection depends upon securing a more enlightened conscience.
>
> "It is this absolute necessity for support of the Government outside itself, through religion, that I wish to impress upon this assembly. Without that support political effort would be practically fruitless. It is not in any denominational or any narrow and technical sense that I refer to religion. I mean to include all that can be brought within that broad definition. While I regard the clergy as the greatest power for religious teaching that we have, I do not refer to them alone. I am conscious that the example of devoted men and women, the result of the inevitable social relations, and above all the influence of piety in the home, are all forces of enormous significance."

The President, however, is not discouraged by the present outlook, for the very fact that "we are still maintaining unimpaired the foundations of our institutions, constantly increasing the rectitude with which the great business affairs of our country are conducted" and the evidences of charity and an enlarging humanity impress him with the belief that "the deep and abiding faith of our people in religion has not diminished but has increased." But the country needs more religion, believes the President, and he concludes:

> "If there are any general failures in the enforcement of the law, it is because there have first been general failures in the disposition to observe the law. I can conceive of no adequate remedy for the evils which beset society except through the influences of religion. There is no form of education which will not fail, there is no form of government which will not fail, there is no form of reward which will not fail.
>
> "Redemption must come through sacrifice, and sacrifice is the essence of religion. It will be of untold benefit if there is a broader comprehension of this principle by the public and a continued preaching of this crusade by the clergy. It is only through these avenues, by a constant renewal and extension of our faith, that we can expect to enlarge and improve the moral and spiritual life of the nation. Without that faith all that we have of an enlightened civilization can not endure."

The President's reminder that a revival of religion is the need of the nation comes at this hour, thinks the New Haven *Register*, "with keen incisiveness." For, observes *The Register:*

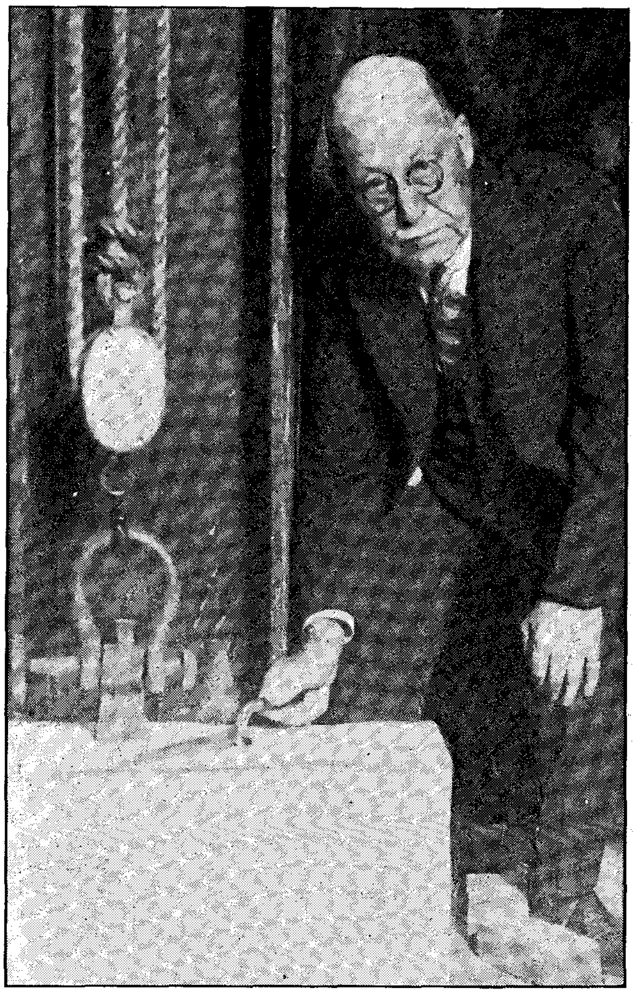
> "These are practical times. Selfishness and disregard of the rights of others have become prominent, while the pulpit in many instances has changed its position and become the crusader for legal enactments instead of the preacher of right, and decency, and love. All attempts to arouse the finer attributes of human nature have been submerged in the effort to force by law and police powers certain regulations that have no responsive reaction in the hearts of the people, because there is not the desire to do right planted there."

Interpreting the President's "sound philosophy" as referring to Prohibition, the Newark *News* observes:

> "That is only one of a great many fields in which it can be applied. There are a great many other groups, besides the wets, who believe the Government is an enemy to them. Some of them may be right; others are wrong. There are only two ways to correct the situation. One is to make our laws reflect more exactly the standards of the people. The other, to let religion continue its work of raising our social standards and creating the disposition to observe law. Sheer force will fail as it ought to."

HEALTH ON THE TICKER

WALL STREET HAS INVESTED IN CHARITY, and reads the returns on the investment with as much satisfaction as it reads its own stock ticker when stocks are booming and buyers are clamoring. It is not the first time that business has invested in charity and found it to pay, but it is somewhat out of the ordinary run of news when such an investment is made by Wall Street, often described as a "cesspool of iniquity," "a den of thieves," and "robbers of the poor." In this instance it is the poor and unfortunate who live in the environs of "the Street" who are the beneficiaries of the new adventure in philanthropy. Lawrence F. Abbott, contributing editor to that journal, tells us about it in *The Outlook* (New York). He begins by saying that, in spite of Wall Street's reputation, "those who know Wall Street men face to face, who work with them, play with them, and break bread with them, know that they are just like other men. Some of them are selfish and grasping, but more of them are generous, warm-hearted and sincerely desirous of promoting the welfare of their community and country." The community in the case is Bowling Green, which a hundred years ago was the center of the best residential district. It has now become a financial and shopping center and is filled with many splendid skyscrapers. But on its fringes, Mr. Abbott tells us, there are still left many antiquated tenement houses, and when Wall Street goes home at night it leaves behind a population of eight or ten thousand men, women and children who live in these tenement houses. "They are longshoremen, janitors, caretakers, scrub women, small shop and stall keepers, bootblacks, and fruit venders and their families." Mr. Abbott gives us the story of the origin of the investment in charity:



A CORNER IN HEALTH

William Hamlin Childs laying the cornerstone of the building he is giving to Wall Street's own charity—the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association, "an attempt of business men to do their duty."

"About ten years ago a small group of Wall Street men formed an organization called the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association. Its purpose was stated as follows: 'To foster cooperation among the various social agencies; to study the social and health problems of the district; and to endeavor to furnish a practical solution for the same.' There was not, I believe, a single clergyman or professional philanthropist on the Board of Directors, altho some lawyers and physicians became actively interested in it. It was an attempt of business men to do their duty as citizens. A house was hired in the midst of the tenements; a director or 'settlement worker' and a trained nurse were engaged; a vacant lot was turned into a children's playground; and the neighborhood work was begun. In a quiet but businesslike way the little organization has now grown into a membership of nearly a thousand firms and individuals of the financial district. 'A baby health station'—I quote from the last annual report—'was established, to which has been added dental and general medical clinics, a visiting-nurse service, boys' and girls' clubs, a library, a day nursery, a social service department, a milk station, and English and citizenship classes for adults.' In 1910 the infant death-rate in the Bowling Green district reached the appalling figures of 321 per thousand. To-day, largely owing to the work of the Association, the figures are 116 per thousand. The members of the Association watch these figures with all the interest with which they watch the daily stock reports—with this difference, however, that as the death-rate quotations go down their enthusiasm goes up. They may be bulls in the stock market, but they are bears in the health market."

But the growing skyscrapers finally swallowed up the original house and playground. So a generous member of the Association, William Hamlin Childs, who had been active in the financial district for thirty-five years, decided to give the Association a commodious and modern building, planned to meet its needs. It is called the Downtown Community House, Inc., and the ownership is vested in a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees of Wall Street men. Building has been begun, and before a great assemblage of the neighborhood's people, drawn directly or by extraction from every part of Europe, the cornerstone was laid, with Mr. Childs handling the trowel. Mr. Abbott continues:

"Thus was added another link to the long chain of settlement houses, the forging of which was begun in England about forty years ago by a young Oxford man, Arnold Toynbee, and by Canon Barnett, an English clergyman and social reformer. Toynbee Hall was built in the East End of London in about 1884. In 1885 or 1886 a young graduate of Amherst College, impelled perhaps by the example of Canon Barnett and Arnold Toynbee, moved into two rooms in a tenement-house in Forsyth Street, on the lower East Side of New York, altho his taste and means would have permitted him to lead a life of literary and artistic ease. In those two tenement rooms one evening he first made me acquainted with the dramatic beauty of some of Browning's poetry by reading aloud 'Ivan Ivanovitch,' one of the most thrilling stories in English literature. Thus Stanton Coit began the work which grew into the University Settlement, the first of its kind in this country. Two or three years later Jane Addams established Hull House in Chicago. Settlement workers of all kinds ought to, and doubtless do, regard Stanton Coit and Jane Addams as their patron saints. William Hamlin Childs and his group of associates are carrying on the beneficent work of these two pioneers in fine fashion.

"A former settlement worker tells me that there are now about forty such Neighborhood Houses in New York. And they are needed. For a recent census report reveals the fact that New York makes more clothing, millinery, lace goods, feathers and plumes, fur goods, artificial flowers, and tobacco pipes than all the rest of the country combined. In 1923 it turned out manufactured products worth five and a quarter billion dollars, and it employs nearly six hundred thousand factory workers. A very large number of these factory workers are of foreign birth or extraction. They and their children can not be reached and helped into good citizenship by any other agency so well as by a Neighborhood House whose workers live among them and understand them and their needs and aspirations. For its share in this neighborly work, I take off my hat to Wall Street!"

TURKISH SUSPICION OF THE Y. M. C. A.

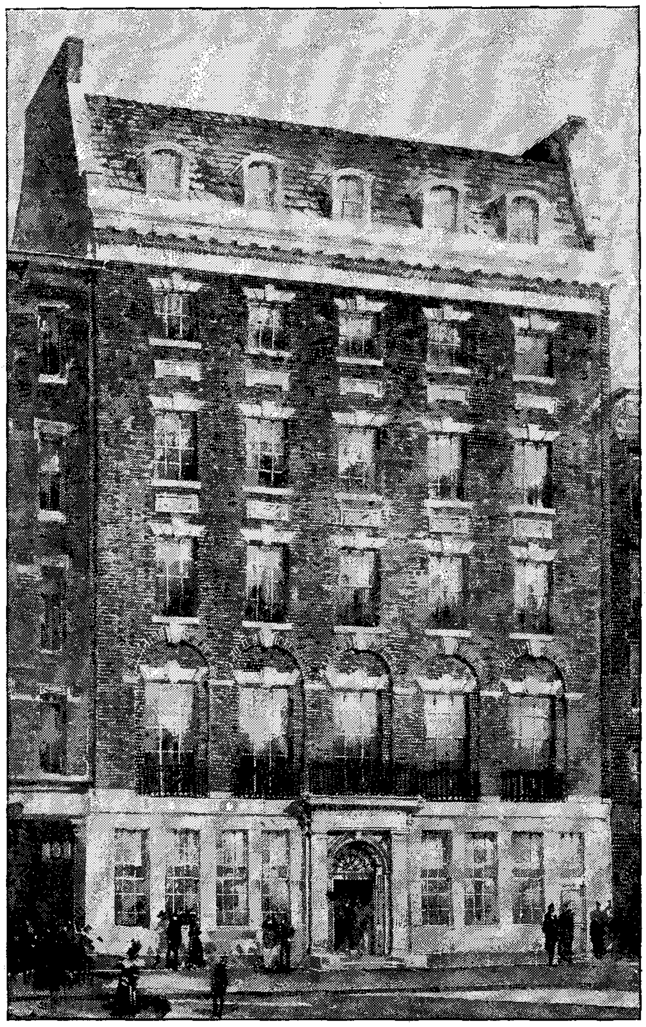
TURKISH FEAR that the Y. M. C. A. is engaged in proselytizing Turkish children is not entirely allayed by the new régime under which all organizations labeled as Christian are barred from the country. It will be remembered that Turkey has separated Church and State by abolishing the Caliphate and secularizing the schools, and that it no longer permits any organization describing itself as Christian. When it was desired that the Y. M. C. A. should resume its work under the new régime, the Turks agreed, as was told in these pages June 6, 1925, on condition that the name Christian should not appear in the title of the organization. Under the guidance of Asa Jennings, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who distinguished himself by directing the rescue of thousands during the Smyrna disaster, and with the financial assistance of Arthur Nash, of Cincinnati, of "Golden Rule" fame, a new enterprise, known as the Turkish-American Club, was started; tho, as *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) commented at the time, it was still the Y. M. C. A. without the title. And some Turkish observers fear that the principal effort of the Turkish-American clubs is to convert their children to the Christian faith. This suspicion finds vent in the *Joumhouriet*, a semi-official organ of the Turkish Government, published in Constantinople. Heretofore, says this paper, the Y. M. C. A. had helped the orphans and the poor of all nations; but it was suspected "that they were receiving five and giving only one." To quote:

> "Since religion and politics have been separated in Turkey, these fanatical Protestants, working like people trying to save valuables from fire, have become inimical to our existence. The Turkish Republic does not deny freedom in religious convictions, but, for all that, it does not intend to make room for religious propaganda. But we know that the Y. M. C. A., under whatever veil it may appear, is a sort of dervishism which first makes friends and then wins followers. Every American school is a shrine where Christ's songs are sung. The ability of the members of the organization is so great that the young minds fall a prey to them as the fly is caught in the web.
>
> "The greatest secret of their success lies in their skill in winning hearts, as do the French Sisters of Charity. The latter talk of the principles of Catholicism and explain them with tangible proofs; but the Protestants, instead of speaking about their religious principles, show the exaltation of their religion by their compassion for animals, assistance to the poor, and by other acts of benevolence.
>
> "We have noticed lately that the number of innocent Turkish children enticed by these principles is increasing daily. They lose their Turkish identity, and each one becomes an American non-missionary Protestant. Recently a young man in Smyrna was 'inspired,' and we wonder how many others were 'inspired' in Robert College and in the Constantinople Girls' College. The son of one of our best friends, a writer, has thus been separated for good from us and from his country. Was not a young Persian thus 'inspired' in Robert College a few months ago?
>
> "Ninety per cent. of the students of the American institutions in Asia Minor are Armenians, and almost all of them have been embracing Protestantism and then leaving for the United States.
>
> "These Protestants go through with their religious ceremonies in the form of a show, thus pleasing everybody. The Christian celebrations are held in their schools in such a pompous manner that any one present would imagine himself present at a Christian fête in the home of a wealthy Christian family in Shishli (the fashionable residential quarter of Constantinople). This is the case in the interior of Turkey, as well as in Constantinople. Two years ago we were present at a Christmas Eve entertainment at the American school in Broussa, where American missionaries have been laboring quietly for about forty years. There we heard a very touching story told by a woman teacher. All the students, as well as the American teachers, were assembled in the hall, and more than a hundred Turkish girls, between the ages of five and eighteen, were as delighted with the occasion as if it had been a Mohammedan holiday. The Christmas-tree was decorated with candles and presents. The Turkish girls listened to a Protestant religious song, and the American woman teacher delivered a speech which was partly moral and partly religious. Then the presents brought by Santa Claus were distributed. The same saint also brought presents of five liras (a lira is about fifty-seven cents) to each teacher. A night entertainment was also held for the boarding students."

This picture, says the *Joumhouriet*, easily explains the situation, and it warns the Turks that they must "make these self-invited guests understand that they must put aside their aspirations." On the report that these "guests" propose establishing clubs and libraries in Anatolia and sending ten Turkish youths to institutions in America, the greatly alarmed *Joumhouriet* exclaims, "We are afraid they are killing us with our own weapons! We need to be more far-sighted and to give these matters more careful attention."

However, according to an interview in the *Millet* (Constantinople), it is disclaimed by Mr. Jennings that there is any relation between his activities and those of the Y. M. C. A. He says, we read, that the group he represents is working for the happiness and prosperity of the Turkish Republic and that by means of lectures in America it is trying to cultivate a favorable American opinion of Turkey. The *Millet* quotes Mr. Jennings as saying further:

> "As a result of our efforts, wealthy Americans have agreed to cooperate with the Turks in such manner as the Turks desire. Our club is pursuing commercial, economic and political objects, for we desire to see Turkish youths become able to manage their own affairs.
>
> "Whenever my application to Mr. Ford comes to a favorable conclusion twenty-five students will be sent to America."


From an architect's drawing by John F. Jackson

A SOUND INVESTMENT

The new Downtown Community House, given by William Hamlin Childs, from which Wall Street expects certain profits in health and happiness among those who do not clip coupons.

IS NEW YORK A MODERN GOMORRAH?

NEW YORK IS NOT TO BE ANNIHILATED, or even to be subjected to a Congressional investigation, as had been reported; but the great metropolis is seriously taken to task by the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and warned that it must pay in the loss of public sympathy and respect if it continues, as it is charged with doing at present, to pollute the rest of the country with salacious plays, obscene literature and anti-Prohibition propaganda. But the great metropolis replies that the picture is untrue and that most of its sinners are not New Yorkers, but are visitors who go to the Great White Way to indulge in frivolities and sinful pleasures which they dare not exhibit in the serene open spaces where men are models of virtue. Nevertheless the Methodist Board charges that most of the propaganda inciting to violation of the Prohibition law and attacking the standards of Americanism which Greenwich Village calls "puritanism" is coming out of New York. So the warning: "If New York has the safety of its own future in mind, it will apply pressure upon theatrical producers, publishers of erotic literature and the propagandists of crime." New York, runs a statement appearing in the Methodist Board's *Clipsheet*, is the center of American financial power and commercial leadership. It is the home of the American theater, the birthplace of plays. Most of the magazines and most of the best-selling fiction are published here, and from New York syndicate matter proceeds to thousands of newspapers. "The influence of the city is almost incalculable," continues the statement, "and that influence is bad." For instance, it is asserted that New York has failed properly to handle its trust in the matter of the American theater, and we are told:

> "Formerly, when the city was controlled by the old American element, the American theater was not without faults, but still the cleanest in the world. To-day it is naked, profane, blasphemous and salacious. Two years ago general indignation was exprest because of the type of plays coming out of New York to the 'provinces.' Did New York do anything about it? Not a thing. A big bluff at cleaning up was offered, but to-day the theater is just as bad as ever. There is no use to say that the city government could not correct this condition if it wished. And there is no use to say that the people of the city of New York could not make the city government correct it if they wished. So long as they fail to do so, they are betraying a trust.
>
> "In the field of literature, New York has a dozen publishers who are grinding out a mass of literary garbage and filth upon the long-suffering American people. This stuff comes from other cities also, but most of it comes from New York.
>
> "Consider the character of the anti-Prohibition propaganda which is coming out of New York. The State will not allow its police to assist the Federal Government in enforcing the Prohibition law. It is not simply argued that the law should be repealed, but it is constantly contended that violation of the law is an expression of freedom, an indication of intelligence and culture. This poisonous campaign of suggestion finds expression in a thousand ways in jokes, in vaudeville patter, in cartoons, in comic strips, in popular songs, and even in slang. What is the effect of this suggestion upon unthinking people in Kansas and Indiana and a score of other States which would have no difficulty whatever in enforcing Prohibition but for this propaganda? It constitutes a direct incitement to crime, imposes a burden upon local and State police, and costs the citizens of Indiana and Kansas, as well as of other States, good hard tax money. They resent it; make no mistake about it.
>
> "New York is not in danger of a Congressional investigation. It is in danger of losing the proud affection Westerners and Southerners have held for it these many years. Let the West and the South become convinced that New York is a foreign city, run by foreigners in opposition to American ideals, let this infiltrating attack of propaganda continue to assail the 'provinces,' and there will be a loss of sympathy with the American metropolis which will be humiliating to every conscientious New Yorker."

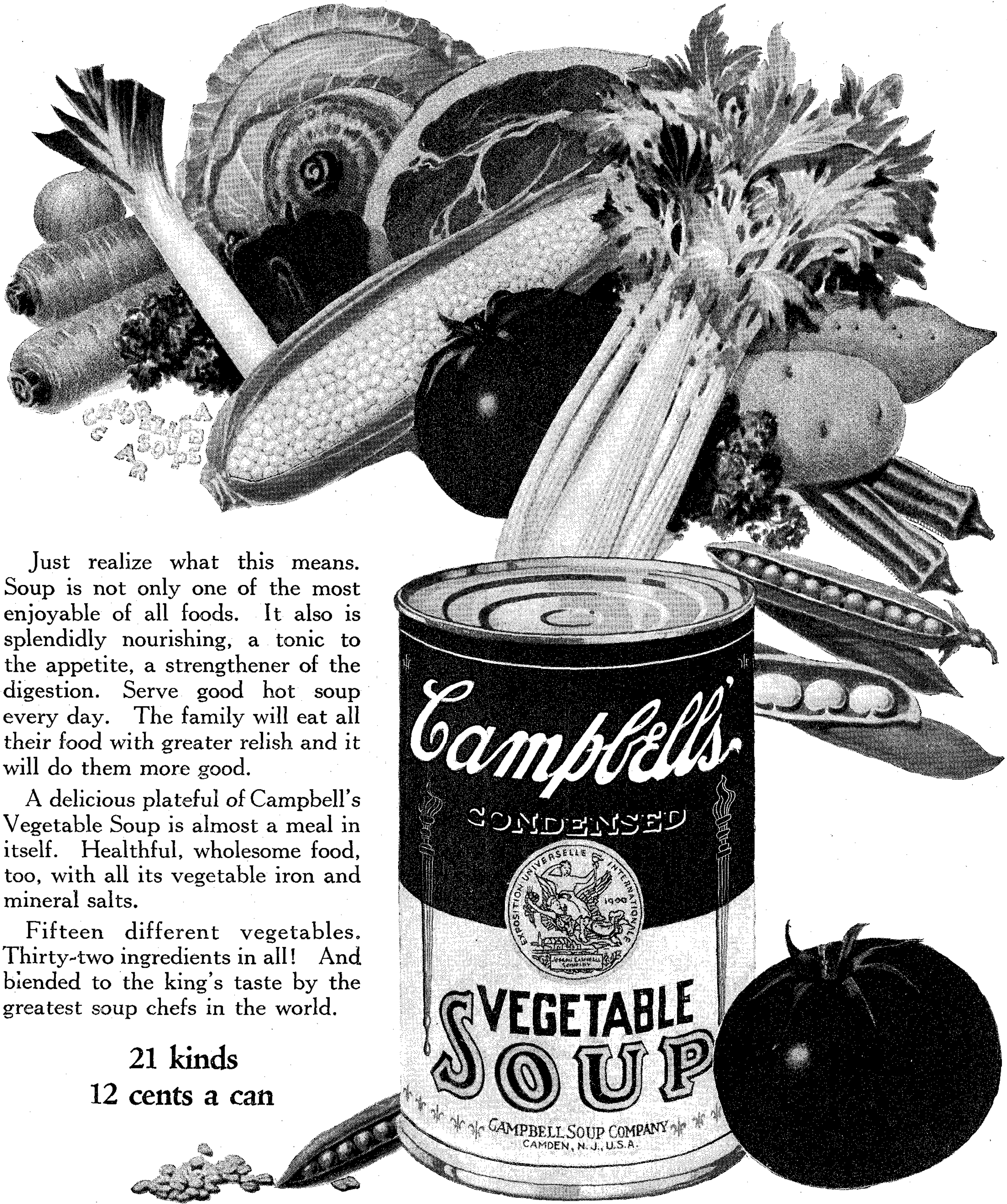
New York, home of the country's greatest philanthropies, does not lack in defenders, drawn both from the ministry and the press. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of Chelsea Methodist Church in New York, and founder of the great Methodist Temple which is to be erected on Broadway, asserts emphatically that New York is not a modern Gomorrah. "Traveling secretaries who come here with preconceived notions and judge us by the loose habits of our visitors," he says in a sermon quoted in the press, "ought to be unseated from places of influence when they make wholesale charges against our city. There are no finer people than the average New Yorker. There is less booze and looseness permitted here than in most other cities. Fair-minded investigators will so conclude." *The Christian Science Monitor* thinks that New York is properly indignant at the charges brought against it, and believes, indeed, that "if New York's initiative and New York's support were withdrawn from efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind, to elevate morals and to extend the beneficent activities of education, philanthropy and religion, these worthy causes would suffer fatally." Unfortunately, says *The Monitor*, the average citizen gets his information about New York from the newspapers, which give him "a very inaccurate view of what the metropolis houses." So—

> "As long as a hold-up or a homicide is given ten times the space in most of the newspapers of New York that they are willing to concede to a notable gathering of physical scientists, educators or students of foreign affairs, so long will observers think that theft and murder are New York's chief interests.
>
> "So long as the prosperity of bootleggers and instances of failure to enforce Prohibition are set forth exultantly without effort to show to what extent Prohibition has improved social conditions, the dry United States can not be blamed for regarding New York as lawlessly wet, and proud of it. So long as the greatest group of theaters in the world continues to present plays a very great part, if not indeed a majority, of which are on themes unfit for decent conversation, so long the great body of home-keeping, clean-thinking, and fair-spoken Americans will look upon Longacre Square as the center of a propaganda of obscenity and vice. It is not the fault of the real New York if these hasty judgments are thus formed."

While it believes that the Methodist Board "performs a worth-while function in keeping an ideal of decency before the nation," the New York *American* considers it unfortunate that the Board chose New York as a horrible example. One of the Board's statements appeared in the Sunday papers, and, says *The American*, "it came as a shock to more people who had been to one kind of divine service or another in New York than in any other center of population in the world." It is probable, we are told, that more sincere members of the Methodist faith went to church in New York on that Sunday than in any other single group of Methodist churches on earth, and, continues *The American:*

> "The Board is correct when it says this vast mass of New Yorkers is not concerned with the phenomena of nakedness, profanity, and propaganda for alcohol of which it accuses what New Yorkers call 'Broadway.'
>
> "The Board is incorrect, we are inclined to believe, when it charges this vast and heterogeneous population with managing its city upon and endeavoring to convert the country to 'foreign' and irreligious standards. The more we New Yorkers see of this 'foreign' element and of those 'American' visitors from the West, about whose delinquencies here the Board is honest enough to confess, the more it believes New York has as much, if not more, to offer to the building up of future Americanhood than any other of our communities.
>
> "The Board, we believe, is unduly alarmed at 'wet propaganda and naked wickedness,' with which it charges us. Already the coming dramatic season shows a tendency away from the flesh and the fleshpots. Some plays and some spectacles, it is true, are more daring than ever. But the Board should observe that the new and the smart things of the theater in New York this year are the 'sweet and innocent' operettas for which 'Rose-Marie' and the 'Student Prince' set the vogue last year. The drama is turning from the sex problem to the simpler romances of the theater that are, according to the dramatic critics, distinctly American.
>
> "And this has been brought about not through censorship, but by the sound common sense of the New Yorkers themselves and the decent majority of their visitors."

Here's something every housewife wants to know!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LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

HIGH spots in American history are gathered up here in the Houston *Chronicle*, with a patriotic note that is now too infrequently sounded:

A PILGRIMAGE TO ARLINGTON

By Ben B. Hunt

My home is far from Arlington,
A thousand miles or more;
And born beneath a Southern sun,
I'm Southern to the core;
But when I went to Washington
There seemed to come to me
A nobler love for all the land
From center to the sea.

My eyes beheld a thousand things
No pen could e'er portray;
My thoughts flew off on golden wings
Beyond the Blue and Gray;
They flew afar in thrilling flight
To Patrick Henry's side
And swept along with Paul Revere
Upon his famous ride.

To old Concord they breathless sped,
Saw freedom's flag unfurled,
And heard the shot which some one said
Re-echoed through the world.
To Lexington and Bunker Hill
My spirit seemed to fly
And rush along with Minute Men
Who did not fear to die.

With Light Horse Lee and "Robert E."
And on and on I flew,
And none but heroes could I see
Beneath the silver blue.
The monuments on ev'ry hand
No section emphasize,
But North and South and all the land
They seem to canonize.

And then across at Arlington,
The city of the dead—
O, there I wept the noblest tears
My eyes had ever shed;
I stood by Bryan's new-made grave
And banks of flowers there
And felt emotions, wave on wave,
And breathed a silent prayer.

The mast and anchor of the *Maine*,
Which seas could never keep;
The hosts of tombs to fire the brain
With love for those who sleep;
The monument to those who died
On blood-soaked fields of France—
Bespeak a love that shall abide
Through time and circumstance.

The unknown soldier resting there
Beneath a massive tomb,
Had fought to lift the world's despair
And break the shadow'd gloom.
They did not ask from whence he was,
Nor seek his past to scan—
They only saw his wounds and scars
And knew he was a man!

They buried him at Arlington
'Mid pomp of high degree,
A mile or two from Washington,
Beside the home of Lee.
From North or South, from East or West—
They cared not whence he came;
They only knew he stood the test
Through shot and shell and flame.

So when I went to Arlington
There seemed to come to me
A nobler love for all the land
Than I had thought could be.
And now I weep at Arlington,
And now I smile or pray,
For I at stately Arlington

A mingling of East and West is effected through the evocation of this universal type. Found in the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

MAIRE OF MAGDALA

By F. R. Higgins

In this place of little stone hills
The trees cry and I hear
Seas whitening on moon-flat granite,
With a taste of the rising year
Flung on those marsh birds talking
Of things in the rain-washed air—
The hunger of wings for summer
With the lone reindeer.

Hill-wise on a bird's way the half light
Walks swiftly through gappy crab-trees;
And netted in this lost brightness
A woman in Galway frieze—
Pale featured and yellow headed
Smelling of eastern seas—
Smiles and the lonely graces
On the dark thoughts arise.

These crab-trees twist out their wild branches;
But the unpruned ways sprung behind
Her eyes (pooled in nuggets and quivered
To fire by each perilous wind)
Still shoot from wild days in Magdala—
Ways lopped by her gentle Friend,
When she heard the young summer crying
Through the marsh bird's mind.

She of the many strong lovers,
She who now snares me to her,
O would sne could hold me to true love—
For see as she wanders from here,
Through the oyster pools our green evening
Wades by the crane and the stare
And away, for the Great Bear goes climbing
The rain-washed air.

Lovers of Conrad must see something of his spirit in this from *Verse* (Philadelphia):

OUTWARD MARCH

By E. Leslie Spaulding

Blue Peter at the mast head,
We're outward bound today,
It matters not what lousy port,
Calloa or Calais!

I'm sick of city squalor,
And smoke and noise and grime,
Give me the blue of open sea
To cities anytime.

Go take your bloomin' liner,
A city on the sea,
Give me a little tramp boat,
Where I can feel I'm free.

A-kickin' 'cross the ocean
Like a rollin', drunken dray,
A rusty, battered little tub,
But she'll make port some day.

And when she does, there's waitin'
A few days leave ashore,
A drink, a song, a pretty girl,
What can one ask for more?

And if she don't, she don't, lad,
I'd just as soon be there
As in six feet of moldy earth
With maggots in my hair.

So hoist the bloody mud-hook,
We're outward bound today,
Capetown, London, Rio,

One of four poems by William Berry in *Verse* (Philadelphia) has the Irish fairy spirit:

WHIMSEY

By William Berry

"Are ye there," cried the fairy
As he pulled at the door,
"Are ye there, Mistress Mary,
Won't ye open me the door?
Whist,—John and Tim and Kathaleen
And Muckle Meg and Moira Shean
And half a dozen more,
Are traipsin' up the dark road,
Fiddlin' as they go,
A-jiggin' up the small road,
To see the fairies grow!"

"Won't ye come, Mistress Mary,
Where's your bonnet and your shawl?
Won't ye hurry," cried the fairy,
"Or we shan't get there at all."

"Are ye feared," cried the fairy,
Hopping up and down,
"Are ye feared, Mistress Mary,
Of a wee man in brown?
I'll give ye the boots of a Leprechaun,
And a ring made out of a fairy's yawn
To flaunt about the town;
Come out beneath the white moon
And set your fancy free,
Come out beneath the tricksy moon,
And skip and dance with me."

"Are ye there, Mistress Mary,
Won't ye open me the door?
—Och, she's gone," cried the fairy
As he looked in the door.

The London *Spectator* is offering a prize for an inscription on a sundial, and gives a few of those submitted. Both the novelty of the idea and the following specimens are arresting:

By G. H. Cobb

Freedman of Time, my service o'er,
I count the hours for men no more,
But now to spring and wheel resign
The honoured task that erst was mine.
Silent I stand: no noisy chime
Doth here proclaim the flight of Time,
Only at whiles some curious eye
Marks the slow shadow creeping by,
Whose progress if thou wisely heed,
A wholesome lesson may'st thou read:—
Calm be thy life, its purpose clear,
Useful thy service, year by year,
Single thy aim, thy total course
Suggesting still a Heavenly source.
Yet deem not in the shadow's round
Life's full ensample may be found;
Nor be content, when falls the dark,
To vanish hence and leave no mark.

By J. De Coetlogon

Sun, light my face, for I must needs
Warn all the world how fast time speeds.

By W. R. Batty

Light come, light go,
Is all I know.

By Aliquid Amari

Mark how, in all the March of Things,
'Tis only Man Marks Time.

By Katharine M. Wilson

Time moves, but in a circle
That ends where it began.

By Lob

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Drive this latest Oldsmobile Six over the highest hills you can find—for it takes a long, steep climb to prove the real construction and performance of any car . . Hills reveal pulling power—smoothness—speed—control—chassis stamina—acceleration—everything! That's why we urge you to ask your Oldsmobile dealer for a hill-climbing demonstration.

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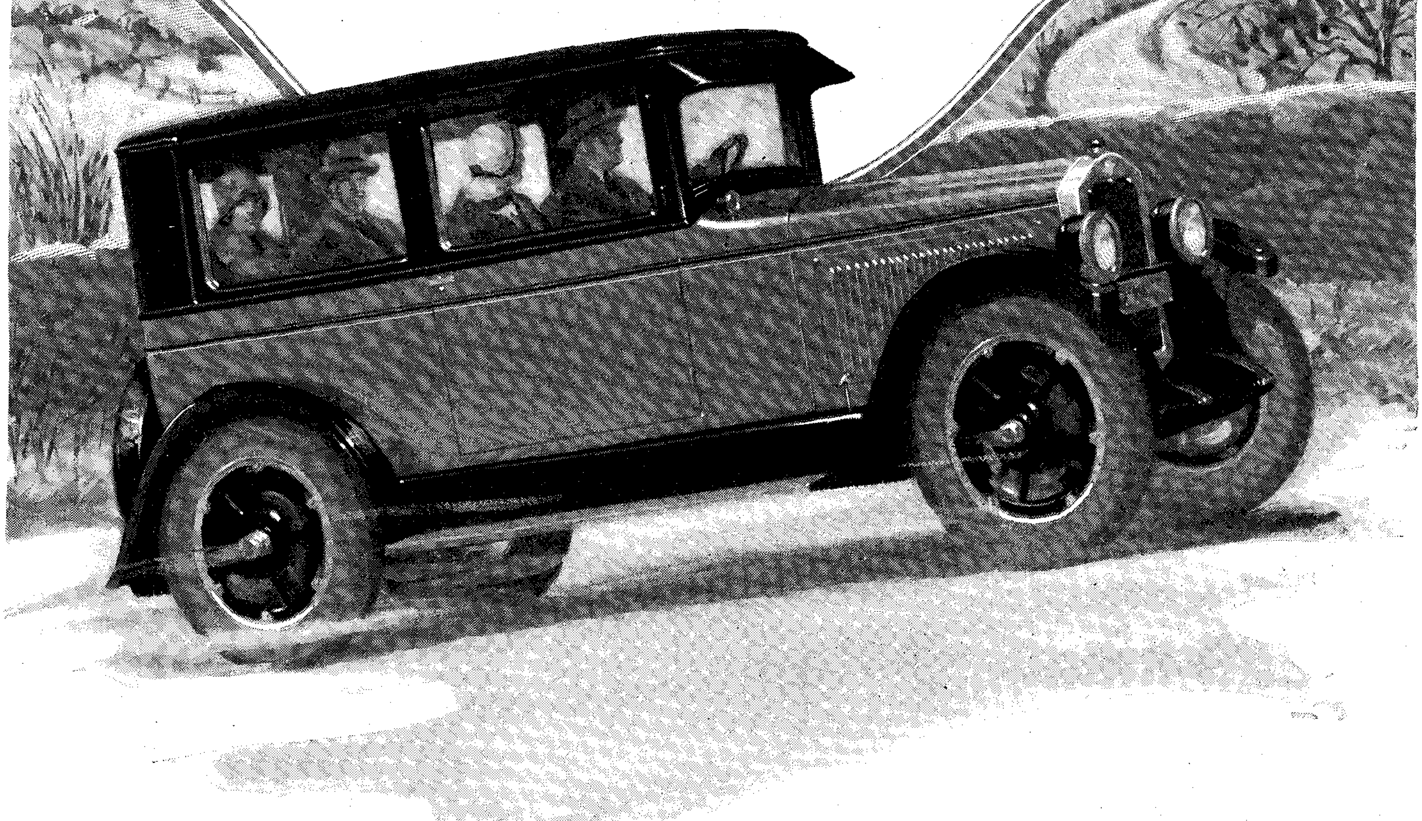

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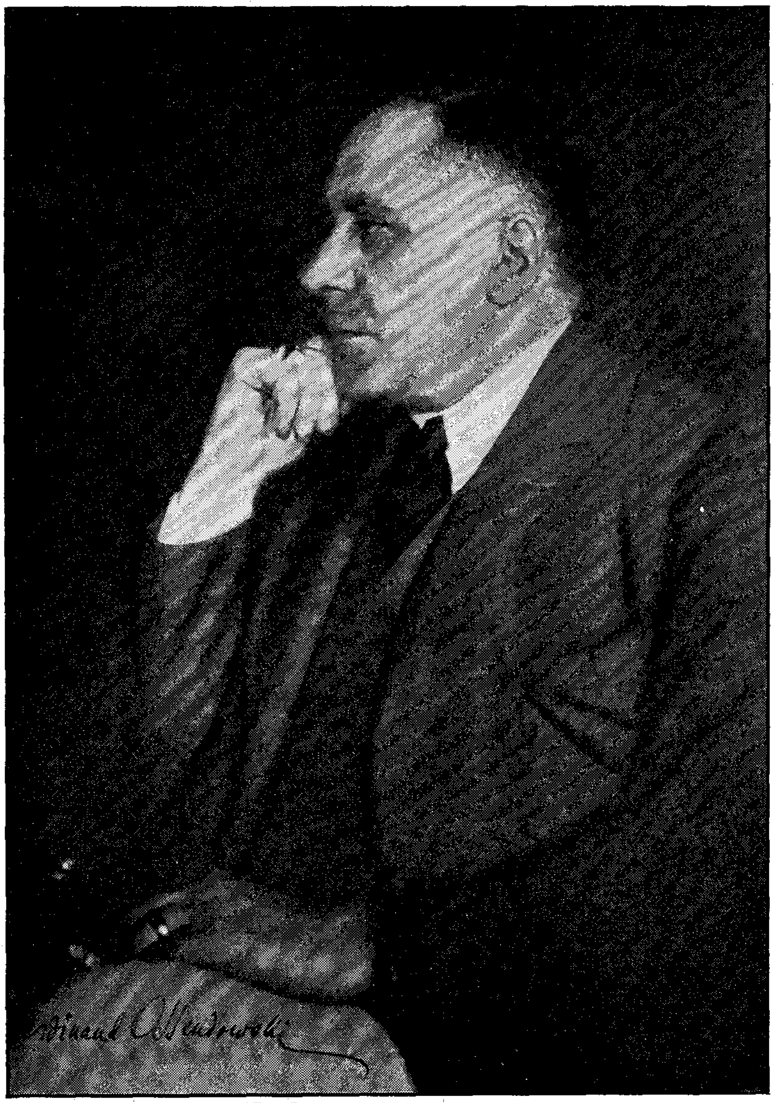
OLDSMOBILE SIX

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

BEASTS, MEN, JAILBIRDS AND TRAITORS IN SIBERIA

THE PRISON IS ASLEEP. Only the loud tread of the guard on duty in the corridor breaks the unusual silence. "Cell No. 1, opposite my little window, is also silent, held in the dim thrall of a small lamp that gives forth a cloud of odors, but very little light." On the wooden benches along the walls are sleeping about one hundred of the most important members of the colony of condemned—important, explains Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski in his latest book, because these are the so-called "Ivans," or old, hardened criminals, "men who for years have been intimately acquainted with all the prisons of Russia, with the stupefying cold of the Siberian winters, with the *katorga* or penal colony of enforced hard labor." And presently he introduces us to one man in that dismal company who did not sleep. This man, Basil Drujenin, "sat for a long time listening and waiting," until—



Autographed portrait by courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

HE SUFFERED WITH CONVICTS OF THE CZAR

Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski gives the world some new chapters of his crowded life, in which one adventure trod on the heels of another.

> Finally, before dawn, there traveled along the bricks of the wall an indistinct sound, that told it had come through winding and circuitous ways. It was repeated a second time, and Drujenin smiled. He knew and recognized the signal of his friend, Elia Lapin, who was living out a punishment in irons in a subterranean cell. Thrice Basil struck the wall with his own irons to apprize his friend that he was listening. Then he heard more distinctly the combination of raps so well-known to every prisoner—one loud stroke, five low ones and again two heavy blows, which was the regular code form of *Saryn da na kiechku*.
>
> Drujenin smiled joyfully and, stretching himself across his bed, answered with one sharp knock on the wall. Again silence ruled, for the prisoner, after the last clanking of his irons as he turned on his side, seemed to have fallen asleep.

Ossendowski was himself a political prisoner of the Czar in the "fortress prison" in the Far East, where he tamed rats and sparrows and witnessed more than one audacious attempt at escape. These episodes furnish the material for some lurid chapters in "From President to Prison" (Dutton), the third volume of the adventurous doctor's Asiatic trilogy, which opened with "Beasts, Men and Gods." The author's prison experiences followed the Russian Revolution of 1905, which broke out while he was working as a government chemist with of the book he recounts his own adventures in that upheaval, whereby, he tells us, he himself became for a short time "President of the Russian Far Eastern Republic"—an eminence from which he was overthrown by the Czar's power and condemned to death. With which fate hanging over him he was transferred from one place of confinement to another in Manchuria and Siberia. As we read:

> Altho to me now the memories and impressions from the prisons at Harbin, Vladivostok, Nikolsk, Nikolaievsk and Habarovsk form one immense black and gloomy background of a life crushingly monotonous through its continual torture, there pass across the foreground of this great canvas of memory, like flashes of bright and dazzling lightning, unusual figures, events fraught with strength and impulse, unhappy souls, sometimes beautiful in their tortures and longings, and, at others, unbelievably powerful in their actions.
>
> Unknown and unknowable Fate threw me into these "stone bags" filled with human dust; into this strange world full of contradictions, with a life revolving ever within the limits of the four walls surrounding the criminal prisons of Russia; into these packs of pariahs, these victims of the stupid Russian disregard and cruelty.
>
> This life does not take its character from any incidence of locality or from the personality of the authorities; it is the result of the collective soul of the Russian nation. Therefore, I shall describe it as tho I had seen it and lived it in a single place, tho I repeat again, that there may be no misunderstanding, that my record is made up of the events, impressions and experiences in the several prisons to which I was transferred before the expiration of my term. Everywhere they were tied together with the one ever-present thread of tragedy in these molecules of human dust—a tragedy stormy and fascinating, tho at times bright withal.

With which we now return to the prisoner, Drujenin, who is described as a man of thirty years, short but strong and graceful; not what one would call good-looking, but having bold, hazel eyes, which seemed never to wink, and thus not only gave to his face a dreamy character but an impression of the watchfulness of a wild animal. Day breaks, and all the hubbub of the awakening prison is transcribed. We see Drujenin attach his clanking irons by a leather thong to his belt. And now—

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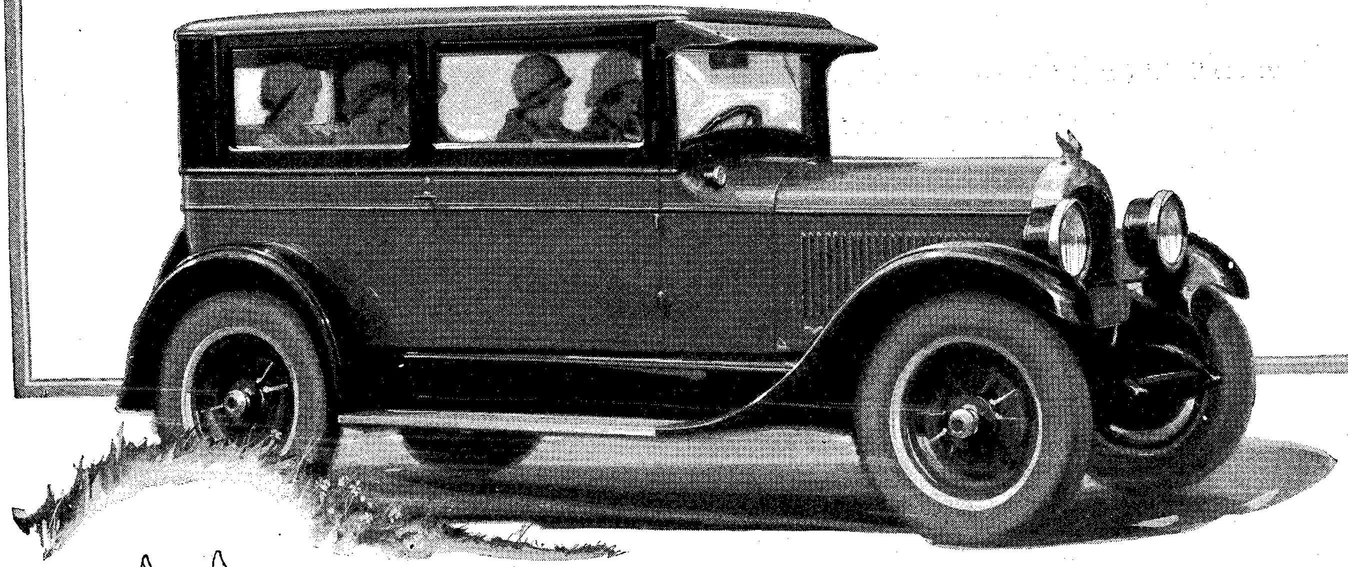

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crowd filled the exercise enclosure in the yard, which was surrounded by the high picket-fence that made a cage of it. The men began to run about, to race one another, to toss a ball they had made out of rags, and to play at checkers or cards. Drujenin, as he walked about, approached one of the older Ivans and exchanged a few words with him. Then he went off and stood in a corner of the cage, evidently waiting for some one.

In a few moments Elia Lapin came out and entered the enclosure. He carried on his wrists and ankles the heaviest of irons, those used in punishment, while on his whitish-gray face he wore an expression of malignancy and fatigue, which was accentuated by the contrast of the threatening, sharp eyes that looked out from under heavy brows. He walked with feet far apart in a rolling gait, dragging his burdened ankles with a strain that alternately bent and straightened his great, strong back. Without speaking to any one else, he went straight to Drujenin and began to whisper:

"You have the 'hair' (saw)?"

"Yes."

"That is good, for the bars in the wash-room window have got to be cut. You understand?"

Drujenin gave a nod of his head and, leaving his companion, mixed with the other prisoners, but all the time he was keeping his eye on the guard and, the moment he was sure the man was not watching, he sidled up to one of the palings in the fence, leaned lazily against it and began rubbing it with something. After a moment he felt a sharp scratch on his finger, rolled over closer to the fence to cover his movements and took from the disclosed slit in the side of the bar a long thin hack-saw blade. Having hidden it inside his blouse, he turned away and began walking leisurely up and down, whistling unconcernedly as he went. Then, after a turn or two, he came up to the fence dividing the cage of the criminals from the yard of the political prisoners and spoke to me in a low voice:

"Comrade, if you hear anything to-night, do not be disturbed, and say nothing to any one."

"*Saryn da na kiechku?*" (Prisoners' slang for "Break the bars and escape?") He nodded in affirmation and turned away.

Drujenin was one of those ordinary men of whom the Russian system often made criminals. He had been a simple peasant, following the occupation of a Siberian hunter. Once, when he was returning from one of his regular expeditions into the woods, he was arrested by the police and accused of having taken part in an attack upon a mail-courier. Altho there was no evidence against him except the bare fact that he was simply found tramping along the road where the attack was made and was carrying his rifle, the examining magistrate kept him in prison for the whole period of the investigation. After a year of hopeless waiting without seeing the case come to final trial, Drujenin escaped and, during the pursuit, wounded two soldiers, was recaptured and then incarcerated on the charge of two crimes.

When the author first made his acquaintance, Drujenin had already spent five years in prison. "From time to time despair overpowered him and, under the scourge of it, he attacked the guards like an infuriated beast, only to pay the inevitable penalty of a period in irons." Yet—

In spite of these temporary fits of wild rage, the prison authorities were fond of Drujenin, for he was at other times polite and reserved. The Commandant of the Prison even went so far as to admit to me one day that he was sure the man was undergoing an unjust imprisonment as the victim of a judicial error.

Following a hot day, as noisy as usual, the twilight finally came to bring us the cool of evening, tho this had to be offset by the smelling lamps in the rooms. After supper we suddenly heard a shrill whistle, protracted and strong.

"That is Lapin," whispered one of the Ivans, as he winked knowingly at his companion.

"We must be ready," added a second one; and, going to the door, he shouted in the corridor: "Music and the theater!"

As tho by military command, singing started in all the cells, followed by dances with great stamping of boots and all sorts of extraordinary noises in accompaniment. This was the "music," and, when the guards sought to restore quiet among the prisoners, "the theater" began, that is, rows, quarrels, requests for the prison *starosta* and for the Commandant of the Prison, who "persecutes the prisoners" and makes their lot unnecessarily hard by denying them the innocent pleasure of dancing and song. These rows and discussions kept the whole upper story of the prison in a constant turmoil until ten o'clock.

In the meantime Drujenin took no part in the disturbances, simply looking on with a disdainful smile at all this useless hubbub. When it had quieted down, he approached the Commandant of the Prison and said meekly: "Sir Chief, please relieve me of my irons. See how they have chafed and wounded my wrists and ankles! I shall never again deserve punishment at your hands."

The Commandant, having remarked the conduct of Drujenin during the row and thinking by this bit of diplomacy to allay the excitement running through the whole prison, ordered him to the smithy to have his irons taken off. In a little while the happy man returned without his chains and with sparkling eyes that told of his relief.

As two of the prisoners were about to go to the wash-room for the *parasha*, Drujenin said to one of them:

"You remain here. Do you understand? I shall do it for you."

As he arrived with the second prisoner in the wash-room, he whispered something to the men who were already there from the other cells, at which they all began washing the buckets with a great noise and such scuffling or horse-play among the receptacles that they kept up a continuous racket. During this time Drujenin cut the light bars over the wash-room window. When he had finished his task, he jumped up on the sill, and looked carefully around to see whether there was any one about before he dropt to the ground. Just below the window there was an old, long-unused well, with which the mains of the heating system came together from conduits that led to the several buildings.

The man who had helped Drujenin replaced the window-bars in such a way that they would not be noticed except after close inspection, and, after a few moments, all the men returned with the *parashas* to their different rooms. As the roll-call of the prisoners always took place during the supper hour, the disappearance of Drujenin could only be discovered in the morning. The precaution was taken by his cell-mates to have a dummy made of his clothes, lying on his boards covered with a blanket.

Once Drujenin had alighted on the ground, he carefully removed the rotten planking over the old well and let himself down, hanging on with his hands, until his feet searched out the opening of the conduit through which the mains passed. Then he carefully scrambled down and entered this narrow tunnel and crawled along it with his sides scraping the walls and his head knocking against the dirty covering. At intervals he saw faint streaks of light breaking into the conduit and proceeded much more cautiously where these showed, for he knew that this light was shining down through cracks in a floor and could not be certain whether it came from rooms occupied by the authorities or from a cell. At one of these places he struck his head against a small bit of wood that had been stuck between the boards, and there he stopt, rapped carefully on the flooring and was rewarded by the sound of the slow, heavy steps of a man in irons and by a hoarse, hushed voice which whispered:

"Fly! No one has yet noticed anything."

It was Lapin speaking, he who had found this conduit during his confinement in the subterranean cell and had excavated a branch tunnel in the direction of the wall, working in the ground like a mole in order that some one from among his prison associates might escape from the death or madness that threatened him. He himself could not make use of this avenue of freedom because of his heavy irons, which, however, had not prevented him from doing all this burrowing work for some unknown member of the prison colony. It turned out happily that the candidate for escape was none other than his friend and old prison companion, Drujenin, or "Vaska," as he was generally known among the others.

Drujenin, we read, continued along the conduit in search of the lateral which Lapin had drifted in for him. His friend had evidently given him clear instructions, as "he did not make the mistake of turning into any of the side branches, but kept right on through the main artery, guiding himself by crawling along the largest pipes, which lay wrapt in asbestos and rags at the bottom of the tunnel." And the author tells us:

As he passed beneath my own cell, I heard a low scraping noise; but, since he did not attempt to speak to me, I gave him no signal. I must say that I warmly wished he might succeed, and I mentally calculated how many more meters he had to go to reach the barrier which separated us all from liberty. I was excited, breathed hard, and had hands that were cold from emotion.

Drujenin continued to crawl. Soon he came to the smaller tunnel and advanced a few feet only before his head struck the foundation wall of the building. Here he carefully felt the bricks with his hands until he discovered the hole made by Lapin. From this aperture to the street ran a still smaller mole runway under the enclosure wall. This passage was so much narrower that the fugitive could only lie flat on the earth and wriggle along. He had to move very slowly, as air was scarce and each successive exertion weakened him a little. Just as his heart was pounding

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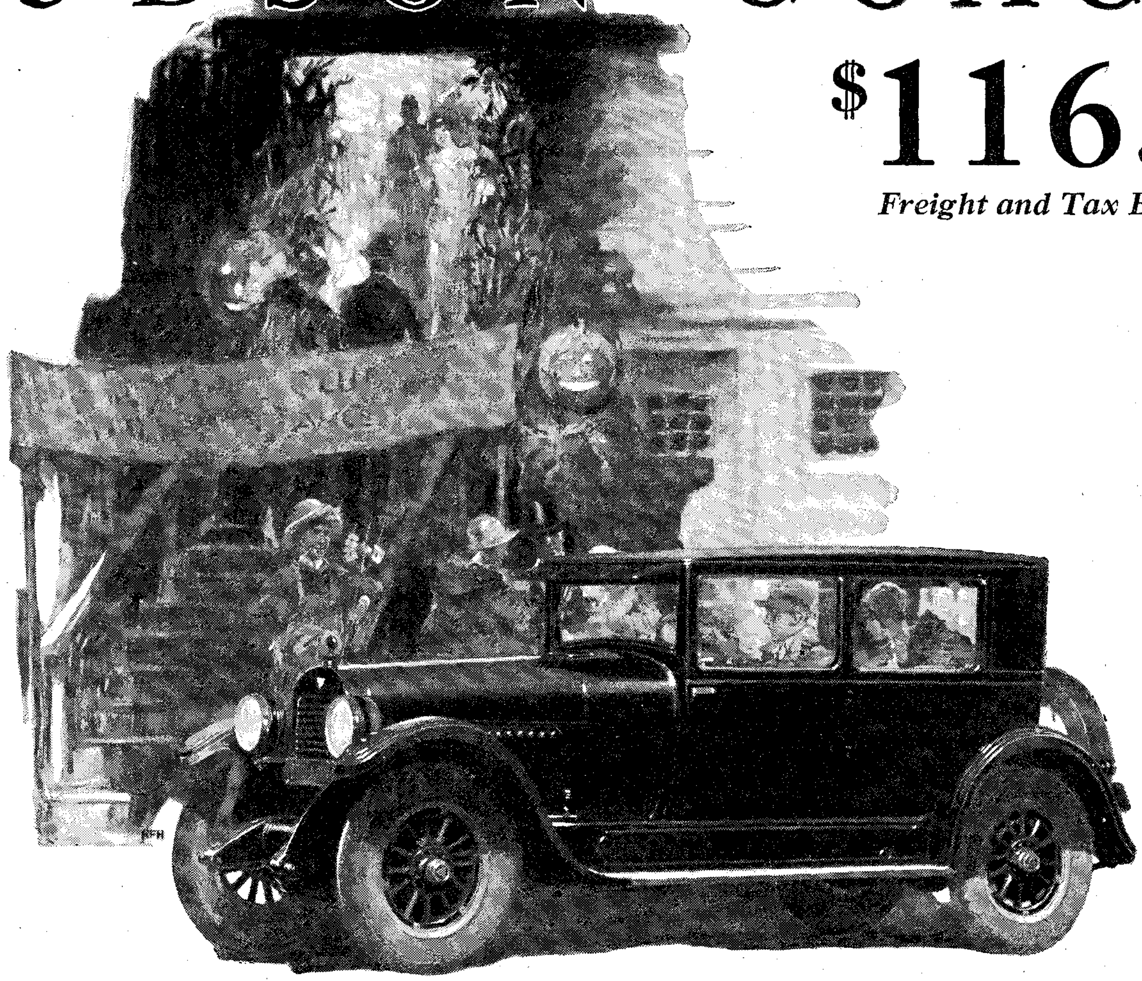

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furiously and the arteries in his temple were throbbing, Drujenin arrived at an enlarged place, where he could kneel. He felt for the planks which Lapin had told him were placed there to keep the earth from caving and disclosing the outer mouth of the passage.

With better air there, he stopt and listened as in a trance. A dead silence reigned. Assured that the time was ripe, the escaping man carefully removed the boards and made a hole with his hand in the thin covering of earth that was all that now separated him from the outside world and everything it held in store for him. As he slowly prest his head and shoulders out through the hole, he saw above him the night sky, unbounded by prison walls. With one final spring he was out and ready to make full use of the liberty he had gained.

"Seize him! Seize him!" shouted one of the outside sentinels—and shrill whistles mingled with the sound of running soldiers.

Before Drujenin had time to realize what had happened and to draw his knife, he was thrown from behind, had handcuffs clapped on his wrists and was surrounded by a group of keepers and soldiers under the leadership of the Commandant of the Prison. They quickly took him for his hope-blasting return journey and were soon in the prison office, writing up the record of his escape preparatory to putting him back into his chains.

When he reentered Cell No. 1 pale as a ghost, with trembling lips and eyes full of pain, no one said a word to him; for they all understood, as tho they were their own, the feelings of this man who, with only one step more to go to reach the coveted liberty, had been snatched back into the hated prison with dull, cold despair fastened upon his soul as firmly as the gyves on his body. Drujenin went straight to his bench and threw himself down upon it to the old dirge of his restored irons. For a long time he never moved, and only when he thought that every one else was asleep, did he press his head with his hands and put his face into his pillow to stifle the wails of hopeless suffering which were struggling for expression.

The next day, when the whole room in significant and expectant silence waited for Drujenin to give them the details of the frustrated attempt, the deprest man pronounced only one short sentence:

"Malaika is a retriever (traitor)!"

The news that Malaika, the Tatar, a fellow inmate of Cell No. 1, had divulged the planned escape to the authorities and that he was to be given as reward, first, the position of cook in the warden's quarters and, later, his freedom, made the round of the prison with lightning speed. In the big room and in several of the smaller cells men gathered in groups and were earnestly discussing something. Finally everything quieted down and Drujenin, in an indifferent voice as tho he were reciting some anecdote, told the story of his unsuccessful attempt.

And now for the vengeance of the convicts. As we read:

At the regular hour the prisoners went out for their walk in apparently the same manner as on any other day, yet the experienced eyes of the keepers detected a strong undercurrent of excitement running through the crowd. As the prisoners were crossing the yard on the way to the exercise pen, Malaika emerged from the warden's kitchen to go to the ice-house. In a second the men had surrounded him, were pushing him along in their midst to the cage and were joking with him good-naturedly. Tho at first greatly frightened, Malaika began quieting down when he discovered that none of the Ivans from Cell No. 1 were in the crowd; but this was only a momentary calm, for he suddenly blanched white, as he discovered this group of old criminals coming out of the building. He was just on the point of crying out to attract the attention of one of the keepers, when a prisoner threw a jacket over his head and successfully muffled him, while the others surrounded him and hid him from any outside observation.

After a moment the jacket was removed, and Malaika trembled, for Lapin stood before him and looked into his face with an expression that told volumes to the frightened man.

"You are afraid," said Lapin, "because you know what you did, you dog of a traitor, and what you have to expect!" He thought a moment and continued:

"I could strike you under the heart and kill you, but I want to give you a chance for salvation. Listen! If you have time to reach the second wall, no one will touch you; if not . . ."

Lapin had not time to finish, as Malaika had already started pushing his way through the prisoners and was calling wildly for the keepers. Before Malaika had gone very far in the yard, a big prisoner, called "Shilo" or "the Awl," threw himself on the Tatar, who, without stopping, flashed his knife to defend himself. But Shilo was too quick for him, as he stretched his great manacled arms above the traitor's head and brought his irons down upon it with such force that the man dropt as tho he had been struck by lightning.

In a twinkling all the prison authorities were on the scene of the tragedy, the dead Malaika was removed to the hospital, the silent Shilo was put in a subterranean cell to await the advent of the examining magistrate, all the prisoners were driven back to their quarters and the doors of the cells throughout the whole building locked.

Some days later, during the exercise, I saw Drujenin without his irons. His appearance struck me immediately, for he was so pale that he seemed almost transparent, and his eyes shone as tho an interior fire blazed out through them.

"What is the matter?" I inquired of him, coming up to the fence around the pen.

"I can not live longer in this way," he whispered in answer. "I am at the end of my endurance."

After this laconic and, to me, incomprehensible reply, he turned right away and began talking with Lapin. Suddenly the latter stopt abruptly, listened carefully to what his friend was saying and then evidently began explaining something to him, as I caught him surreptitiously pointing to a place in the outside wall.

I was soon to have all this made clear to me. When the exercise hour was finished and the prisoners were on their way to the building, two men slipt out from the crowd—Lapin and Drujenin. At first no one paid any attention to them, and the guards began to call them only when they had reached the enclosure wall. Suddenly Lapin bent over and leaned with his hands against the wall. Drujenin was on his back in a flash and was shot upward as his companion straightened to his full height. This allowed him to reach the coping with one hand, where he swung for an instant before he could secure a hold with his second and begin to scramble up.

Only a second was needed to take him over and outside the barrier, but that small measure of time was withheld from him by the Fate that was guiding his destinies. Two or three guards' rifles cracked, the bullets spattered the bricks, Drujenin straightened out, shuddered for a short instant and then slipt quietly to the ground, where Lapin already lay prone with his powerful hands outstretched.

The tragedies of these two men were ended for ever. They had flown from the prison this time and could never again be recaptured nor brought back within its grinding walls.

BACK TO THE WILD BUFFALO DAYS

A CLATTER OF HOOFS on stout deck planking, a mass of shaggy heads, wild eyes and tossing horns, and then a brown tidal wave of buffalo—part of the consignment of ten thousand from the great natural park at Wainwright, Alberta, to be shipped North to the haunts of the wood buffalo by grace of the Canadian Government—bursts from the confinement of the scow which has carried them down some 350 miles of river.

"Look out, boys—here they come!"

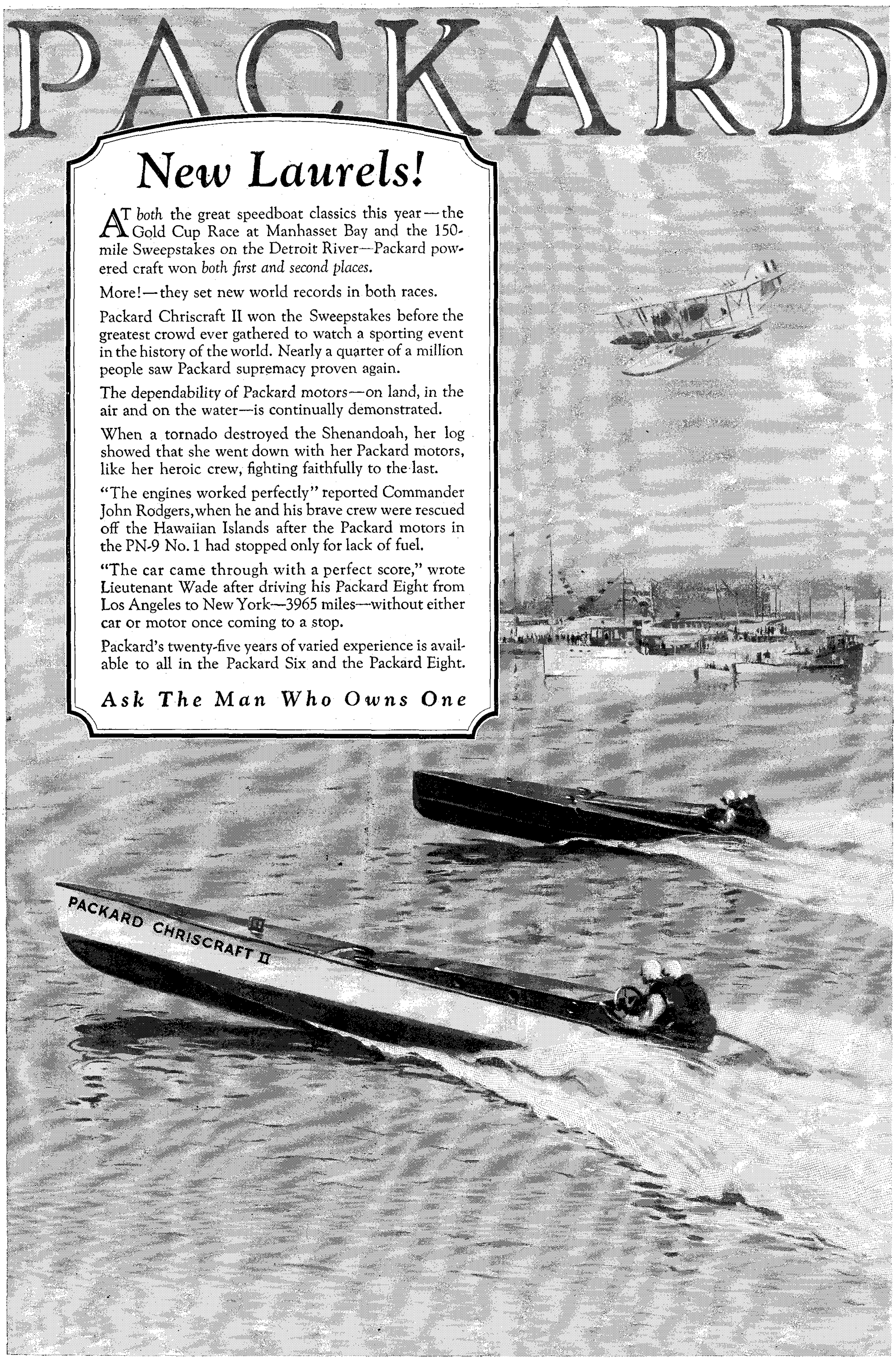
The cow-punchers in charge of this mighty migration have been braced to alertness by that crisp warning from the wheel-house of the steamship *Northland Echo*, thirty feet above the smooth-flowing waters of the Slave River. In describing the scene that follows, H. F. Mullett tells us of "a staccato drumming on the velvety turf, vague brown shadows flitting by in a cloud of dust." And then "the Wainwright buffalo are lost in the cool green woods of their final home, the wood buffalo preserve at Fort Smith in the Northwest territories, almost in the shadow of the Arctic circle." In an article copyrighted by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* he continues:

There is a snapping of twigs in the underbrush. Then only the brown dust, shimmering where the vivid sunset glow touches it, remains to tell that a movement unsurpassed in importance in all the annals of natural history has made a successful beginning.

This year, and for the next four years, two thousand plains buffalo from the Wainwright herd will be taken to the Far North by rail and scow, until the present herd of wood buffalo (those huge cousins of the smaller plains buffalo) have as neighbors ten thousand of the Wainwright animals, to roam the confines of a natural preserve of sixty thousand square miles of as ideal buffalo country as exists anywhere on the American continent.

The history of the two species, plains buffalo and wood buffalo, should be given brief consideration if the reader is to grasp the meaning of this great movement, the advantages claimed for it by the Canadian Government, and the objections urged against it by many eminent zoologists of the United States and Canada.

Fifty years ago, the once countless herds of plains buffalo



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At *both* the great speedboat classics this year—the Gold Cup Race at Manhasset Bay and the 150-mile Sweepstakes on the Detroit River—Packard powered craft won *both first and second places.*

More!—they set new world records in both races.

Packard Chriscraft II won the Sweepstakes before the greatest crowd ever gathered to watch a sporting event in the history of the world. Nearly a quarter of a million people saw Packard supremacy proven again.

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When a tornado destroyed the Shenandoah, her log showed that she went down with her Packard motors, like her heroic crew, fighting faithfully to the last.

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"The car came through with a perfect score," wrote Lieutenant Wade after driving his Packard Eight from Los Angeles to New York—3965 miles—without either car or motor once coming to a stop.

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How does your face feel at 10 A.M.?

IF your skin feels drawn and tight, something has taken away its natural moisture. Evaporation will do it in these days of sharp winds and steam heat.

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Aqua Velva is delightful to use. No grease; no hot towels needed; nothing to wipe off. It is a clear, amber liquid that doesn't show on the face.

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Send coupon or postcard for free 150-drop bottle. The large 5-oz. bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). *By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

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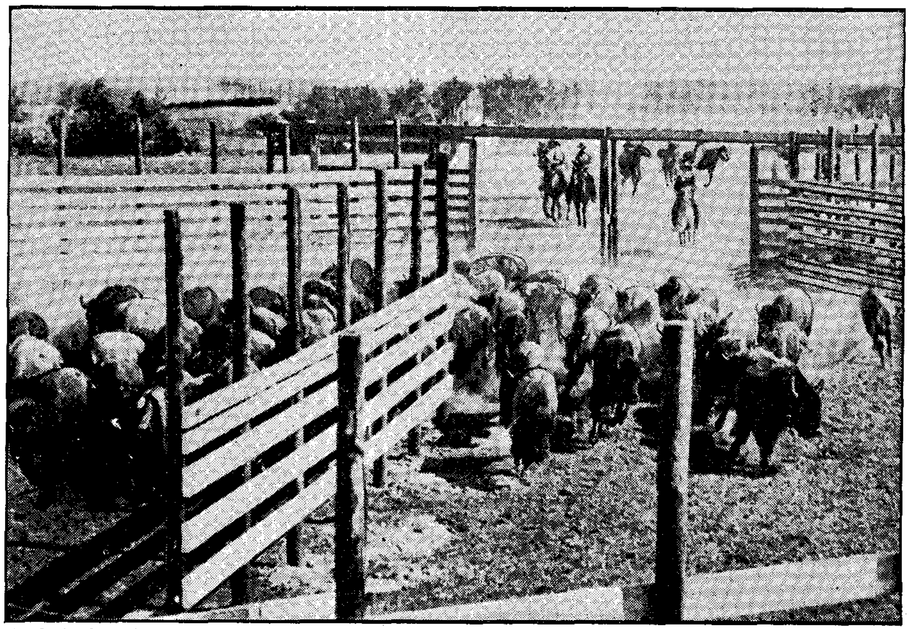
Digest 11-7-25

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

that were monarchs of the wide prairies from the Rockies to the Mississippi and the Great Lakes had, due to indiscriminate slaughter by white men and red men alike, dwindled almost to extinction. Only on the Flathead Indian Reserve, in northern Montana, was there a herd of any size, this being owned by one Michael Pablo, a rancher.

Then the American Government decided to offer the Flathead reserve for sale as farm lands. The range for the buffalo was no more, and Pablo sold his herd to the Canadian Government. A huge natural park was created at Wainwright, Alberta, the world's largest enclosed preserve, and here, under good living conditions, the herd throve and grew until in 1923 there were 11,000 buffalo of all ages in the park, with a natural increase of many hundreds yearly.



Philadelphia *Public Ledger* photograph

PRAIRIE MONARCHS ROUNDED UP LIKE RANGE CATTLE

Even the broad acres at Wainwright were too small for so large a number of buffalo. Hand-feeding in winter became necessary, and it was soon seen that some new home must be found for the surplus of the herd.

Some years earlier, the Canadian Government had established at Fort Smith, on the Slave River, a preserve for a herd of 2,000 wood buffalo—the world's only known herd of these animals. For as long as human memory serves, there has been a herd of wood buffalo in the far North, roaming in absolute freedom, bounded only by the natural barrier of the Slave and Peace rivers.

The wood buffalo were thriving, there were ample grass, lots of water, and mud wallows and salt licks in plenty. A body of capable rangers were in charge, guarding the herd from wolves or humans. The Canadian Government quite naturally decided that here was the ideal place to which to transplant the surplus of the plains buffalo from Wainwright.

Then came objections from the zoologists. The wood buffalo, they urged, were not American, but European. Ages ago, when Europe was joined to Alaska by a chain of mountains, the European buffalo roamed these Northern wilds. Then the sea came up and covered the range of mountains, leaving a few wood buffalo on this side of the divide.

The wood buffalo are huge fellows—a full-grown bull weighs 2,500 pounds or more; a plains bull rarely goes over 2,000 pounds. They are darker in color, and in general are superior to the plains breed. To allow interbreeding in a ratio of five to one against the woods buffalo, argued the zoologists, would mean loss of identity in two or three generations, which, in view of the extreme rarity of the species, they declared to be a scientific crime.

The Canadian Government listened to the objections, but decided to go on with its plans. A contract to move the animals down the northern river system was awarded to Col. J. K. Cornwall, pioneer Northman and a recognized authority on all that pertains to the country.

Two railways, one of them a pioneer line, are involved in the move, we are told, and then follows 350 miles of water transportation down the Athabasca River, across Lake Athabasca, and so into the Slave River, a total rail and scow journey of nearly a thousand miles. Mr. Mullett explains:

> It was the writer's privilege to be with the first two hundred buffalo shipped from Wainwright, from the round-up and loading there, over the two railways to the corrals at the end of steel at Waterways, thence aboard the river scows and so down the Northern rivers to La Butte on the Slave River, where the animals were liberated.
>
> It is five o'clock of a perfect prairie summer morning. Down the quiet main street of the little town of Wainwright cowboys clatter out to the round-up; laughter and snatches of song float upward on the winelike air.
>
> In a wide enclosure, behind the poplar brush, several hundred buffalo are hidden. The enclosure is fenced ten feet high with strong hog-wire attached to sturdy tamarac poles. It narrows at one end to a wide gate leading into the largest of the corrals. Beyond, seen through a maze of corral bars, on a spur-track, several steel-ribbed

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This book will be sent to you if you fill out the coupon in the lower right-hand corner and send it to us at once.

When this booklet comes to you, read it over carefully. Then write out your answers to the eleven questions. In return for this easy work, which you will find quite fascinating, you will stand as good a chance as anybody of winning one of the big cash awards. You have until November 30!

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Notice that none of the contest questions is difficult to answer, nor does the answering of them require professional or technical knowledge.

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4. Why should a dental cream be free from grit or similar abrasives?

*5. Of what value are antiseptics, germ-destroying chemicals or astringents in a dental cream?

*6. Why should a dental cream be free from substances that would be harmful when continually used in the mouth?

7. Why is a correct dentifrice of the utmost importance in the care of children's mouths?
8. Why should you have in the family medicine cabinet only such products as are approved by your physician?
9. State one or more points of superiority in each of the following products: Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, Squibb's Castor Oil, Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil, Squibb's Epsom Salt, Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda.
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One hundred of the $25.00 awards will be set aside for the hundred contestants who give the best answers to any one question. Winners of the general awards will not be eligible for these special awards. Thus you may answer only one of the eleven questions, or if you answer all or any number of the eleven questions, and your answers as a whole do not win a general award, you have a chance to win one of these special awards.

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and specially reenforced cattle cars wait for their unusual freight.

The wiry cow-ponies step nimbly down the worn, brown paths. Brown forms stir uneasily amid the green.

"Hi-yi! git a move on, there!" yell the cowboys.

The green brush waves violently. Brown forms suddenly appear out in full view. Heads down, they dash wildly ahead to where the white bars of the corrals gleam in the morning sun. Danger! A wise two-year-old whirls round on a pivot no bigger than a quarter. The whole line is following, but right behind them run the ponies, and the cowboys are yelling like maniacs.

Up into the still morning air goes a cloud of brown dust, through which are seen dim shapes of men and horses, buffalo, tossing horns, shaggy heads. Shoulder to shoulder run the ponies; there is nothing left but to go forward.

The line of buffalo straightens, then sweeps with the fury of a cavalry charge straight through the wide gate into the first corral.

Through the gate, on the heels of the herd, slip the cowboys whose task it is to herd that wild, milling crowd of excited and nervous buffalo along the tortuous road to the cars beyond the last line of corrals, and between these points lies much action.

Round and round mill the buffalo, seeking vainly for means of escape into the cool, green woods. Then suddenly another gate yawns ahead of them. Behind, the cowboys yell insulting remarks. There is a mad surging to and fro in the dust—a wild chasing after two or three animals who will not follow the leaders, and the buffalo, with much less room now in which to "start anything," are ready for the worst ordeal—the "squeeze."

This "squeeze" is simply a narrow runway wide enough to admit but one buffalo at a time. Doors at intervals permit the buffalo to be turned into pens reserved for yearling buffalo, and for two-year-olds. These doors are operated by ropes in the hands of a nonchalant, 'baccy-chewing cowboy perched atop of the "squeeze."

The sturdy corral bars quiver with the impact of heavy bodies. A bump that would break the neck of a steer has no effect on the buffalo, whose huge strength is concentrated in the massive shoulders, neck and head.

Over the corral swarm the active cowboys. Hanging low over the backs of the buffalo, they "shoo" the animals one by one into the "squeeze." It is wild work! The buffalo fight madly for liberty, and a mad buffalo in a twelve-foot enclosure isn't a very docile animal.

Now, only three or four "tough boys" remain outside the "squeeze," and no amount of "shooing" will drive them into it. Down from the fence drops "Slim" Johnson, daredevil cow-puncher.

"Whoopee!" yells Slim, waving his broad-brimmed hat full in the path of one of the oncoming masses of brawn and bone. Blindly the buffalo leaps forward. In the instant when the wicked horns graze the fringed chaps of the cowboy, "Slim" has scaled the fence to safety.

There is a thud on the corral bars. The buffalo, checked but still full of fight, looks around. From above, the cowboy shakes out his lariat, and drops the noose over the horns of the animal, swinging the loose end of the line out into the "squeeze."

Half-a-dozen cowboys grab the line. Then it is "pull buffalo—pull cowboy!" with the protesting animal drawing step by step nearer to the "squeeze." Then his tactics change with surprizing suddenness. With a snort, he dashes headlong into the narrow entrance to the "squeeze." The cowboys pile in a helpless heap in the runway. It would be very funny, were it not for that thundering death that leaps toward them.

Up aloft on the bars, the nonchalant cowboy pulls a rope. A barred gate in the "squeeze" separates the buffalo from the squirming cowboys. The nonchalant one gnaws a fresh bite of "chewin'" and grins appreciative witticisms to his fellows below.

So through the heat of the day the work proceeds, till seven cars are loaded. D. H. Christie, of Ottawa, the government man in charge, confers briefly with Parks Superintendent Smith. "Guess we'll call it a day, boys," he says, wiping dust and sweat out of his eyes. And then—

The cowboys swing to their saddles and the spectators depart, in autos, buckboards and on horseback. In a few minutes the corrals, so recently rocking with vibrant life, are deserted and still in the rays of the westering sun.

Far down the tracks a fast westbound freight signals for the "all clear" sign. The seven buffalo cars are hitched to the rear, and the first of the ten thousand Wainwright buffalo are on their way to the Far North.

Through the gathering gloom the freight rushes, raising at intervals winking lights from small towns, where the people, anxious for even this glimpse of the departing buffalo, wait down on the tracks.

And so to Edmonton in the star-gemmed darkness of a summer night, and out over the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, with the dawn of the new day.

At Waterways the steel ends and the river system begins. Here the loading process is reversed, the buffalo being turned from the cars into log corrals in the deep shade of thick woods out of which this pioneer terminus was carved. The corrals lead to the banks of the Clearwater River, a tributary of the Athabasca, which it joins a few miles down-stream.

Moored to the bank are the buffalo scows, a hundred feet long and twenty feet beam, with partitions to keep the buffalo divided for comfort in traveling, and an overhead decking for shade, and to discourage any adventurous young bull from trying to swim in the Athabasca or the Peace.

Loading in the scows proves an easy matter, and with her scow tied tightly ahead—they push the scows on these North rivers, instead of towing them, because of the currents—the *Echo* casts off from shore, swings around and heads up-stream, followed by a fussy little gas-boat, the *Saskalta Queen*, which soon proves unequal to the task of pushing one of the loaded scows, and is later lasht abreast of the *Echo*, so that the two scows are side by side.

Between Waterways and McMurray navigation is difficult owing to sand-bars, cross-currents, and wind. The *Echo* gets all three of these at once. Result—she is hung up on a sand-bar before she has gone more than two or three miles.

Leading from the lake is the Rocher River—unique among rivers because it flows both ways, acting as a sort of water balance between the lake and the Peace River into which it leads.

Now the log buildings at La Butte come into view. Figures on the bank wave greetings. The long journey is over at last, and the *Echo* swings her scow inshore, not without a sigh of relief from the crew, for the buffalo scows have taken on a very decided odor this last day or two.

The scow gates are flung open. "Hi, you there—out you come!" yell the rangers, and the brown shapes vanish into the green poplar woods.

THE QUEER LIGHTS ON BROWN MOUNTAIN

BROWN MOUNTAIN, Burke County, North Carolina, has some very spooky lights. Their origin has been investigated, but many people refuse to agree with the verdict of the investigator. Some of the native citizens say the lights are as old as the Civil War; others have known them for a quarter of a century. Robert Sparks Walker, writing in *Light* (New York), tells us that government geologists have investigated the source of the strange lights, but that their matter-of-fact conclusions do not suit the local ideas. Some people who have been observing these strange lights for many years say they are of supernatural origin; others with excitable minds have thought, like the early Spanish explorers, that such strange lights might indicate vast deposits of valuable mineral ore. Even the average observer, convinced of their natural origin, finds them so attractive that he can not remain away during vacation days! We read:

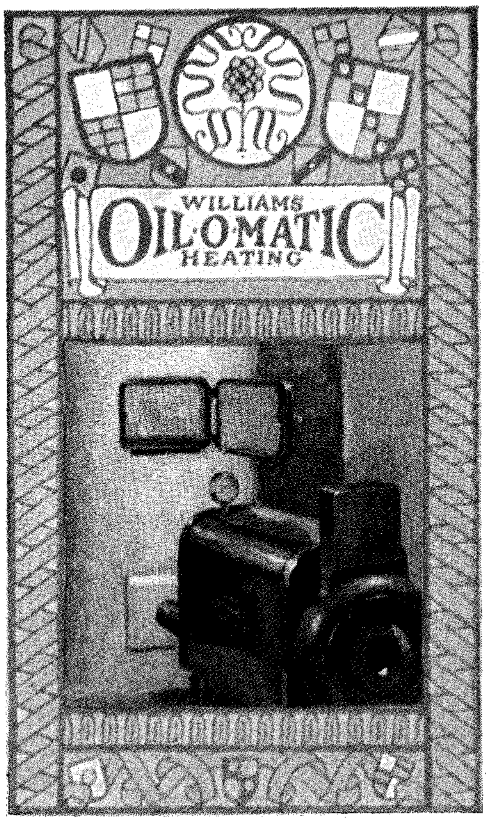
"What would you think or say, if you were standing on Rattlesnake Knob, on the Morganton, North Carolina, road about 7:30 P. M. and saw in a southeasterly direction a curious light, about the size of a toy balloon, smaller than the full moon, and very red, rise mysteriously over Brown Mountain, proceed into the air a short distance, waver as if it were palsied, and then in less than a minute disappear?

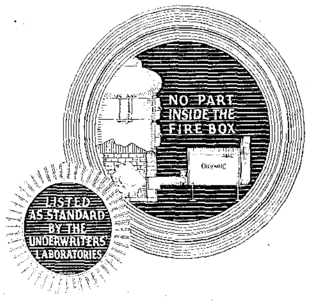
"The lights, however, do not appear regularly at the same spot. Brown Mountain has a table-shaped top at 2,600 feet elevation. Small tributaries of the John River flowing south make many indentations in its surface. Geologists say that there is nothing unusual in the formation of Brown Mountain—that it is simply a pile of Cranberry granite.

"In 1913, at the request of one of North Carolina's representatives in Congress, the United States Geological Survey sent a man down there to study the origin of the strange lights. He did not tarry long before he branded them as coming from the headlights of locomotives flashing up over the mountain. The people laughed at his simple explanation. They continued to let the strange lights amuse and entertain them, and work upon their imaginations.

"The descriptions of the strange light made by various observers do not agree. One person says that it is pale white, as is

(*Continued on page 49*)

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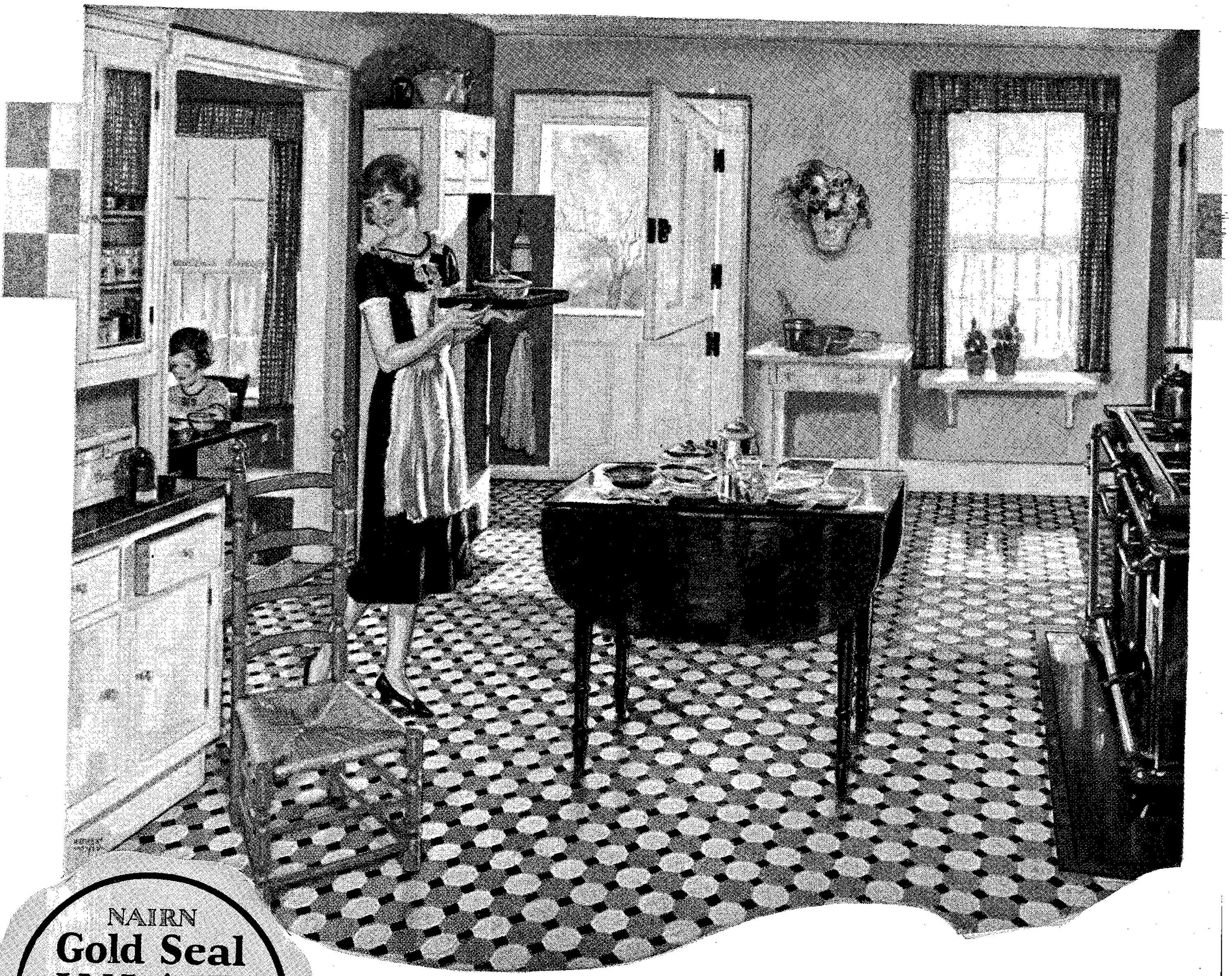

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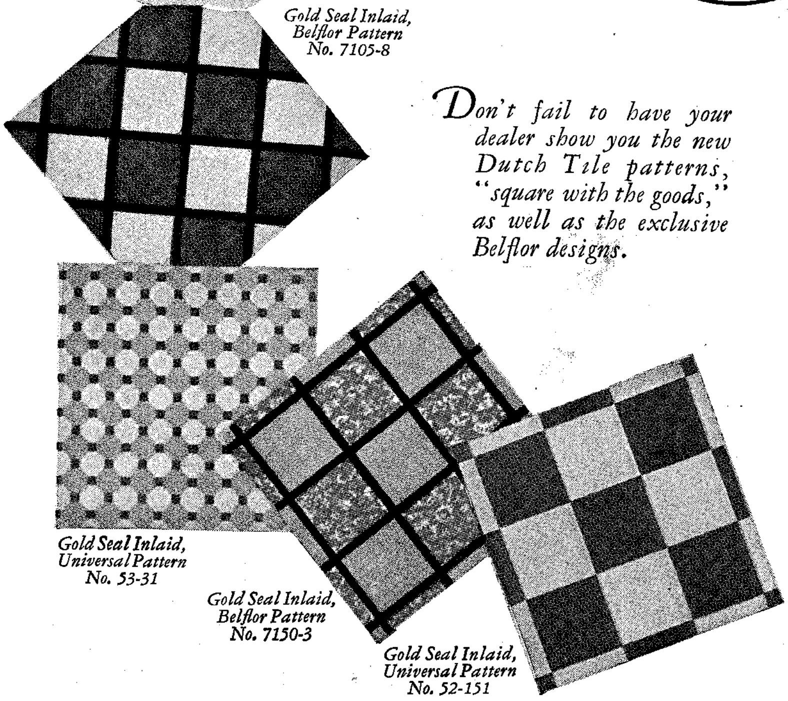

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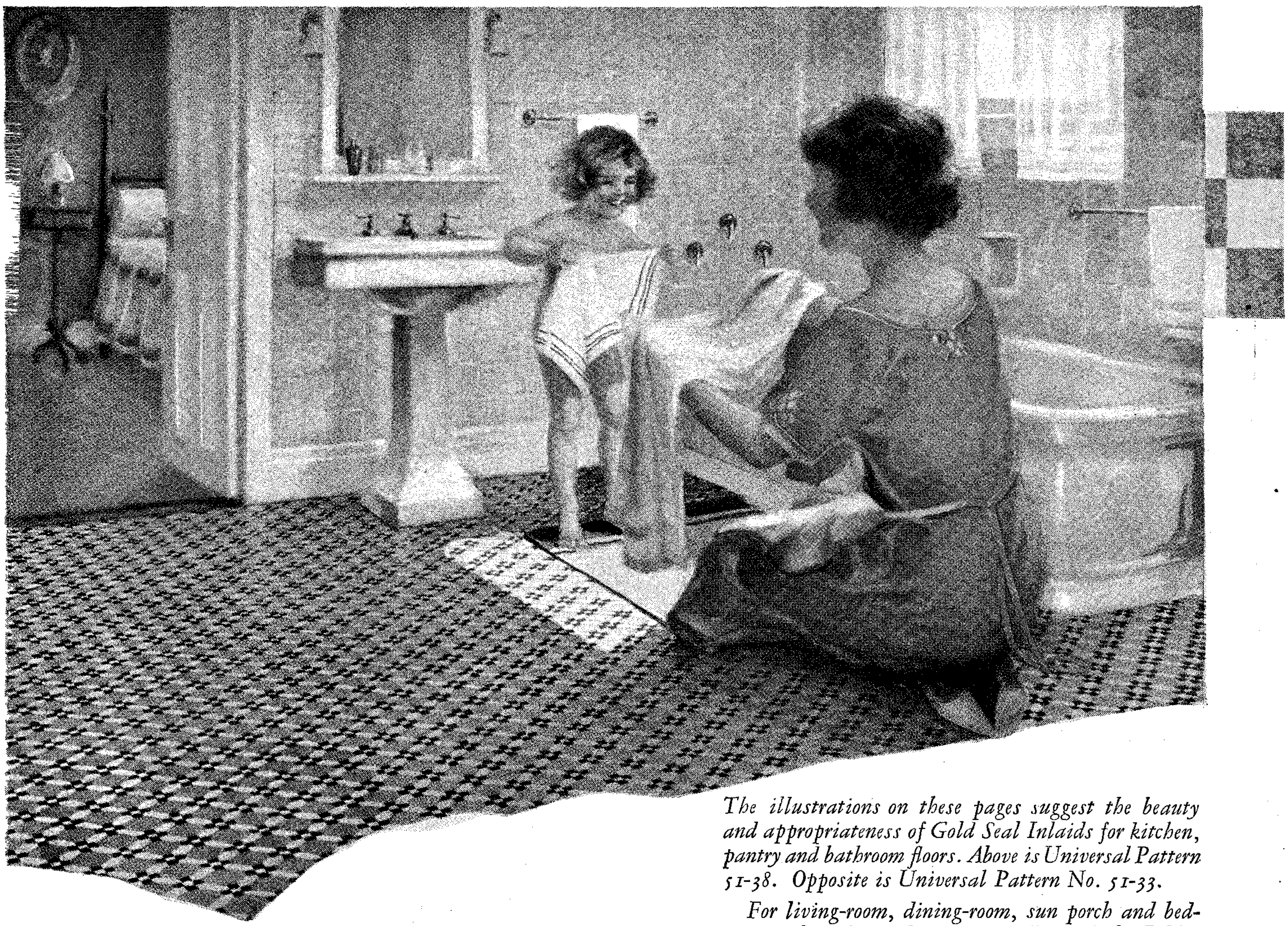

The illustrations on these pages suggest the beauty and appropriateness of Gold Seal Inlaids for kitchen, pantry and bathroom floors. Above is Universal Pattern 51-38. Opposite is Universal Pattern No. 51-33.

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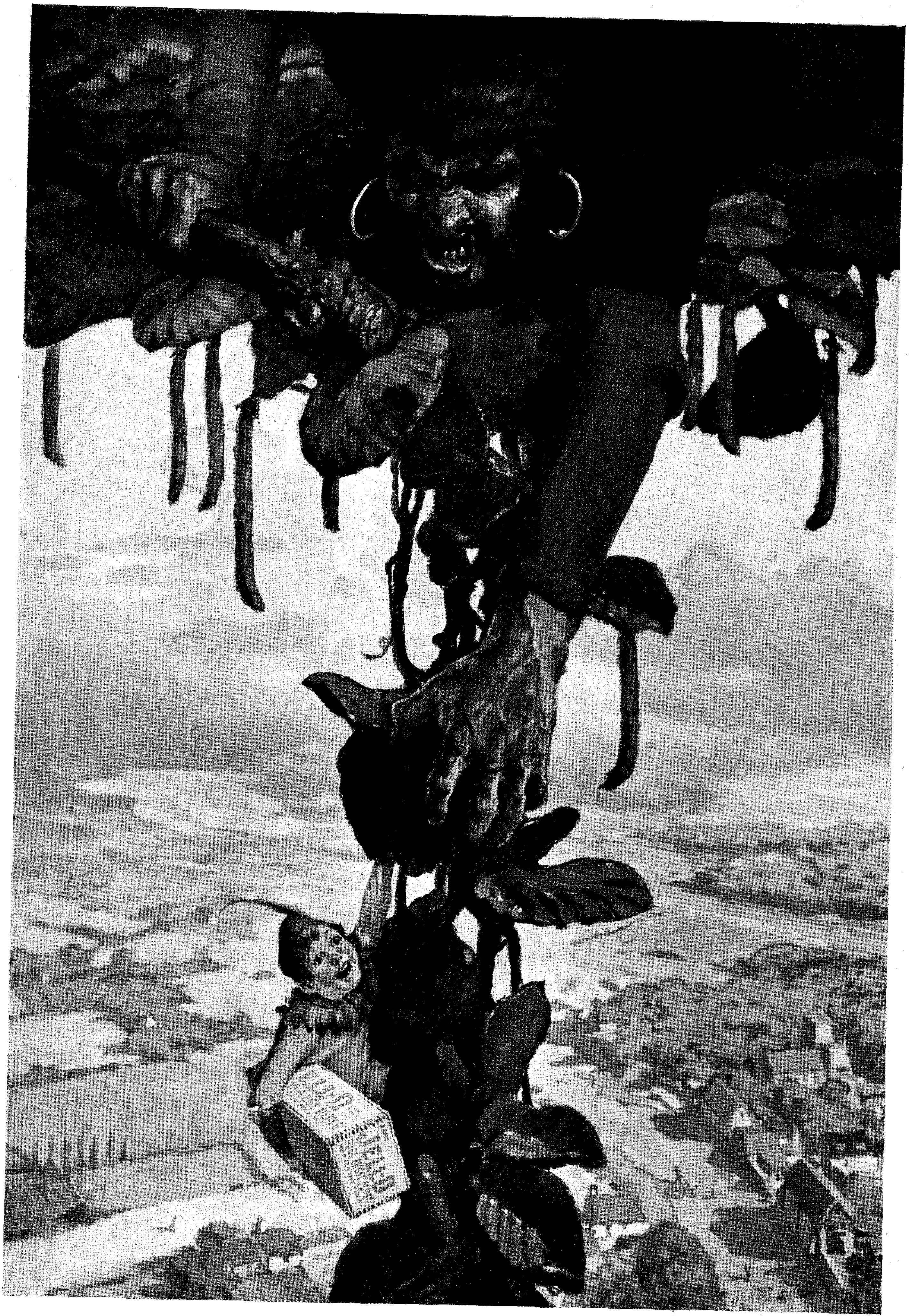

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(*Continued from page 44*)

ordinarily observed through a ground-glass globe, with a faint, irregular halo encircling it. He claims that it is restricted to a prescribed circle, and appears from three to four times in rapid succession, then conceals itself for twenty minutes, when it reappears within the same circle. Another observer, who was standing about eight miles from Brown Mountain, says that suddenly after sunset there blazed into the sky above the mountain a steady glowing ball of light. To him, the light appeared yellowish, and it lasted about half a minute, when it disappeared rather abruptly. It appeared to him like a star from a bursting sky-rocket, but much brighter.

"To some people it appears stationary; to others, it moves sometimes upward, downward, or horizontally. A minister says that it appeared like a ball of incandescent light in which he could observe a seething motion.

"Some persons have suggested the will-o'-the-wisp as an explanation, but since Brown Mountain bears the reputation of owning no marshy ground, it could hardly be such a phenomenon. Then some one said it might be phosphorus, but phosphorus is oxidized so readily that it is never found in a free state. Of course a number of people thought it might be fox-fire, but fox-fire makes such a very weak, pale light that their guesses were obviously erroneous.

"An amateur explorer reported that he found a piece of pitchblende, a radium ore, near the end of Brown Mountain. This might indicate that the mountain contained vast quantities of radium ore, so it was suggested; hence the strange lights. But again the answer was 'No,' since the emanations from radium are invisible.

"Hydrogen sulfid and lead oxid were reported to occur in Brown Mountain, and since hydrogen sulfid ignites quite readily in the presence of lead oxid, the strange lights might be due to them. This was the theory of some, but few believed it.

"Moonshiners have been operating for many years in Brown Mountain, and men who had visited their retreats said that they built screens around their stills to conceal their fires. Frequently the fires were raked out, and when the covers were removed, the clouds of steam that rose reflected the firelight from below. But it was finally agreed that there were not enough stills in the mountain to produce strange lights at stated intervals the year round.

"And of course, some person mentioned 'St. Elmo's fire'—an electrical discharge from sharp objects during a thunder-storm. St. Elmo's fire is brushlike in appearance, and since the strange lights could not be it, the amateur scientist's next assertion was that probably the phenomenon known as 'Andes light' was the guilty chap! The Weather Bureau says that the Andes light is a striking luminous discharge of electricity observed over the crest of the Andes in Chile, where thunder-storms are almost unknown. Silent discharges of electricity take place between the peaks and the clouds. The Andes light is said often to produce glimmering lights with circular borders, sometimes observed for more than 300 miles.

"The citizens of the mountainous part of southwestern Virginia, where the ridges run parallel with each other, separated by deep, narrow valleys, report that they sometimes observe a noiseless electrical discharge from one summit to the air. However, the contour of Brown Mountain is said to be unfavorable for any phenomenon like Andes light.

"Next the mirage was suggested, and the man who advanced the theory thought air currents of varying density and temperature might produce reflecting surfaces between them, from which bright stars might be reflected. Even tho this theory might have been hard to disprove, there were few who took it seriously."

The first geologist who visited Brown Mountain in 1913, after checking up the train schedule, and watching the lights, let the schedule and lights convince him, Mr. Walker tells us, that the headlights from locomotives were responsible for it all, and in short order left the mountain. Objections followed, for the simple reason that headlights make a beam in the air like a search-light. The suggestion of automobile lights was objected to for the same reason. In 1922, when the lights of Brown Mountain had persisted in arousing the curiosity of the people, another representative of the people asked the Department to send a second geologist to make a more complete investigation. This was made in the same year. Says the writer:

"When the geologist arrived, he carried with him an equipment consisting of a fifteen-inch plane table, a telescopic alidade, a barometer for measuring altitudes, a pocket and dip-needle compass, a flash-light, a camera, field-glasses and topographic maps of the country about.

"With maps spread out on the table, and directions properly noted and landmarks sighted and marked, the investigator proceeded to make observations. When the observation of the lights was made, the time of arrival and disappearance of the strange lights was checked with the train schedule, and after remaining there a fortnight, the investigator came to the conclusion that he had observed a fair representation of the 'strange lights' of Brown Mountain, and that 47 per cent. of them originated from automobile headlights; 33 per cent. from locomotive headlights; 10 per cent. from fixt lights, and 10 per cent. brush fires.

"It was agreed that while the queer lights appeared above Brown Mountain, none of them originated there, but in a broad valley several miles beyond.

"The atmospheric conditions in the valley beyond are said to be ideal for juggling distant lights that penetrate the atmosphere. The air varies in density, which makes it very refractive. The dust and mist are credited with giving the lights the various colors and tints.

"So much for the conclusion of the geological investigator. Last year when I heard that intelligent people living in that part of North Carolina refused to accept the report of the investigator, I sent a letter of inquiry to a few prominent business men there, those who had been observing the lights for many years. One of these men exprest the opinion that the geologist had tried hard to find out the source of the strange lights, but had failed. That the lights had been observed for the last sixty years, and long before railroads were constructed in that part of the country, and before the advent of the automobile; that the flood of 1916 put the railroads out of business for a solid week, as well as the automobiles, yet the strange lights continued to put in their regular appearance. As conclusive proof that the lights do not originate from headlights, he states that the mysterious lights fail to appear following a long drouth; that after the report was made, he went to a certain site, turned his back to the railroad and highway, and witnessed the strange light suddenly come up from the mountain-top, and keep moving until it was lost in the sky."

DOES A POEM A DAY KEEP GLORY AWAY?

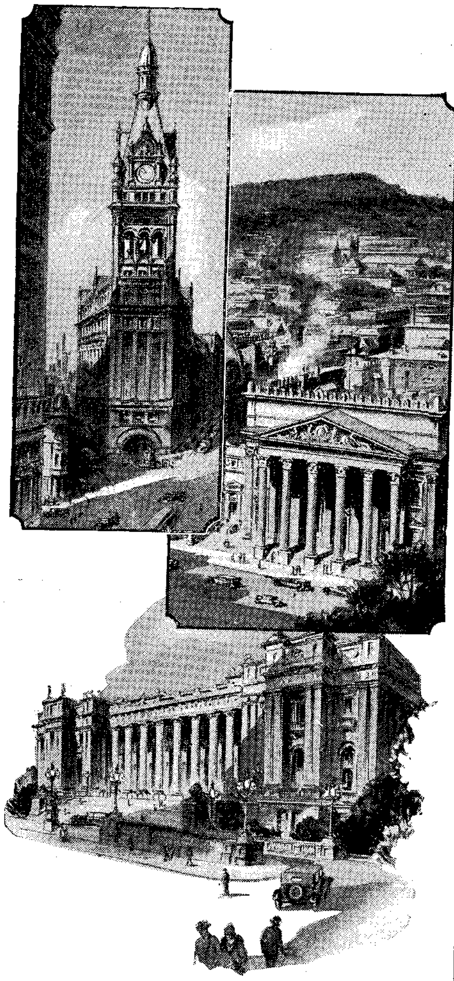
SIX POEMS A WEEK FOR THIRTY YEARS means "the production of 9,360 metrical effusions," which is an output, we are assured, "exceeding by a very large number that of any other bard who ever lived." The first striking fact we gather about this output of 9,360 poems is that every single one of them has been printed. The second is that every single one has been paid for—and handsomely. The third relates to their quality. And on this point we are invited to compare the poems of the poem-a-day man with parallel poems of Shelley and other accepted classics. Indeed, such a comparison is boldly placed before our eyes by N. P. Babcock, writing in celebration of the humble but prodigious achievements of a versifier whom he does not name, but who is readily identifiable, through the quotations of his work, as James J. Montague, whose daily contribution on the New York *Herald Tribune* editorial page, under the standing title "More Truth than Poetry," reaches a very large audience through that and other channels. After drawing attention, in the Springfield *Leader*, to his poetic hero's preeminent fecundity, Mr. Babcock continues:

And he, altho in my humble opinion the master of them all, is by no means the only producer of daily verse now thriving on journalistic soil; he has merely been at it longer than the others, who, it may be said, are doing their utmost to catch up with his record. It can be no easy task.

Let us look at the fecundity record of some of the world's most famous bards. By actual count it is discovered that the muse of Robert Burns spurred him into activity just 567 times, and, altho the consequences of such activity sometimes assumed much longer shape in print than at other times, there are to be found so many very short productions, often only a single verse, that the total might be said to represent less than six hundred poems of ordinary length.

Byron's entire poetical outpourings are contained in a volume of one thousand pages having one hundred lines to the page. If we allot twenty lines to each, there could be claimed to exist on every page five metrical effusions each consisting of five four-line stanzas, or a total in the collection of 5,000 poetic achievements.

This is an accomplishment that more nearly approaches the Muse-urged industry of the gentleman who, as I have said above,



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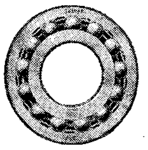

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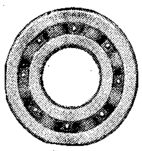

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BALL AND ROLLER BEARINGS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

already has 9,360 achievements to his credit than does the accomplishment of any other bard whose record I have investigated.

Tennyson's complete poetical output is contained in a volume of 700 pages. Creations like "Harold, a Drama," "Idylls of the King," "Enoch Arden," and others, of course, consume a number of these pages, but on the assumed basis of four short poems to a page, the total is 2,800, whereas by similar division, the total Muse-urgings experienced by Keats were but about 500, which is fifteen hundred less than those bestowed upon John Greenleaf Whittier, and seven hundred less than Oliver Wendell Holmes presumably experienced.

"Ah," it may be exclaimed by some reader, "the persons you have named wrote poetry, which is an entirely different thing from newspaper verse." Well, let us see if it is always so different. In a poem on "Autumn" by Percy Bysshe Shelley, I find the following:

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying.
And the year, on the earth, her death bed, is lying.

I pick up a newspaper and read what (since autumn is here and he is always timely) may be the 9,361st of our daily bard's effusions. One bit of it runs as follows:

The leaves are falling by the way.
And up and down the lane
The katydid is here to say
That summer's on the wane.
And then the cricket stills the lay
That he has sung so long,
The robin at the close of day
Sings no soft little song:
The dying leaves come sifting down
Like snowflakes from the sky,
And yellow, gold and red and brown
Upon the turf they lie.

Mr. Babcock does not sit in judgment in the cause of Montague versus Shelley. He appears to "pass the buck," as it were, to the gentle reader, contenting himself with the comment:

Um! Well, Shelley didn't write a poem each day, and so gave Fame—in the form of an anthology compiler—a chance to catch up with him and name him. Wonderful beings these anthology makers! In one of their works, published in 1922, and containing 3,847 pages, is what purports to be samples of the best verse, American and English, from 1580 to 1920.

Being made famous therein, is to be found, among the multitude, one Thomas Jones, who it would seem had the wisdom not to put his muse at a twenty-four-hour pace, and was, therefore, able to secure more or less "immortality," through his version of poetically treating the autumnal season.

I went back to the old time lane
In the fall o' year,
There was wind and bitter rain
And the leaves were sere.

I examined the list of authors "immortalized," in this ponderous collection of verse, in the hope that some one of my industrious hero's nine-thousand-odd versifications might have found lodgment there. Nothing doing! Altho I am told by the compiler of the collection that all the following named persons have won poetical distinction: Abbie Brown, Ethel Beers, Bessie Morgan, Anna Maria Pratt, Ada Smith, John Thompson, and, of course, Thomas Jones.

Evidently it is the opinion of some persons that it is more artistic to verse dully than to verse daily. But as a matter of fact the Dean of newspaper versifiers to whom I have been alluding does not always strictly conform to this régime. I once said to him, "You appear to have mastered the supposed impossibility of regularly eating a quail a day." "I don't," he replied. "I eat six at one sitting to do for the whole week."

Perhaps, altho I doubt it, this distinction will get him a place in the next anthology that is published.

Mr. Babcock's argument may possibly be elucidated by the following characteristic poem of Mr. Montague's, one of his copyrighted series in *The Herald Tribune:*

BEFORE ATTENDING THE NEW HAMLET

Although I'd not exactly gloat
On Hamlet in a dinner coat,
Or in plus fours, well creased and new,
Run foolish young Laertes through;
I'd be annoyed, dismayed, almost
Were I to view his sire, the ghost
About the gray old castle roam—
A two-quart hat upon his dome.

I have not witnessed, I confess,
These Shakespeare plays in modern dress,
But since I was a tiny lad
A reverence for ghosts I've had.
And still I think they should be decked
In garments which show due respect
To sprites of aldermanic girth
Doomed for a time to walk the earth.

For Rosencranz and Guildenstern
I have but very small concern,
Divest them of their furbelows
And tog them out in golfing clothes,
Or give them each a fancy vest—
And I'd not be a whit distressed.
For these two crafty playing gents
Are of but little consequence.

But when the ghost stalks on the scene
He ought to wear a ghostly mien,
And not possess the snappy air
That pudgy business persons wear.
When he comes forth from out the night,
I want to shiver with affright,
And I'm sincerely hoping that
He doesn't wear a two-quart hat.

Or, when it comes to literature, Mr. Montague can carol like this:

Betty may fancy that Harold B. Wright
Is a marvelous master of diction,
Tessie may take a terrific delight
In "The Sob Story Magazine" fiction.
Mabel may have not a thought in her head
To dazzle an erudite guy with,
But though, from the neck up, all three may be dead,
Their faces will serve to get by with.

Teach a girl all of the wisdom in books,
But unless she possesses a bunch of good looks
She never will cuddle in sheltering nooks
While lovers in legions come wooing.
She may have a great and Minerva-like brain,
And never say anything dull or inane,
But we know and she knows that if she is plain—
There'll never be anything doing.

A lover's illusion is never destroyed
When a maiden observes to him coyly:
"Say, Cyril, I think you're a regular boid
Because you show up here so oily."
Whatever she says while she looks in his eyes
He thinks is delightfully witty,
He doesn't care a rap if his charmer is wise
As long as he's sure she is pretty.

Costly plant accidents

How to stop breeding them

Insurance men confirm the heavy toll exacted from industrial plants by faulty lubrication. One prominent insurance company states:

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When an accident happens to your machinery your insurance may cover the actual cost of repairs, but you pay for the production losses involved.

An important machine undergoing repairs throws out production schedules as surely as a railroad accident throws out train schedules. Your regular production cannot get through. The price you pay for the loss is the price you pay for using incorrect oils, or applying oils incorrectly, or both.

Once your machinery is lubricated with correct oils correctly applied, accidental interruptions to your production will be measurably reduced. You will be able to count upon a more steady flow from raw materials to finished goods. You will have less non-productive labor to pay for—fewer mechanical stoppages and repairs to pay for. Your power costs will be reduced. Your entire mechanical equipment will last longer—and need for its replacement will be deferred.

Each one of these wastes eats into profits. Each can be restrained by the modern science of lubrication.

The Vacuum Oil Company, the world's leading authority on scientific lubrication, puts its experience and its correct oils at your service.

With the cooperation of your plant personnel we will gladly assume the full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication throughout your plant.

A letter addressed to our nearest branch office will put you in touch with an experienced representative who will report to you at your convenience. New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

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Lubricating Oils
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Plant Lubrication

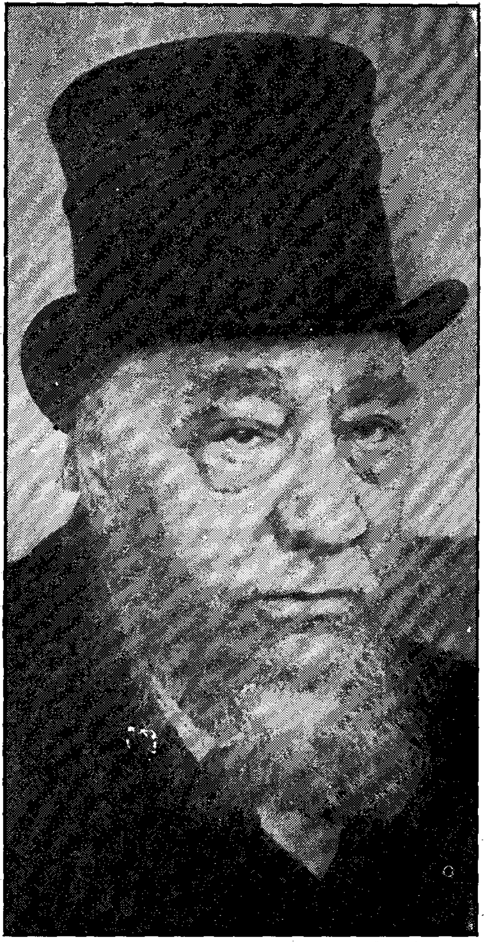
If the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

CELEBRATING OOM PAUL'S CENTENARY

"THE TRAGIC FIGURE OF A MAN fighting obstinately and with complete conviction for a cause already lost centuries before he was born"—such is a dispassionate English estimate of President Kruger, of the Transvaal, a hundred years after his birth and a quarter-century after his death. "If one thinks of his personality and early surroundings one seems to be carried back to the Middle Ages," writes Prof. Basil Williams in the London *Times*, "or at latest to the days of the early Puritans." *The Daily Telegraph* in an editorial ranks Oom Paul and Cecil Rhodes as "the two outstanding figures of their time," and rejoices that "from the clash of their irreconcilable antagonisms a way of peace, glory and greatness has been found." It congratulates South Africa on having "worthily celebrated" the old Boer's centenary, and notes approvingly that his monument at Pretoria, completed at last after many strange vicissitudes—the actual statue was finished even before the outbreak of the Boer War—has been unveiled in the presence of the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, an occasion when addresses were delivered by General Hertzog, the Prime Minister of the Union, and General Smuts, the late Prime Minister. Speaking of these two functionaries, *The Daily Telegraph* remarks:



THE OLD LION OF PRETORIA

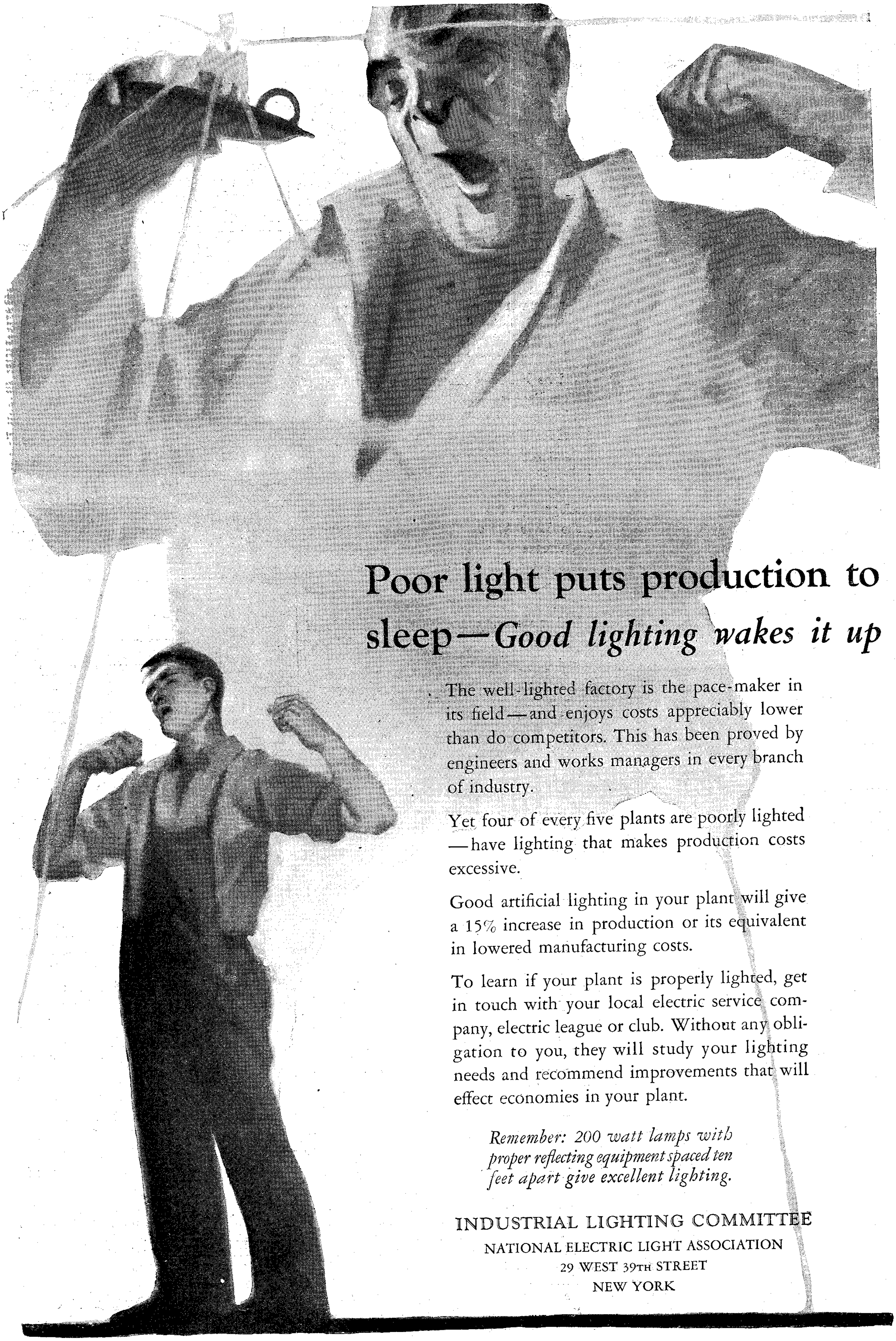
> Both served under Oom Paul while he was President of the Transvaal Republic; both knew his mind well. Kruger has passed out of the stormy region of politics into the calmer domain of history, all the more quickly because the tremendous events of the World War have dwarfed so completely—outside South Africa, at any rate—the importance of the Boer War. Those who still vividly remember the embittered struggle of a quarter of a century ago can take a much more dispassionate view of Paul Kruger than they once thought probable, especially as they have good reason to hope that the ruling idea for which Kruger fought so stubbornly is finally defeated and dead. Sturdy patriot as he was, and intense as was his devotion to South Africa, the political idea for which he worked was not that of an independent South African Republic in which Briton and Boer should have an equal place; it was that of a republic in which Boer political influence should be superior, and, indeed, paramount, and which should have no lot or part whatsoever in the British Empire and no organic connection of any sort with the Commonwealth of the British Dominions overseas. We are proud to remember that this latter phrase was coined by General Smuts, who fought against Great Britain in the South African War, and his conception of South Africa's political future, like that of the late General Botha, is very different from that which presented itself to the mind of Paul Kruger. The old Dopper Boer had no vision of what has actually come to pass; it may even be doubted whether he would have desired it. But his great rival, Cecil Rhodes, had such vision in his serener moments. Rhodes was always ready to work with the Boers, and his far gaze was set upon the rise of a mighty nation in South Africa, in which the Boers should play a part like that of the French in the Dominion of Canada.
>
> "I regard Kruger," said Cecil Rhodes, in a speech delivered in the Cape Colony Parliament as far back as 1888, "as one of the most remarkable men in South Africa, who has been singularly unfortunate. When I remember that he had not a sixpence in his Treasury when his object was to extend his country over the whole of the northern interior; when I see him sitting in Pretoria with Bechuanaland gone and other lands around him gone from his grasp; and, last of all, when he, with his idea of a pastoral republic, finds that idea vanishing, and that he is likely to have to deal with 100,000 diggers who must be entirely out of sympathy and touch with him, I pity the man." Rhodes was generous enough to be fair to an adversary whom up to that point he had beaten at every move in the great game, and that largely by the support of the Afrikanders at the Cape.

In the view of *The Telegraph*, Paul Kruger was absolutely the last man who should have been President of the Transvaal in the closing decade of the nineteenth century if the South African War was to have been averted, and the editorial points out:

> He drew his political strength in the republic from the Boers of the Backveld, harsh, rugged, crusted, suspicious, whose virtues were those of the patriarchs, who hated the irruption of the gold-diggers into the solitude of their farms and loathed the unwonted turmoil which they brought with them. His instinct, which he confirmed, as he thought, by revelation, was to treat the English—with whom all his life he had been in conflict—as tho they were idolatrous Amalekites of the Old Dispensation. He was in a genuine panic lest the invaders should swamp his own Boers and reduce them to servitude and inferiority, and he therefore placed himself, as the late Lord Salisbury once said, in "an attitude of sheer opposition" to every claim for justice and equity. If only Paul Kruger had been able to concede any one point of substance at the Bloemfontein Conference when he was negotiating with the late Lord Milner, there would have been no war in South Africa during his lifetime, and after his death there would have been a splendid chance for Boers of the type of Botha and Smuts to give a more reasonable turn to Boer diplomacy. Fate willed it otherwise.

Disclaiming any intent to detract from "the qualities in Paul Kruger which South Africa is now delighting to honor," and admitting that "his is a figure which must always appeal to generous imaginations," the writer continues:

> His patriotism was unswerving, tho based on the most jealous and exclusive racialism, fortified by the unshakable belief he held that he was the instrument of the Almighty to achieve the greater glory of the Boers, and in particular of that branch of the Reformed Church to which he himself belonged. He held, even when he was President, to the dress, habits, and conversation of the plain, God-fearing Dutch farmer, who read his Bible, drank his coffee, and smoked his pipe, implacable in his prejudices and immovable in opinion, shrewd in opposition, but unfortunately wholly incapable of taking a large view and of dealing with a serious opponent on terms of give and take. For to him an opponent was an enemy to be bested and overcome, and he thought of Rhodes and the Uitlanders in much the same terms as he had thought of Zulu or Matabele. If after the Raid, when his enemies had put themselves in his power, he had known how to be magnanimous, he might have played a winning hand in the greater game he was playing with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. But Kruger will always be an heroic figure despite his obviously grave limitations. He will be a hero to the South African Dutch because his racial patriotism was so fierce and uncompromising in an hour of danger. His name, too, will always appeal to those whose sympathies go out instinctively to the small republic which is in conflict with a great empire, and to the simple farmer who is brought into unwilling contact and conflict with the power of cosmopolitan finance. Krugerism in practise, during the last days of the Transvaal Republic, was not an attractive form of government. Some of the satellites by whom Kruger was surrounded displayed all the vices which he so roundly denounced



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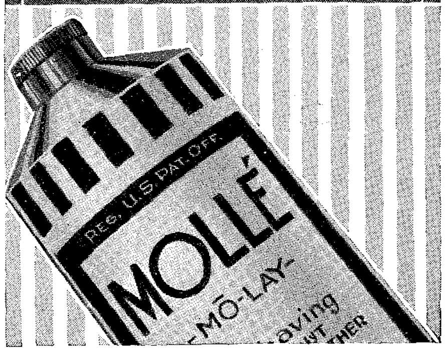

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

when exhibited by some of those who formed the entourage of Groote Schoor. But, despite all failings, there was the genuine heroic stuff of the Puritan Voortrekker, Bible in one hand and whip or rifle in the other, in Paul Kruger, and he made a singularly picturesque figure which those who had little good-will either to Great Britain or to the British Ministry in power were able to idealize to their hearts' content. Out of the South African War came the Union of South Africa, and now that the smoke of the conflict has blown away we can see that Cecil Rhodes and Paul Kruger were the two outstanding figures of their time, and that from the clash of their irreconcilable antagonisms a way of peace, glory, and greatness has been found.

The Biblical influence on the mind of Oom Paul is recalled by Professor Williams, who remarks that he was "noted to the end for his readiness with Scriptural quotations apt to the occasion," and cites as "an amusing instance" of this readiness his prolonged correspondence, mainly by telegram, with an American critic during the Boer War. "Kruger's part in this controversy was confined to Biblical references, chiefly to the Old Testament, with which he sought to defend the attitude of his Government," writes the Professor. And we read, concerning the genesis of the Boer War:

> The gold of Johannesburg suddenly turned the Republic from a bankrupt State to the richest in South Africa; it made it the center to which all South African eyes turned and the arbiter of trade and railway communications; the miners themselves and the capitalists who organized their labors cared little for politics so long as they were left in peace to carry on their work. But this is just what Kruger would not let them do. He taxed them heavily for the benefit of his farmers, he sanctioned and, indeed, took a personal advantage from monopolies that bore with crushing force on the gold industry, he hampered communications and trade with the coast colonies, and in order to prevent the English gold-miners from redressing their grievances and taking a share in the Government they were mainly supporting, he altered the laws so as entirely to confine the voting power to his minority of farmers. "This is my country, these are my laws. Those who do not like to obey my laws can leave my country," was his reply to a deputation complaining of grievances, and this was an exact statement of his view. The fact was he hated the miners as an ungodly crew, as, no doubt, some of them were, bringing in, as they did, habits of luxury and looser ways of living which tended to corrupt the simple, crude religion of his burghers; he hated them, too, as mainly English who might gradually oust his countrymen from their independence; but he liked their gold, and was quite prepared to spoil the Egyptians. Had he treated them fairly, had he also treated the two English colonies fairly in the great accession of trade and railway enterprise which followed the gold discovery he would have had a State bound to him by self-interest and dominating the rest of South Africa. One last chance he had of retrieving his position, in 1896, when the criminal folly of the Raid and the political extinction of his chief adversary, Rhodes, had put the ball under his feet. Had he then, when almost the whole world sympathized with him, shown the least touch of politic magnanimity and given what Jameson and the reformers had so signally failed to extort from him, and what all his most enlightened burghers were willing to grant he would undoubtedly have made the South African war impossible and secured the independence and strength of his country.
>
> Politically Kruger represented long-lost ideals, ideals which his younger burghers, men like Botha and General Smuts, saw at the time were neither attainable nor worth striving for, and for which they substituted a more human and reasonable form of patriotism that has already succeeded in making the Transvaal the most powerful province in South Africa. But as a practical man, and therein lay his strength, Kruger was a fine representative of the old gallant trekking spirit, obstinate but also enduring, which has insured the permanence of his countrymen. Sitting daily, as he did, on the stoep of his house at Pretoria, with his pipe, he was ready to talk with any burgher, or indeed any Englishman, who chose to drink a cup of coffee with him. And his was shrewd, homely talk, based largely on his vast Old Testament lore and illustrated cunningly by his practical experience of the pioneer's life, and his past dealings with lions and savages and Englishmen. It was talk that gave his hearers many a practical hint, which they were wise in taking. His was a great figure in his own country and in the world, the tough relic of a bygone age.

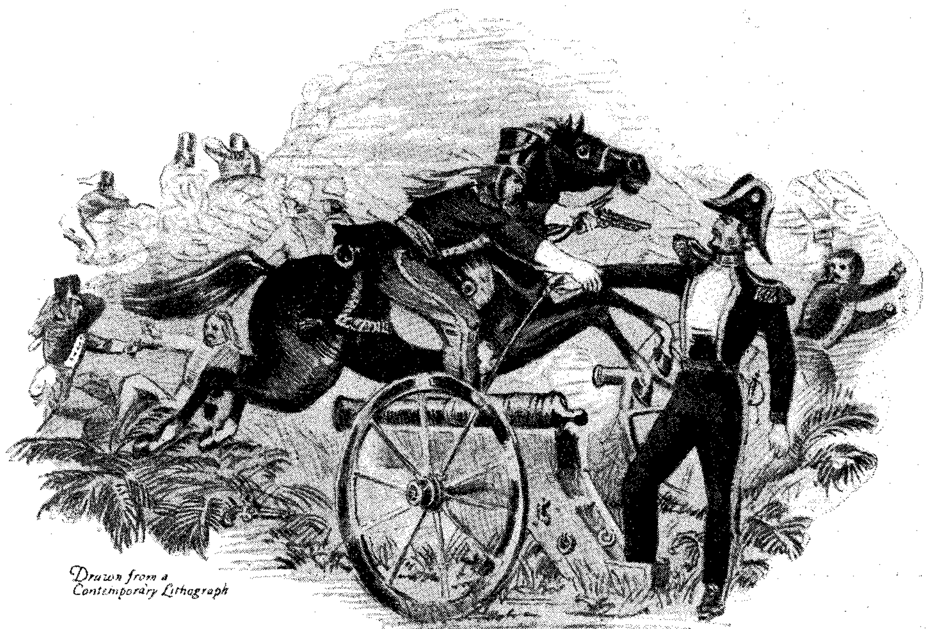
LOST ON A BLIZZARD-SWEPT MOUNTAIN

"YOU want to know how it feels to be lost way up on top of Mount Washington, for one, two, t'ree days and t'ree nights, in one big hurricane, eh?

"Well, I'll tell you true, my frien'. It ain't much fun."

The speaker was Max Englehardt, survivor of a seventy-two-hour battle for life, without food or shelter, "on the bald summit of grim old Mount Washington throughout the terrific 100-mile-an-hour gale and snow-storm that reached the climax of its fury there last week-end." His narrative of that ordeal is transcribed by John T. Brady, who tells us that Englehardt painfully raised himself on one elbow in his bed at the Glen House, as he began his first detailed account since fully regaining his senses, of what he suffered during the terrible experience from which nobody expected him to escape alive. The writer describes him in the Boston *Post* as a thin, but wiry, man, about 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighing not more than 150 pounds, with the weather wizened face of one who has spent most of his fifty-eight years in the open. And we read on:

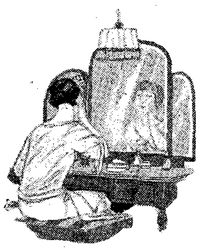
> As I pictured him in my mind's eye, clinging to that lofty, snow-capped ridge-pole of New England that I could see from where I sat, and at the mercy of a hurricane that tore up great boulders and sent them hurtling and thundering down the mighty slopes, he seemed but a wisp of straw.
>
> A native of New Brunswick, his high


Drawn from a Contemporary Lithograph

before the war with Mexico

THE Mexican War found the name STANLEY beginning to be known in all of the then twenty-nine states of the Union. In those forgotten years, as today, worthy products were recognized and respected. Now, more than eighty years since the Stanley name first appeared as a mark of quality, it is favorably known to millions who use hardware and tools. STANLEY, New Britain, Conn., U.S.A.

STANLEY



For Fine Furniture

Beautiful furniture requires good hardware. Fittings, fasteners and hinges—the mechanical parts—must be correctly designed and thoroughly dependable. That is the reason why so many makers of fine furniture use Stanley Furniture Hardware.

FURNITURE HARDWARE

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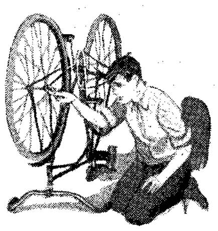
For the Carpenter

The design, the balance, the "feel" of Stanley Tools is one reason why carpenters prefer them. Then, too, carpenters have always recognized the better quality which gives these tools longer life. All our resources are pledged to maintain the quality upon which our reputation has been built.

CARPENTERS TOOLS

STANLEY
TOOLS



For Your Own Home

Four-Square Household Tools make quick, easy work of the hundred and one little odd jobs around the house that call for tools. Basically of Stanley quality, they are made in a finish and with a simplicity of construction which meet the needs of the home.

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

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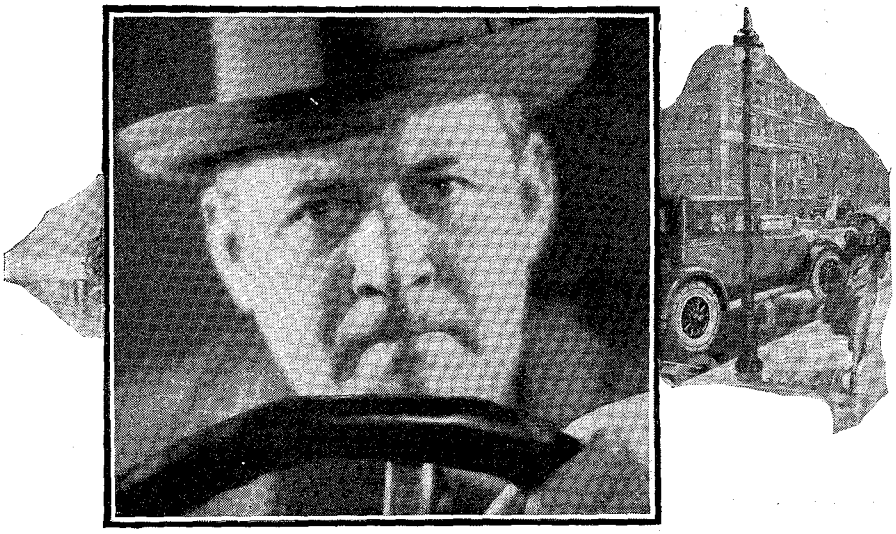

All cramped up—
for what
may happen

RAIN has dragged him up over the wheel and put him on tenter-hooks.

Perhaps he'll get to his destination without a *serious* accident, even though streets are wet and slippery—but he'll be worn out—his nerves on edge—no way to start the day.

A few minutes putting on WEED CHAINS would have saved him this bad half hour. He'd have a different look on his face—a look of ease that comes from the feeling of WEED security. He'd get where he's going, sooner—feel fresher and be in better temper.

Motorists who know that nervous energy means life, work and peace of mind use WEED CHAINS and take it easy. Get a pair for your car today—they're made for all tires—balloons and regulars.

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the world's largest user of tire chains says. "It will pay you to *insist* on WEEDS."

Ask also for genuine WEED cross chains for repair—the kind that wear longer and are quickly put on with WEED pliers. For sale by dealers everywhere.

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You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their brass-plated Cross Chains, galvanized Side Chains and Red Connecting Hooks, in addition to the name, WEED, which is stamped in every hook.

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WEED CHAINS
"You can put them on in a moment"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

cheek-bones, black, beady eyes and straight hair unmistakably reveal a strain of Indian blood mixed with the French, and no doubt the instincts inherited from his aboriginal ancestors played an important part in saving his life.

His speech is the picturesque patois of the French Canuck and, as it would rob his dramatic story of much of its delightful charm to dress it up in the King's English, I shall try to give you his own expressions in so far as they are lucid.

"Yes, sir, my frien', I'm telling you, that was no pleasant soiree, what I had up there on top Mount Washington those t'ree, four days and nights," he continued.

"When I was little boy I've been out fishing with my father to Newfoundland banks and you see there some tough storms. But you couldn't scare me with broad ax then. One time in Montana I was lying asleep in the path of a herd of stampeding cattle, with my saddle for a pillow, when my pony kick me and wake me up. You have to jump pretty quick when cattle come rushing at you like that, and there ain't no time to dress up.

"I've been in Rocky Mountains and up in the woods north of Lake Superior through some bad weather. I'm telling you, my frien', I've been in some tight places, but by damn I never saw before anything like that wind up there on Mount Washington last Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

"Believe me, boy, she blow like hurricane for sure, and bimeby she blow some more, like what you call tornado. She came up quick, too, so quick that I didn't have half a show to run to the storehouse for some more firewood.

"The old stage office on top of the mountain, where I was sent two, t'ree weeks ago to take good care of any people coming up from the Glen House, is a pretty good sized building, 'bout 24 feet by 30, with t'ree rooms down-stairs and two in attic.

"She's chained to the mountain-top by four big chains as thick as my arm, but that wind last Saturday just pick her up and slam her down, bang, bang. All night she toss like little ship in a stormy sea and every minute I expect her to weigh anchor and go sailing out to Portland harbor.

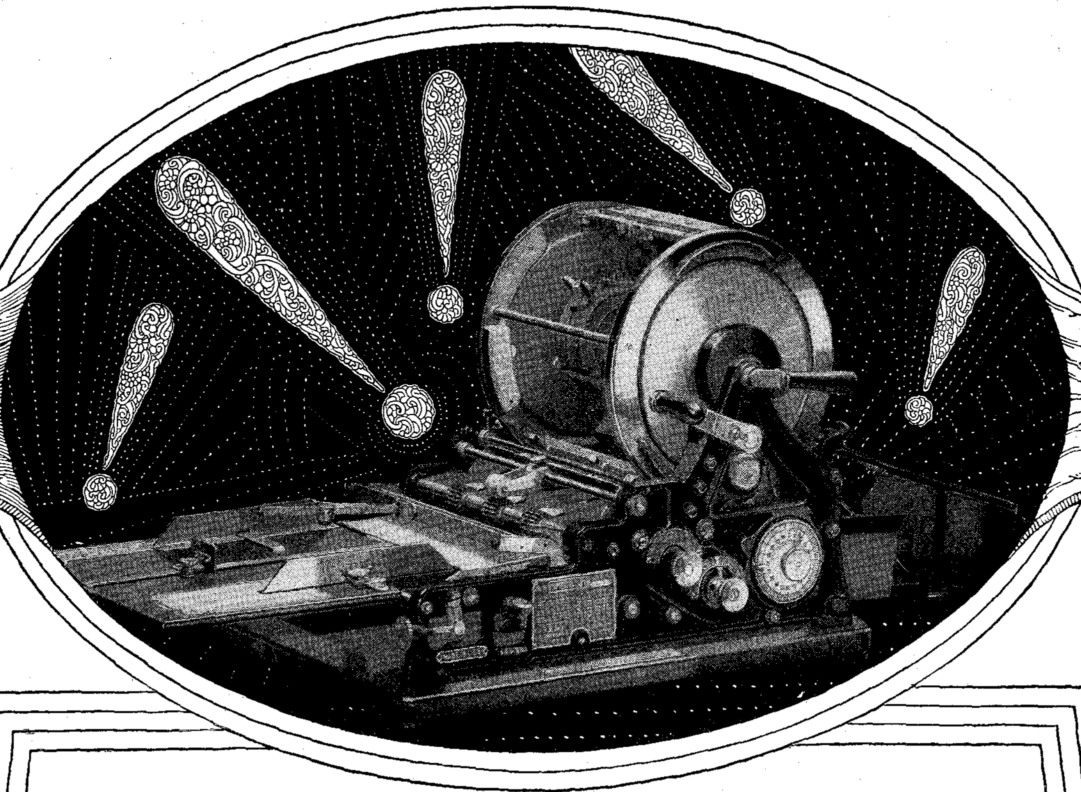
"'Bout midnight I lie me down to catch a wink of sleep, but I woke up with one big start when wind, she rip the storm-door off the house, hinges and all. That door went away quick, you bet, and didn't wait to tell me where she was going. Some fisherman will probably find her next spring floating on Lake Sebago.

"I thought the other door was going to blow in after that, so I broke up a wooden bed that was in the shack and braced it. My firewood was all gone so I used the other pieces of the bed to build a fire and cook my breakfast.

"Sunday morning the wind was blowing harder than ever and the chains on the house creaked and groaned as tho giant ghosts were shaking them. The snow had piled up in big drifts during the night and the temperature had dropt way below zero.

"Soon the bed, she was all burned up, and I say to myself, 'Max, you must get some firewood from the railroad shed or freeze to death before you know it.'

"So I started out and up the steps to the woodshed 'bout fifty feet away. But



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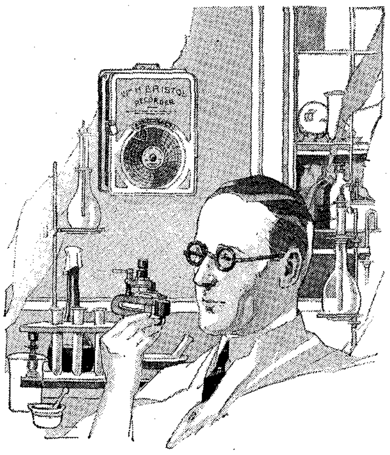

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Super S $25.00
Rubber horn 14½" diameter. Cast metal throat. Black velvet mat finish with gold base decorations. There is also a handsome Cabinet (the Super C) at $30 and other speakers as low as $15. Super C and Super S have the Super Unit.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

when I got almost to the top of those stairs, the wind, she lift me right up off my feet and t'row me down to the bottom."

The breath was knocked out of him, he related, and he had "one hard struggle" to crawl on his hands and knees back to the stage office. After which—

"'This is no place for you, Max,' I said to myself, when I get there and catch my breath. 'Looks like the winter she has come for good and plenty, and you're going to die like rat in trap unless you make tracks down mountain pretty quick.'

"The wind, she was still howling like a pack of 10,000 hungry wolves, and my mind was soon made up to leave the shack behind and try to make my way down through Tuckerman Ravine, as the wind would have been right in my face on the carriage road.

"So I left a note on the table in the shack, saying that I was leaving at noon, and which way I was going.

"Then a big blast of wind lifted the stage office 'bout one, two feet off the ground, as I was getting ready to light out, and I got so scared that the whole 'shebang' was going to blow right off the mountain-top, that I grabbed up a package of raisins to eat and a blanket to wrap around my head and started out.

"The wind blew me along double-quick, but I had never been down through Tuckerman Ravine, and I couldn't find the trail-markings in the blinding snow.

"I was lost, but I kept my head, and when I came across some of my own tracks in the snow I realized that I was walking around in a circle.

"'This will never do, Max,' I said to myself. 'You'll only tire yourself out and get nowhere. You better look for a shelter for the night.'

"But I don't think a bird could find a feather or a twig to build a nest up there on that barren peak, and I finally decided to burrow into a snowdrift on the lee side of a big boulder.

"Breaking through the hard crust of the drift I scooped out a hole 'bout six feet deep with my hands, and wrapping myself in my blanket I crawled into it. And I'm telling you, my frien', if you are ever caught on a mountain-top in a snow-storm that's the only thing to do to keep from freezing. Just dig into a drift like an Eskimo dog and the snow will keep you warm.

"With dry clothes, another blanket and something to eat and drink, I could have stayed there all winter like a bear. I slept more that night than I had for two nights in the stage office.

"Next morning, that was Monday, I had to 'bust' my way out through the thick crust of snow that had formed over the entrance to my cave during the night.

"The wind, she was still blowing a mighty gale, but it had stopt snowing, and I decided that by returning to the summit I would have a better chance of finding the piles of rocks which mark the trail down through Tuckerman's Ravine.

"My lips were cracked and bleeding, and my tongue was beginning to swell from thirst, but I knew better than to eat any snow. I ate some of the raisins instead, but they only made me sick to my stomach and I threw the rest of the package

"I lost my hat while wandering around the summit looking for the trail-markings that afternoon, and my blanket was torn to ribbons by the wind, but I managed to save a strip of it to tie around my face and head like a bandage.

"I didn't find the trail-markings on Monday, and when I began to feel tired I burrowed into a snowdrift again. Without the protection of my blanket I was cold and got little sleep that night. But I felt rested Tuesday morning, and started out, determined to find the trail to the ravine if I had to crawl on my hands and knees."

By that time his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth, he related, and he could feel his feet swelling in his boots, but at last he found the trail. And we read:

"I got to the head wall without mishap, but I was pretty weak when I got there, and in trying to get over it I lost my footing and began sliding and rolling down into what seemed a bottomless pit.

"They say I only slid about a quarter of a mile down the face of the head wall, but it seemed more like a mile and a half, and when I landed I hurt my left hip and back so badly that I couldn't walk.

"However, I saw a snowdrift in the lee of a big rock a short distance away and I managed to drag myself to it and with my hands dig myself in.

"That was the most terrible night of all. My legs were numb to my knees, and I'll tell you true, my frien', I said my prayers which I learned as a little boy.

"I could only remember one, two, t'ree lines of them at first, and I kept saying them over and over. But 'bimeby' they all come back to me and I prayed very hard to the good Lord and all the saints to send me help right quick.

"I heard lots of wildcats yelling in the timber just below me that night, but none of them troubled me. If one of them had come for me my intention was to shove my arm way down his throat quick as a flash and then smash him against a rock or tree and break his back. When you think you are going to die, you can do desperate things like that, and I would have tried it if I had been attacked. But I guess they were as scared of me as I was of them.

"Well, I fell asleep that Tuesday night with a prayer on my bleeding lips, and I slept soundly until 'bout ten, eleven o'clock Wednesday morning.

"Then I crawl out of my snow-house once more and I cried for joy when I saw I was near a brook. An Indian once told me you can live for many days without anything to eat if you can get water to drink. But after you have been without water for a few days, you must drink only a little at a time.

"I remembered his advice, thinking some day it might be a good thing to know, and sure 'nough, it was. When I got to the edge of that brook I put two sticks of wood across it, and lying on these I began to take sips of the water.

"After you have a good drink you can yell like a big horn, and when I got up from the brook I started yelling for help.

"Well, you know the rest—how the searching party found me about one o'clock on Wednesday and carried me the rest of the way down the mountain."

While relating the latter part of his story, Mr. Englehardt had been limping about his room on his badly frost-bitten and swollen feet, picking up his belongings in prepara-

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Berlin to get completely thawed out. But something of importance seemed to be missing.

"What is it you're looking for, Max?" asked H. C. Yost, manager of the Glen House.

But Max made no reply and went on with his search.

"Is this what you're looking for?" said Mr. Yost, a moment later, as he picked up a tiny crucifix from a table, with a loop of ribbon on it large enough to go over Englehardt's head.

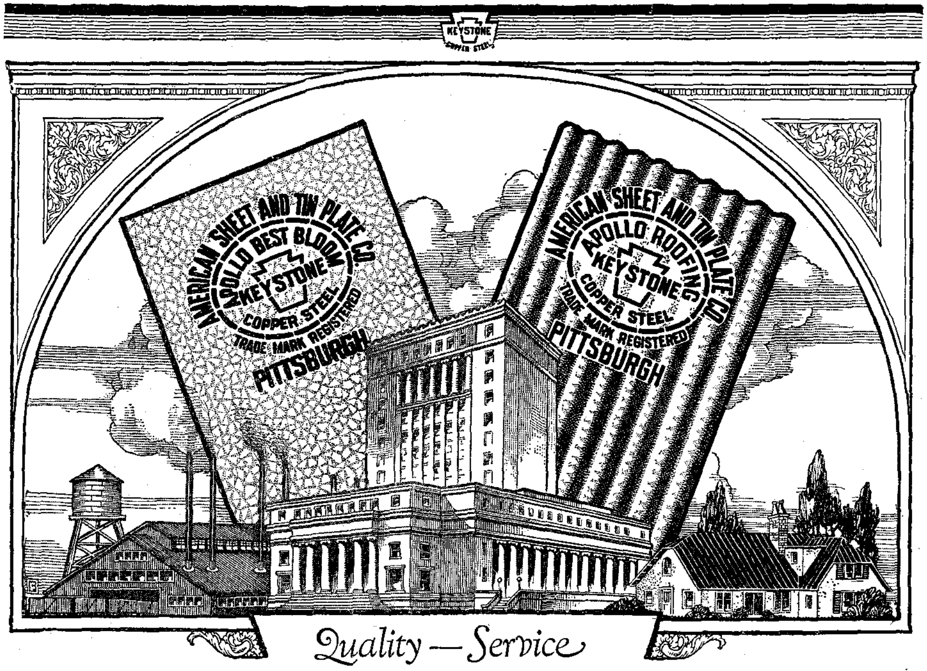
"Yes, that's him," said Englehardt, taking the crucifix, and kissing it. "That's what saved my life."

"Yes, I guess it must have," said the doctor, who was wearing a Masonic charm on his watch-chain.

THIS VICTIM ENJOYS THE JEST

One of the most spontaneous and light-hearted humorists of our time has found in The Literary Digest a fund for the enrichment of his happy art. Only readers of The Digest could appreciate Mr. H. I. Phillips's diverting parody of our manner of presenting all aspects of the news and editorial opinion. Evidently Mr. Phillips assumes that practically all the members of his large and appreciative audience are also of our comprehensive family. Writing in the New York *Sun* under the title, "A Home Chat Between Two Literary Digest Addicts," he puts his whimsicalities into the mouths of a husband and wife, as follows:

> She—Wilbur, don't hold the baby that way. You're hurting it.
>
> He—Holding a baby this way, according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, is perfectly proper, my dear. On the other hand, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, it is perhaps not entirely as comfortable for the child as a more orthodox position. But—and this is the view of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*—it probably will not seriously affect the child's future whether I hold it this way or not.
>
> She—Don't be silly, Wilbur. Never hold an infant with one arm around its middle and its head pointing due south. This is on the authority of *The Ohio State Journal*, and a similar attitude is taken, tho not so emphatically, by the Schenectady *Union-Star*.
>
> He—If you know more about holding a baby than I do, go ahead and hold it. The difficulty in a situation such as this, declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and Troy *Record*, is that a mere man is practically helpless. In this position the Washington *Star* and New York *Daily News* concur.
>
> She—Put the child in the crib and let us have luncheon. What shall I get you?
>
> He—Lamb chops with green peas, if we believe the Rochester *Times-Union*, make a very nice luncheon. As opposed to this attitude, however, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* takes a determined stand for pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. If, tho, we accept the suggestion of the *Ohio State Journal* and New York *Daily News*, some cold meats and a salad are to be preferred.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Arkansas Gazette and the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph:* "Are veal chops, breaded and cooked to a nice brown, a proper dish for the noonday meal? Yes is our answer, and we intend to fight it out on that line if it takes all summer."

HE—Oh, well, have it your own way. Man, in the opinion of the Springfield *Republican*, should always yield to woman.

SHE—Very well, as the Boston *Globe* might say.

HE—By the way, are we having the Smiths here for bridge to-night?

SHE—Yes, and I hope, as the Hartford *Times* would express it, you never bid any suit unless you have at least two high honors and four other cards of the suit. You made an awful chump of yourself, as the London *Daily Express* would say, bidding two spades last week without the ace or king.

HE—My dear woman, if we accept the position of the Melbourne (Australia) *News Pictorial* it is not necessary to have the ace and king before making a two bid.

SHE—Nobody but a fool, and I state this on the authority of the London *Graphic*, Syracuse *Herald* and *The Musical Courier*, would bid two in any suit without the tops. To do so, says the New York *Times* and *Current Poetry*, would be absurd.

HE (losing his temper)—Oh, all this bickering makes me tired. I'll go down to the club and have lunch, where I can be, as the Savannah *News* would put it, quiet.

SHE—Go on down to your old club! Who, asks the Raleigh *News and Observer*, the New Haven *Times-Leader*, the Danbury *News*, the Flushing *Times* and the San Francisco *Beacon*, cares?

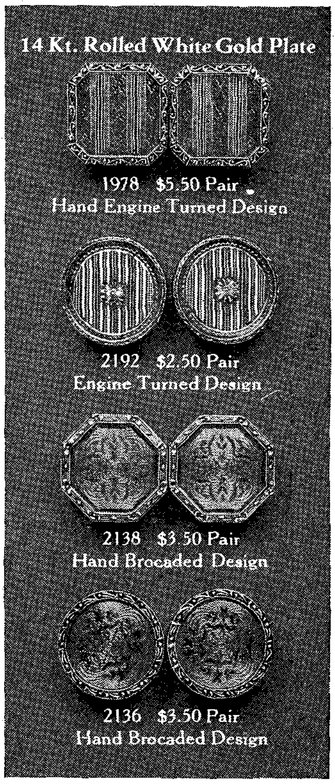
(HE GOES.)

LET SLEEPING SEA-LIONS LIE

IF YOU happen to run across a two-ton sea-lion taking his siesta, your best policy will be to hold your breath, take off your hat to him respectfully and tiptoe carefully to the other side of the street, or the ice-floe, or wherever you and Mr. Sea-Lion happen to be. Such, at least, is the advice of H. A. Snow, an experienced African explorer and hunter who, pining for a change of scene, decided to take a flyer in the Arctic regions. He and his son, Sidney, returned recently from that expedition, in the course of which, they found the bodies of the missing explorers from the steamship *Karluk*, wrecked in 1914. Far to the north of Siberia the Snow expedition, navigating a couple of chartered boats, hove into view of Lighthouse Rocks, swarming with sea-lions. It was in July, the breeding season of these animals. The elder Snow, who was in search of snappy material for the moving-picture industry, in addition to specimens for the Oakland (Calif.) Museum, divined that here there would be "something doing." And he was right. Narrating his experience in the New York *World*, he tells us:

> The sea was open, and the waves went dashing over the jagged masses of stone. High points of granite upreared, between

CORRECT JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN



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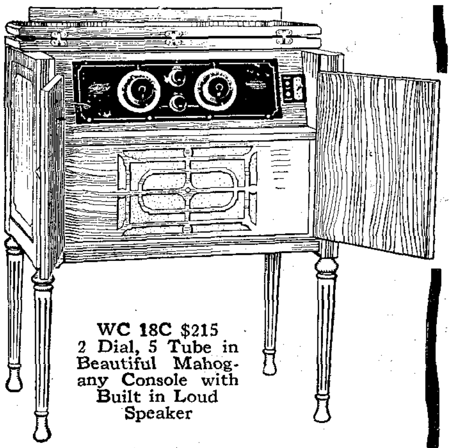

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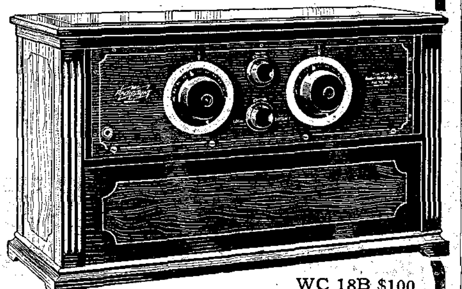

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

which were crevices and valleys where the waves poured in and ran out. It was a sight to watch the sea-lions, as we did with much cranking of camera handles. The beasts were simply of prodigious size, the males running to an average of two tons, the females of four hundred pounds upward.

You can bet that by now my blood was up. At last we had run into something that was good and easy. We could get close-ups with a vengeance. It wasn't anything like the case of the polar bear we had filmed. We got close-ups of him all right, but we had to chase him for a day before we could get near him. Here we would just row up to the island, and no matter how those big fellows tried to scurry away, we could get them in the water. They showed no particular inclination to scurry away, tho. As we rowed on we cut through schools of them. They cleared out of our path, but displayed no wild fright and certainly no instinct of pugnacity. I was a bit disgusted, because it is good picture work to get a brute when he is showing fight. These fellows were far different from the well-known African rhinoceros. When we landed, I didn't even bother to take a gun with me. I armed myself merely with a boathook, which seemed ample protection against these huge, spineless brutes.

They hopped away from us, as we went along. The females had pups with them, which they would fling out of danger and then follow them as we approached.

We filmed this sort of thing for a while, until, as we went along, I saw an enormous bull, apparently dozing, just ahead. We made our way cautiously until we were within twenty feet of him. Sidney and I were alone. He rested his camera on a convenient rock about waist high, and ground away at the drowsy brute.

I left Sidney where he was, and took a position where, if I could draw a rush from the sea-lion, the whole action would be right for the camera. Sidney started his crank agoing round and round, and I suddenly began jumping up and down, waving my arms and yelling:

"Come on there, you! Come on!"

The sea-lion raised his head and glowered at me. I walked toward him, still yelling and capering. I was determined if he didn't show some sign of activity soon, I would crack him across the head with the boathook.

There was no need of that.

A sudden roar and prodigious movement, and the enormous body was catapulting toward me. It was amazing to see with what agility the clumsy creature moved, and it was disquieting to note the gleaming white tusks in his mouth. I realized instantly that I could not outrun him, but I could out-dodge him around the numerous juttings of stone. That would be a sweet chase for the camera to film.

I determined to let him get quite near me. But he made only two galloping leaps, and then turned. I saw that he was looking at Sidney, who was nearer to him than I was.

"Look out!" I screamed, "he's got you."

Sidney was bending over his camera. His film had run out, and he was frantically hastening to put in a fresh one. In his intense eagerness, he was oblivious to everything else. The enraged beast, turning his fury on his nearest enemy, had

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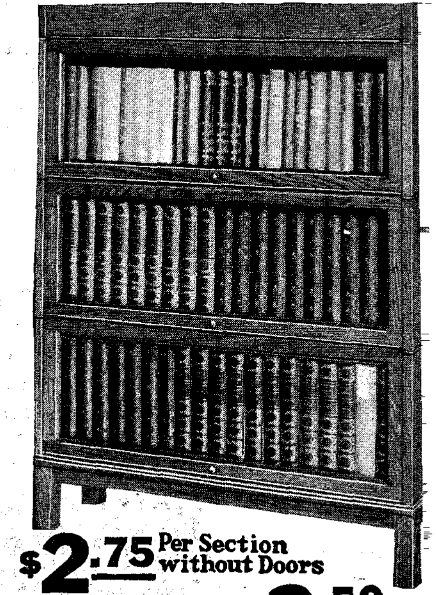

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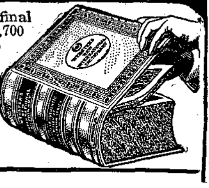

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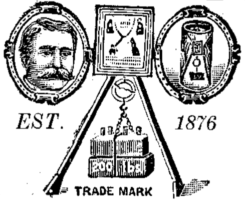

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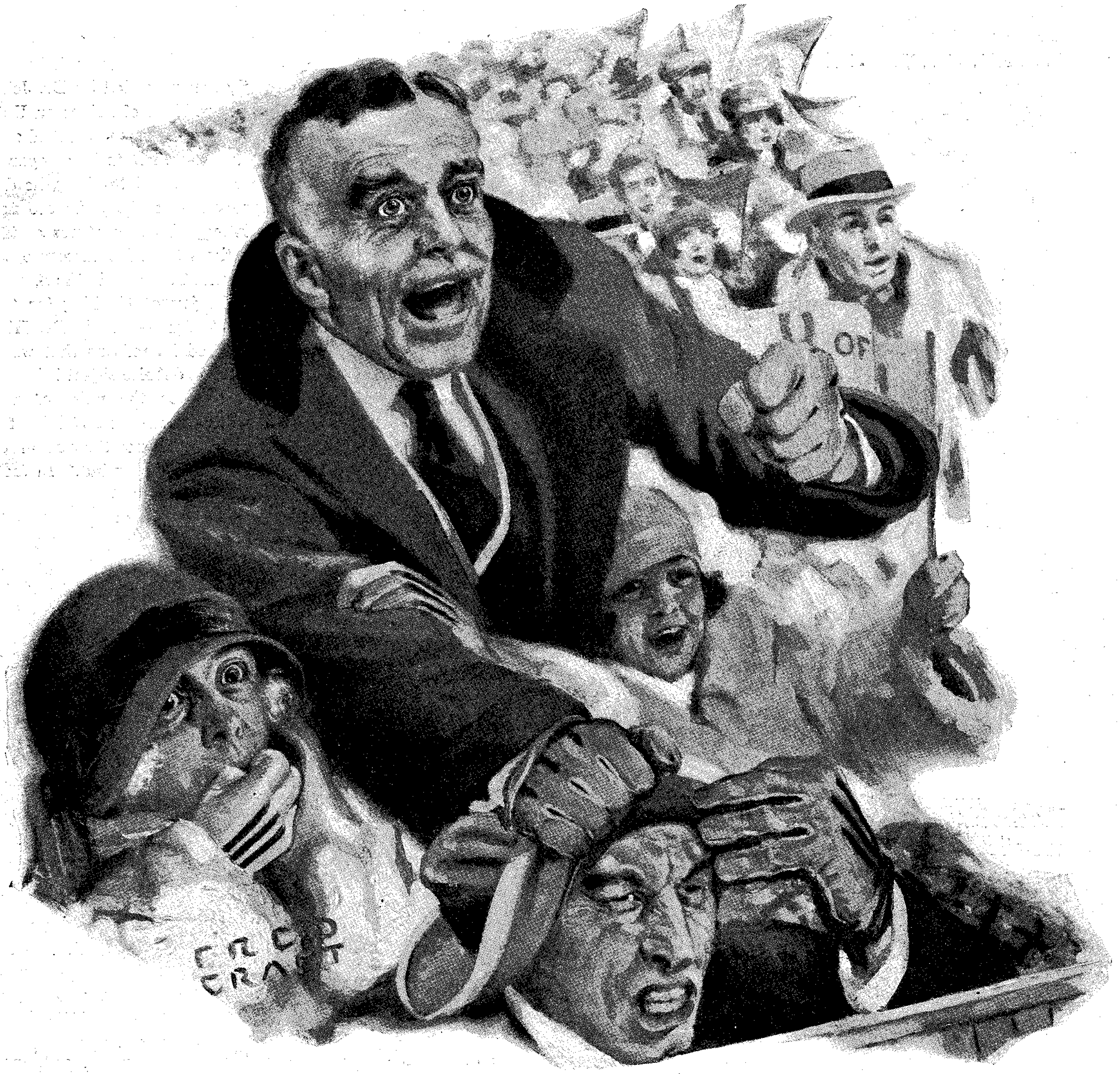

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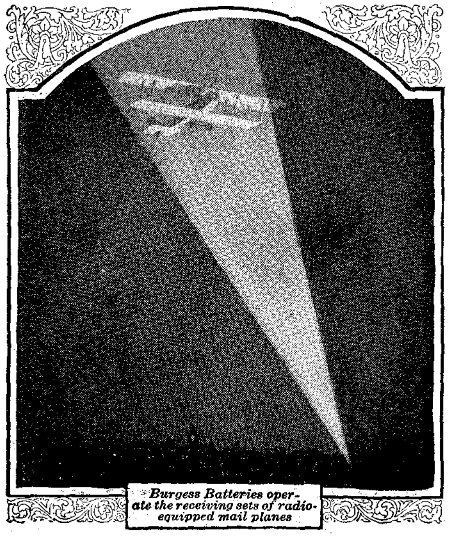

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

leapt. That enormous mass hurled itself in one gigantic propulsion, and, before the boy knew it, had struck him.

I dashed forward, yelling. To me Sidney was as good as dead. If all the life hadn't been crusht out of him by that crashing weight of two tons, he would be torn to pieces by the rending tusks.

But what really happened was as near to a miracle, declares the father, as anything he has ever seen. As he relates it:

At the first impact, a blow of the creature's flippers knocked Sidney sprawling. He fell, as it happened, in a ledge between rocks. There was the stony mass on which he had rested his camera, and a similar one behind him. The sea-lion's long body came down on these two eminences, and the boy was unhurt beneath him. The angry brute, in order to get his teeth at him, had to bound off the rocky pinnacles. But by this time I had come up to attack him with the boathook. He made for me. I turned and ran, and he followed. I dodged among the rocks, and he floundered awkwardly around the twisting turns.

Everything seemed all right now. I knew I could keep ahead of the brute. I turned into an alleyway between long rocky ledges, the big bull after me, and straight ahead of me lay a cow and a young one. I was trapt. The female sea-lion is a comparatively small creature, and under ordinary circumstances, I dare say, not particularly ferocious. But any female with young is a tough creature to handle, and even a body of only a few hundred pounds is not pleasant when it comes catapulting at you armed with a set of knifelike teeth.

In this stirring situation, so full of "punch," the genial movie man appears to have forgotten his profession. Not a thought passed through his mind, we gather, of the entertainment that his predicament would afford to a multitude of film fans, could the camera only be brought into action again. He merely tells us:

The bull was coming, and after slowing up for a moment I decided to try and dart by the cow.

She was up rearing on her flippers now, looking at me. With an incredibly swift motion she seized her pup in her teeth, tossed it sprawling far behind her, and leapt at me. I tried to duck to one side, but the long agile body swerved, and she was upon me. I frantically struck at her head with the boathook.

Have you ever seen the quick precision of trained seals? That was the way her snout flashed up. She caught the boathook out of the air and wrenched it violently out of my hand. That wrench and the impact of her body knocked me backward. I writhed away, expecting to feel the teeth at any moment. But there was a prodigious grinding and crunching. The infuriated cow had fastened her anger on the boathook, and was wrathfully chewing it to splinters. I jumped up and ran.

The bull hurled himself past the cow, and was after me again, but now I kept dodging around and around until he tired of the chase. Sidney joined me.

We returned to the boat, regretting that the bull, when he charged Sidney, had smashed the camera.

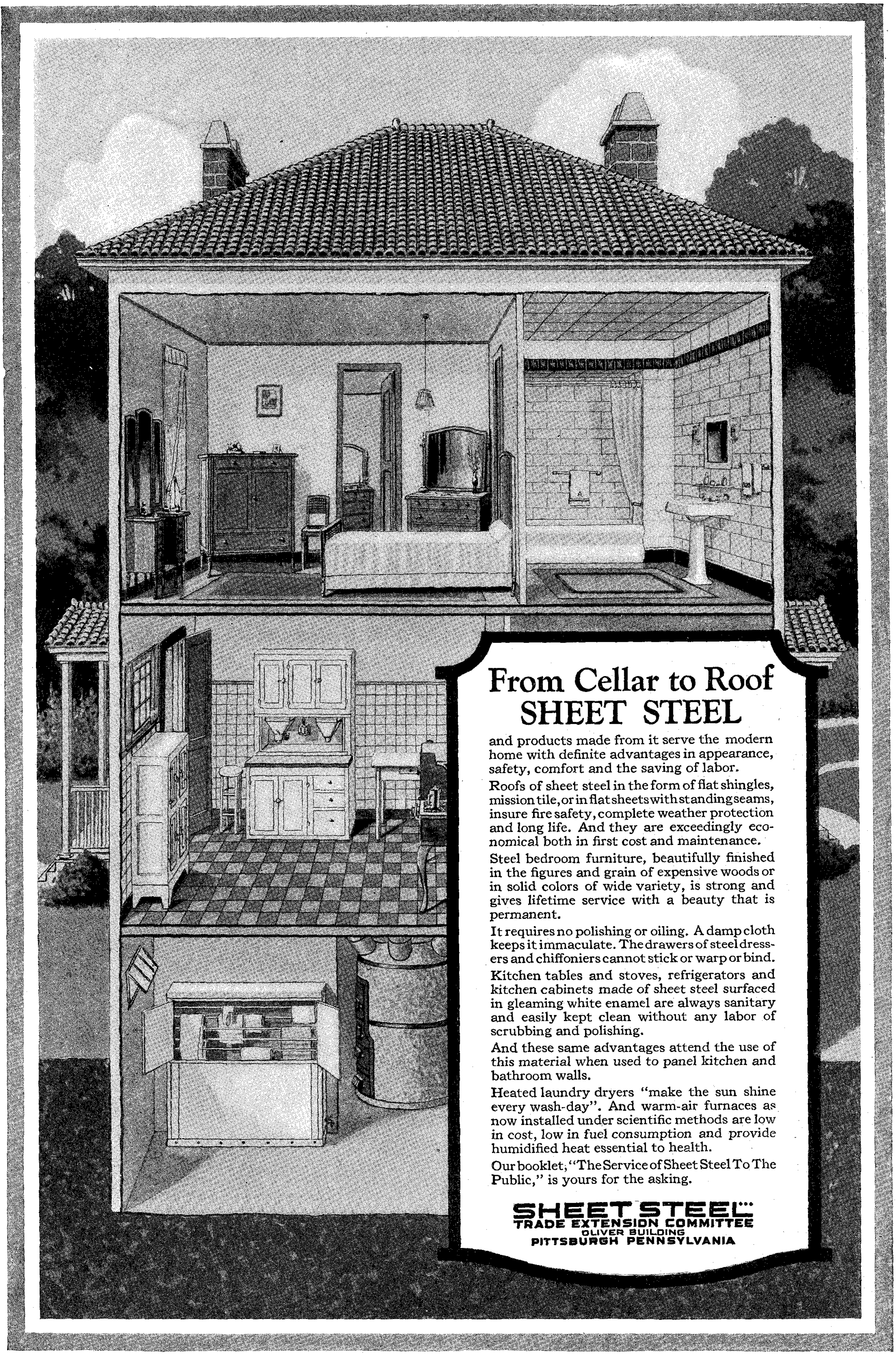
DR. HIBBEN'S PET PRESCRIPTION—BRAIN ATHLETICS

GYMNASTICS for the mind are earnestly recommended by Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University. The joys of the football field and the running-track are not to be compared with the joys of directed thinking, he declares. Adventures of the body are not more stimulating than adventures of the mind, one gathers from his discourse, as reported by James C. Young in the Kansas City *Star*. The joy of thinking for the sake of thought alone—such is Dr. Hibben's theme. And he tells us that when this thinking has a definite object it is "an enterprise to quicken the pulse of any man." But there need be no striving for a desired goal to experience the elation of little journeys within the mind. In fact, Dr. Hibben believes that the absence of a goal in the practical sense may contribute to the pleasure of speculating upon things which lie outside our busy, workaday lives. "It is in the use of the mind, and not the attainment of an object, from which this rarest of pleasures springs." Mr. Young tells of his interview with Princeton's president in these terms:

"Sitting in a broad, cool chamber of Nassau Hall, surrounded by the big trees and spreading campus of Princeton, where a long line of Princeton's presidents have presided since the hall was built in 1756, Dr. Hibben discust his exhilaration of the spirit which comes from a stirring of the mind.

"It has been said that civilized man may live without books, but can not exist deprived of his cooks," Dr. Hibben remarked. "Perhaps that is true, altho we may be certain that living without thought is a poor kind of existence. It is equally true that we must not regard thinking as an automatic function of the mind. Man in his primitive state did so little thinking that we hardly could dignify the process by that name. And we, of course, know that many persons still go through life with just as little thinking as possible. A considerable share of mankind shrinks from thinking, as something painful to the mind, and that very sensation is not unusual in a mind untaught and undisciplined. But for him who has learned to think the pain of the other mind becomes a pleasure. The making of the mind lies within the mind itself. Some men are better endowed than others, as one is stronger than his fellows, but in the broad sense we all have the making of our own minds.

"Now, what shall we do with them? It is a tendency in this teeming century of ours for most of us to think continuously along prescribed lines. The engineer thinks of his problems, the merchant of selling, the railroad executive of trains and schedules. All of this is highly necessary to complicated civilization, but there is a great personal loss, and a much larger one in the collective sense, when the engineer, the merchant and the executive think of nothing but problems, selling and schedules. Each of the three is likely to have an excellent mind, well-geared to grapple with difficult things, or new circumstances. Success in any vocation requires sustained thinking and that sort of thinking makes the mind supple, strong



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and products made from it serve the modern home with definite advantages in appearance, safety, comfort and the saving of labor.

Roofs of sheet steel in the form of flat shingles, mission tile, or in flat sheets with standing seams, insure fire safety, complete weather protection and long life. And they are exceedingly economical both in first cost and maintenance.

Steel bedroom furniture, beautifully finished in the figures and grain of expensive woods or in solid colors of wide variety, is strong and gives lifetime service with a beauty that is permanent.

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Kitchen tables and stoves, refrigerators and kitchen cabinets made of sheet steel surfaced in gleaming white enamel are always sanitary and easily kept clean without any labor of scrubbing and polishing.

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Heated laundry dryers "make the sun shine every wash-day". And warm-air furnaces as now installed under scientific methods are low in cost, low in fuel consumption and provide humidified heat essential to health.

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And the answer is that there is now an easy new way to make a bathroom more beautiful, at little expense. The improvement that a spotlessly clean, all-white toilet seat can make in the appearance of a bathroom is certainly surprising. There is nothing you can do to equal it at so little cost.

And it adds a certain refinement which people who care about such things insist upon having. It makes the bathroom the sort of room you can be proud to have guests use.

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This is the title of an attractively illustrated little book of sixteen pages, just off the press, that tells the story of the interesting way in which one woman discovered how to make her bathroom more attractive. If you have sometimes wished that your own bathroom looked a little more attractive, this book will certainly be of value to you, and it is FREE.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and capable. But it is true that years of usage for one purpose will fray the best minds. Variety must be had."

It was suggested to Dr. Hibben that a multitude of Americans would be interested in a few indications of just how they should go about the matter of finding this pleasure. In response to which—

"Well," he answered, after a contemplative pause, "suppose we assume that a man likes flowers. If he fancies their beauty it is more than a fair hazard that the man has a sense of delicacy, an appreciation of the beautiful. Maybe he never has exprest the matter that way, even to himself; perhaps has not understood it. But such a man should find absorbing pleasure in the study of flowers. I venture the assertion, as a problem in experimental psychology, that this man would experience a pleasing sensation of the eye and mind on first opening a book of botany, probably with colored plates of many flowers that he never saw before. From that first urge of interest it would be a short step to perusal of the printed pages, setting forth accurate descriptions of the buds as pictured, opening a broad, new vista to the mind. The sequence between first interest and intensive application in a case of that kind really is very simple and familiar to all of those who study mental phenomena.

"Wherever man's mind has caught the glint of interest, or the spirit has suggested a favored field of inquiry, study becomes easy. We have all known the sort of man who is intensely restless the moment that he lacks an occupation. On a rainy day, waiting for a train, or otherwise idle, a man of this kind frets endlessly until the rain stops or the train arrives. But that same man, by a little training of the mind, could shut out the impressions of an unpleasant situation and put his mind to thinking upon pleasurable things. It is quite possible to overlook the thing of the moment and enjoy something that is past or to come. But we may go even further and think of impersonal things when our physical beings are somewhat wretched, until the mind cheers the spirit and we presently find ourselves wholly comfortable, even oblivious of the things around us."

In view of the wide educational advantages open to such a large number of Americans and the universal consumption of the printed word, Dr. Hibben was asked if he saw in these conditions a tendency toward broader thinking. His answer was enlightening.

"Sometimes I think that the habit of indiscriminate reading does not conduce to thought, but really impairs it," he said. "In our era of fair education for so great a number of people it is easy for a host to read but not always to think. And this ease of reading makes it unnecessary to undertake thinking; it encourages the lazy habit of accepting the thought already put forth by another mind. We pick up the current newspapers or magazines and find there, ready-made for us, a great mass of ideas. In a measure the perusal of these ideas by the medium of reading furnishes an excellent mental exercise, but there is an inclination to receive the printed statement as such and not bother our heads about the truth or half truth which it represents.

"This kind of reading soon leads into the

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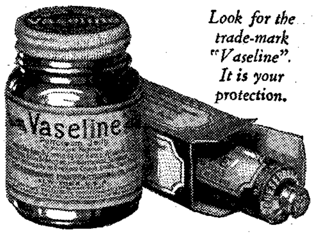

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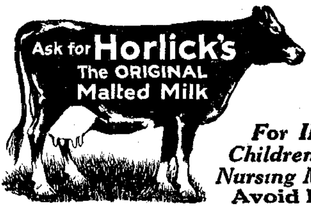

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> error of letting our writers think for us, and that is a bad sign of mental sloth. It is well enough to read, but also let us weigh. Speaking in the broad sense, we never should permit others to form our opinions or restrict the play of our own faculties.
>
> "Whether we are thinking for pleasure or in our daily affairs I would urge the necessity of concentration. Without complete concentration thinking is of little avail. The open book or the unbounded subject will be of little appeal to the wandering mind. Concentration is an art. When we have difficulty in holding our mind to its occupation of the moment we should try the imposition of artificial tasks in order to cultivate concentration.
>
> "As we have no hesitation in exercising the flabby muscle to give it strength, in the same way we should endeavor to fasten attention by the device of fixing our eyes steadfastly upon an object for a stated number of minutes. At the first trial this may be difficult, but a little practise will make the thing possible for many minutes. That is concentration in a simple and not very pleasant form. But the concentration that comes to us through application to an idea may be made the greatest elation which the spirit knows."

Dr. Hibben pointed out a few other aids to thinking. Accurate observation he regards as one of the first conditions. He recommends the habit of carefully noting a scene so that the details may be repeated at will, an excellent practise for the mind. He has reached the conviction that no worth-while achievement is possible without the power of bringing the mind to focus at will. And Mr. Young continues:

> He also believes that the habit of taking notes in general reading is a helpful device to clear and pleasurable thinking. These notes may be referred to later, when the view-point has had time to change. It then becomes an interesting study, whether the mind reacts on a second consideration as it did at first. The extension of this little exercise to a written consideration of the matter in hand he recommends as an even better process of thought, because the written words gain a certain power from the mere writing, just as thinking does from the impetus of thought.
>
> "Sometimes we meet the impression that education consists in acquiring knowledge, as a dictionary is filled with words," continued Dr. Hibben, "but that certainly is not the ideal here at Princeton. A basis of knowledge is fundamental to thinking, but we never should confuse erudition with wisdom. The real purpose of education, of wisdom itself, is to learn the art and science of living.
>
> "When the end of the day comes and our tasks are done, then is the time to hold converse with our minds. By all means choose an edifying subject. It may be flowers, a man's garden, or the high art of a Doric column. But whatever the thing shall be, if it has appeal to the mind, that faculty will respond with much joy at the opportunity to run away for a while from the cares of life."
>
> Dr. Hibben emphasized that the old injunction about sensible men keeping their feet on the ground did not mean that their heads must be held there as well. "It is necessary to lift our heads into the clouds," he said. "How else should we ever aspire to those fine heights of the mind or satisfy the nobility of the spirit?"

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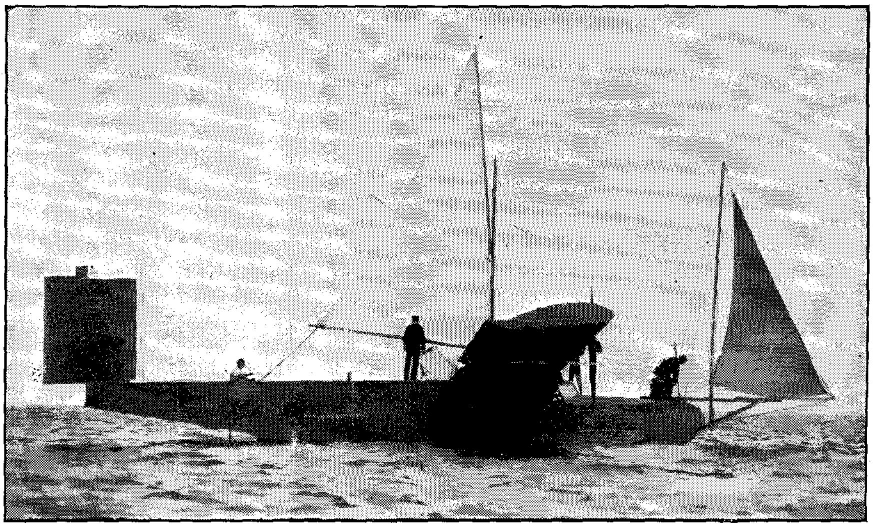
MOTORING AND AVIATION

Y'HEAVE HO! FOR A SAUCY FLYING SCHOONER



SAILING THE SEA IN A FLYING BOAT

This example of the new paradox in amphibious craft was constructed by Dornier for the Japanese Government.

A FLYING YACHT or a sailing airplane—whichever you choose to call it—is the latest paradox in aviation, or in navigation, or in both. It is as much an established fact as the duck-billed platypus, as may be seen by the photograph reproduced on this page, and the English in particular are delighted with it. A seafaring people, they find a flying boat more adapted to their understanding and instincts when it is fitted with sails to cleave the raging main. At least, that is the way some chroniclers explain the national enthusiasm for the schooner that can wing its way aloft like Tom Bowling. It reminds them that Britannia rules the waves, and we read that it has stimulated notably their already keen interest in aviation. "The combination of seamanship with airmanship has struck a responsive note in their island consciousness." New forms of aquatic and aerial sport are suggested—yachting races, for instance, with one leg on the water and one in the air. The first flying sailboat to be constructed, we learn from a London wireless to the New York *Times*, was designed for the British Government, and has been handed over to the Royal Air Force for trials. As we read:

> Special masts and sails of light material, over 1,000 square feet in all, will enable the airplane to be quickly converted into a trim sailing ship should its 250-horse-power Napier engines fail to work and force descents on the water.
>
> The plane is expected to reduce materially the dangers of long flights over large bodies of water, and if it proves successful it should encourage attempts to fly to the United States.
>
> Experts describe the flying boat as "very remarkable." It was designed by Dr. Rohrbach, a German engineer. Neither wood, wire nor fabric has been used and the original idea was to develop planes for open sea reconnaissance work with the fleet.
>
> The plane is a four-seater and its whole structure is protected by a special process against the corrosive action of the sea. Another advantage derived from the all-duralumin construction is the fact that the mechanics can walk to all parts of the plane without fear of damaging it, and even while it is resting on the water the mechanics can stand on the wings to make repairs. Likewise the engines can be reached when the craft is in flight.
>
> If the tests prove satisfactory the plane, it is said, will be used as the "eyes" of the British Navy.

Meanwhile another inventor, Dornier, who built the two planes used by Captain Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth in their attempt to fly to the North Pole, has devised another method of attaching and raising a mast and sails on a seaplane, enabling it to sail home as a yacht. Of the Rohrbach model we read in *The Popular Science Monthly:*

> High above the waters of the Baltic Sea recently a seaplane soared. Suddenly it dived, straightened out within a few feet of the water, and soon was skimming the waves. Observers watched the maneuver with interest that changed to astonishment when they saw two sails rise and spread their white canvas on the hull of the now floating airplane. The sound of powerful engines was reduced by half; evidently only one was running. Then that too was silenced, and the plane scudded through the water, with a snappy breeze behind the sails, as smoothly as any sailboat, tho with less grace, owing to the appearance presented by the two great

engines raised above the hull of the plane and the wide-spread wings with their upward slant.

This astonishing new type of all-metal flying sailboat was completed and tested a few weeks ago by the Rohrbach Metal Aeroplane Company of Copenhagen. It is constructed of duralumin and built on principles used in bridge and shipbuilding work, that is, of riveted girders and plates. This structure permits of large wing spans and the use of more powerful engines. But the real feature of the Rohrbach seaplane is its ability to carry sails, a mainsail, foresail, and jib. These sails are collapsible and may be spread to the wind or collapsed at will.

They serve as auxiliaries to the airplane engines, providing an added element of safety on long cruises. Should one engine fail, the other would still keep the plane going; but should both engines fail, the sails would carry the boat along until the engines had been repaired or until help arrived.

Again, should a tempest drive the plane far from its appointed course, and the fuel supply run low—the sails could be resorted to and the fuel supply conserved.

The Rohrbach plane is described as "of the monoplane type, with cantilever wings set at an unusually acute angle, which is said to aid materially in the machine's control." The wings are so strong that the crew can walk safely along them, a feature that is of considerable value in docking. There are two auxiliary stabilizing pontoons situated under the wings, as well as a beaching trolley. We read further:

> The hull itself is divided into water-tight compartments by bulkheads and is designed so that the machine will float with any two compartments flooded. The two great 12-cylinder engines are mounted above the hull on hollow metal struts that carry the motors and propellers clear of the wing structure. They will develop a speed of 1,800 revolutions a minute, furnishing approximately 720 brake horse-power. This newest seaplane marks a distinct new departure in aeronautics.

Meanwhile the British zeal over the new sporting possibilities of cleaving the waves on an airplane is greatly aided by the fact that the nation was already keyed up to the wholesale adoption of flying as a sport. We read in another *Times* wireless:

> When the London Light Aeroplane Club was formally opened to-day, England's most expensive sport made its official bow. The membership of this unique club is restricted to 100, but the list, which runs the entire social scale from dukes to butchers, is already full and scores of applicants are clamoring to get in.
>
> While the desire to learn to fly for its sporting possibilities no doubt prompted many to join, the British Government attaches much greater importance to the club, which is the first of six to be established in Great Britain. Sir Philip Sassoon, who officially opened the club as Under Secretary of the Air, declared the ideal of the club is "to make a nation of airmen" for any future emergency.
>
> Mrs. Elliott Lynn, famous English athlete, who was the first member to take the air in a tuition flight, said, upon descending, that the women of England

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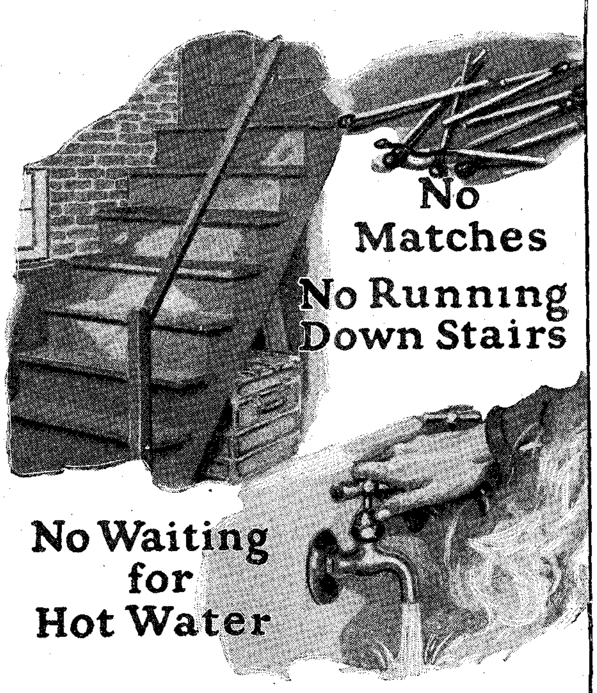

PREMIER
For those who want "the best" of everything, the Premier *is the kind of a bargain always offered by the finest quality. The price of the No. 2 size, 23-gallon capacity for average homes, f. o. b. factory is*
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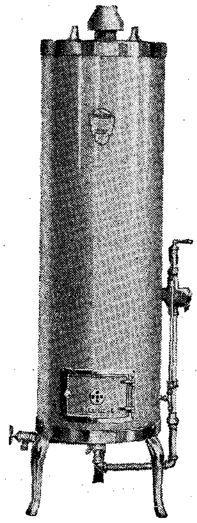

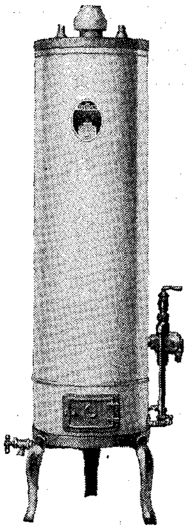

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Just reduced from $90, the Keystone *is a good water heater, now offered at a $20 saving. It resembles the* Premier *in many particulars; only its materials are slightly less expensive. The No. 2 for average homes is shown. Price is f. o. b. factory*
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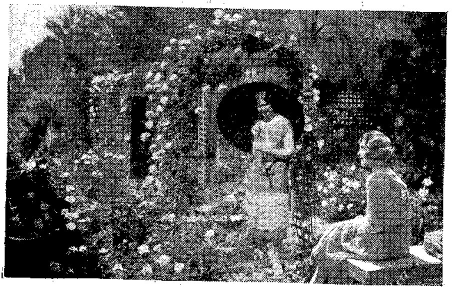

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

were equally determined to make Great Britain a nation of "air women" as well.

Sir Philip Sassoon called on the nation to build up a big reserve of air pilots and popularize flying by developing the "air sense" so necessary to the achievement of the club's ideal. "It is up to you," he told the assembled members, "to help the Government to wean away the airplane from its association with war, by making it a powerful agent for civilization and peace."

Mrs. Lynn was enthusiastic over her first lesson. "I think this new movement will attract a host of women," she is quoted as saying, "and may quite easily lead to the establishment of a veritable army of women pilots." We read further:

> The club is equipped with little aerial runabouts or "moths" of sixty horsepower and fitted with every possible foolproof appliance.
>
> The British Government is backing the light airplane movement, but has called on its wealthy subjects to lend their financial support in the interest of the nation. Sir Sefton Branckner, Director of Civil Aviation, who postponed an air trip to Egypt long enough to be present to-day, asserted the movement was "of greatest importance to Great Britain," being, as it is, a thoroughly organized campaign to train a vast army of airmen for any war which may come in the future.

HOW 400 PLANES COULD DEMOLISH PARIS

THAT Paris and London could be destroyed in a single night by fleets of bomb-dropping airplanes is the realistic argument of a French aviation expert. In an article written shortly before the recent international agreement at Locarno, he points out that Paris is within range of all modern airplanes of great carrying capacity. Recalling the effect of a single heavy bomb on a group of houses, he draws the conclusion that 120,000 such bombs, dropt on the capital and its suburbs, would be capable of practically total destruction of the French capital. And, he adds, "fire and poison would complete the sinister work of the explosives within a few hours. Not only almost every individual house would be struck, but the railroad stations, the factories and all the buildings which through their activities assure the life and the defense of the nation, would be annihilated." Writing anonymously in *Les Ailes* ("Wings," a Paris aviation journal), on "The Aero-Chemical Menace," he draws attention to the fact that Paris is less than 250 miles from the right bank of the Rhine, and then he develops his argument thus:

> Let us stipulate, if you so wish, that the airplanes must have a radius of action of 625 miles in order to accomplish their designs. This is easily true of a great number of large planes which are in existence and with which we are familiar. With

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commercial planes, so-called, 625 miles can be covered at the speed of 125 miles an hour while carrying from 2,200 to 2,640 pounds of bombs. In the case of test planes planned for bombardments, which are now being experimented with, the amount of bombs carried can be raised to 5,500 and even 6,600 pounds. These are figures which have been realized and therefore are within the domain of actuality.

Another reality is that during the winter season these planes can make the same voyage twice during the same night. A fleet consisting of only 500 planes would therefore mean one thousand trips, each plane thus taking part in two successive bombardments of Paris.

These facts enable us to give a quick sketch of such an operation. If each plane were to carry only 3,300 pounds, and if we were to allow for 20 per cent. loss in effectiveness as a result of engine troubles, etc., only 400 planes could fulfil their mission. These 400 planes would drop 1,200 tons of bombs on the Paris region in two trips!

This is the menace which, despite what one says or pretends, hangs over France, and in face of which it is impossible to remain indifferent.

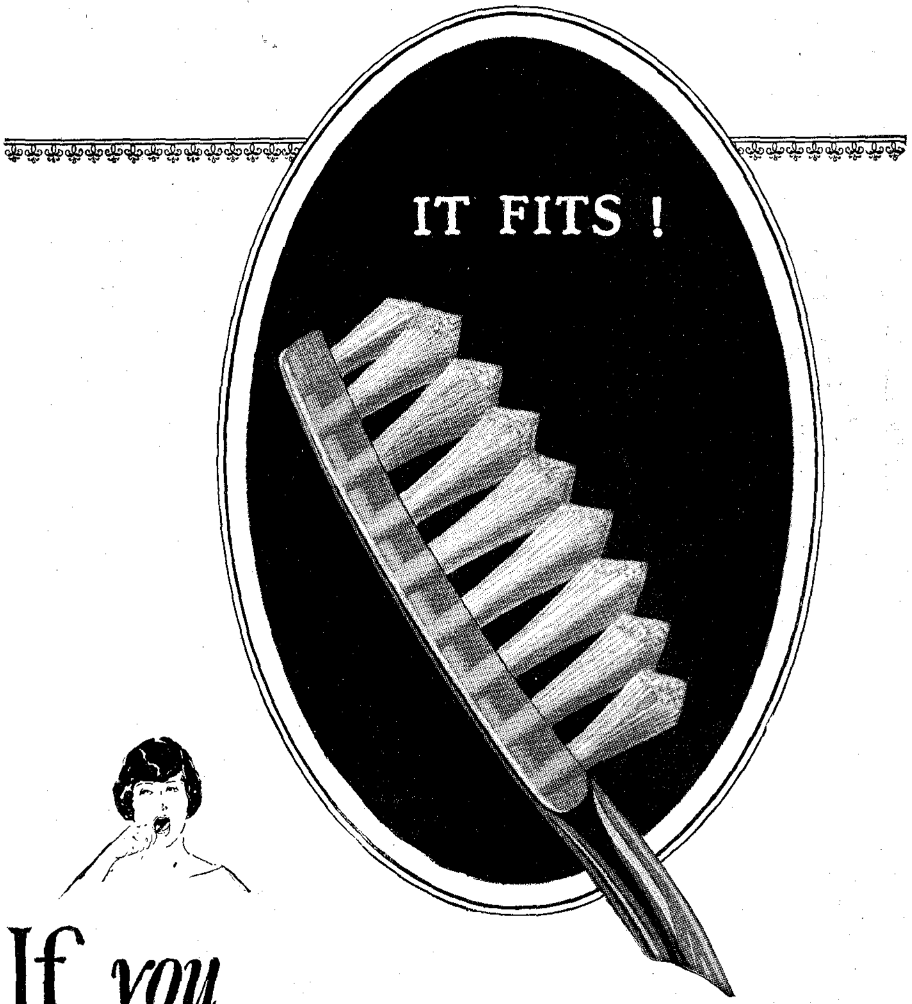
Besides, we are not the only ones to be the objectives of this menace. If Paris is less than 250 miles from the right bank of the Rhine, London is not much farther away. And because of this fact London is exposed to the same danger as Paris. On London, too, 1,200 tons of bombs could be dropt in a single night, and it is even likely that once the operation had been carried out on Paris, it would be repeated on the following night, or the night after, on London, while Warsaw and Prague would await their turns.

In reality in the sphere of military matters and transportation, aviation has done away with distances. A town which, thanks to its geographical position or because of the distance separating it from its frontiers, formerly believed itself at least temporarily safe from the blows of the enemy, now finds itself confronted by dangers which are all the greater in comparison to its importance as a center.

By-and-by, as aviation extends the domain of its possibilities, it makes the eventuality of a war more formidable and renders more necessary the study of proper means to avoid its realization. This eventuality is so terrible that it must be considered, it must be contemplated despite agreements, treaties, "declarations of peace," with which attempts are made to reassure us.

To rule means to foresee. That is, to foresee the return of past conditions when, despite the sonorous treaties, particularly those signed at The Hague, we went through not only the war of 1914–1918, but the bombardment of open towns and the use of asphyxiating gases. One must foresee the case where one of the signatories might not observe the agreement reached, and where, having a powerful air fleet, he might be tempted to make use of it in order to begin again his old dream of European hegemony and supremacy. It would be a real crime against the nation not to remember the lessons of history—lessons still so near to us—and to forget the formidable power a strong and organized air force gives to a nation of dubious intentions.

It is pointed out that the destruction of Paris need not necessarily be delayed until after a declaration of war, and that the success of such a blow would be "simply



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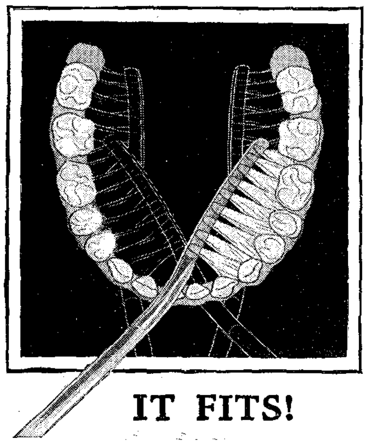

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

a question of preparation and organization" on the part of the nation attempting it. The writer continues:

> But one might say, what interest of an eventual aggressor would such an action serve? That of satisfying the fundamental elementary rule of every war: make speed, strike a heavy blow, a decisive blow at the beginning in order to obtain immediately all the advantages which it would bring. Consider for a moment the disastrous consequences which would have followed the capture of Paris in 1914. Contemplate the consequences of the destruction of the capital by a hostile air fleet which *within less than twenty-four hours* would all at once annihilate the life of our great city, the indisputable center of French thought and resistance.
>
> The brutal suppression of all moral and effective activity in the region of Paris would be the most precious pledge the enemy could have of a certain, swift victory. To stop thus the movement of all the railroads, the factories and consequently to halt mobilization, to make the rulers and the ruled despair, to provoke almost certainly fear and demoralization arising from popular uprisings—all this is well worth the risk of meeting with the momentary reproach of the other nations who have kept out of the fray.

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Telling the story in *Collier's*, Myron M. Stearns relates that his wife "got a paper and pencil and began to do imaginative writing." The narrator remarks:

> She wanted to make that trip. Of course I'm head of the family and all that, but what was it Cox called himself at the Democratic convention? The "titular head" of the party, I think it was. . . . We decided to make the trip.
>
> But we decided to go by automobile. That way, the paper and pencil showed, we would save a lot of money.
>
> The idea was that we could travel almost as cheaply as we could stay at home. To me it sounded rather fantastic. But the results are worth telling about.
>
> I bought an old seven-passenger closed

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car, 1917 model, for $400. The company said it was in shape to go to the Pacific Coast and back with only minor repairs. It was a reliable company. New tires and a few extras brought the total to $550. A camping outfit—tent, sleeping bags, portable stove, and so on—totaled nearly $200 more. There was the whole of our one-way transportation to California spent already and not a mile to show for it yet.

These preliminaries took a good while, and before we were ready to go winter set in. We started the second of December, before daylight. There was snow on the ground.

Except on stormy nights, we camped out. It was cold, and child No. 4 complained bitterly. His feet ached. His hands were numb. So were his mother's. We wouldn't have thought for a moment of putting up with such conditions at home. Still, none of us died. None of us even caught cold. Inside the car, after we'd broken camp, we were comfortable enough. But by the time we got as far as the middle of Kansas we decided there was no use rubbing it in, and turned South, straight down to Fort Worth.

There's one of the first things you discover about automobile touring: to change your plans, all you have to do is turn the wheel. You don't have a ticket that reads: "Good only via Cheyenne." Mexico is not much farther from Missouri than Canada is. A day in one direction costs no more than a day in any other. It all depends on the weather and the roads.

We averaged 200 miles a day, camping out all but five nights. We weren't really touring; we were traveling. It was pretty hard work. That very thing kept us all in good shape. On the hotel nights we failed to get the necessary outdoor exercise, and as a result were, without exception, more ragged at the end of the succeeding day. Fort Worth, El Paso, Deming, Tucson and Yuma. Eighteen days from the Eastern suburbs of New York to the Western suburbs of Los Angeles. Cost of trip, aside from the initial outlay: $385. Gasoline and oil, $140—high, because the car was old and weighed 4,800 pounds; repairs and minor garage charges, $45; hotel bills, $90; food and sundries, $110.

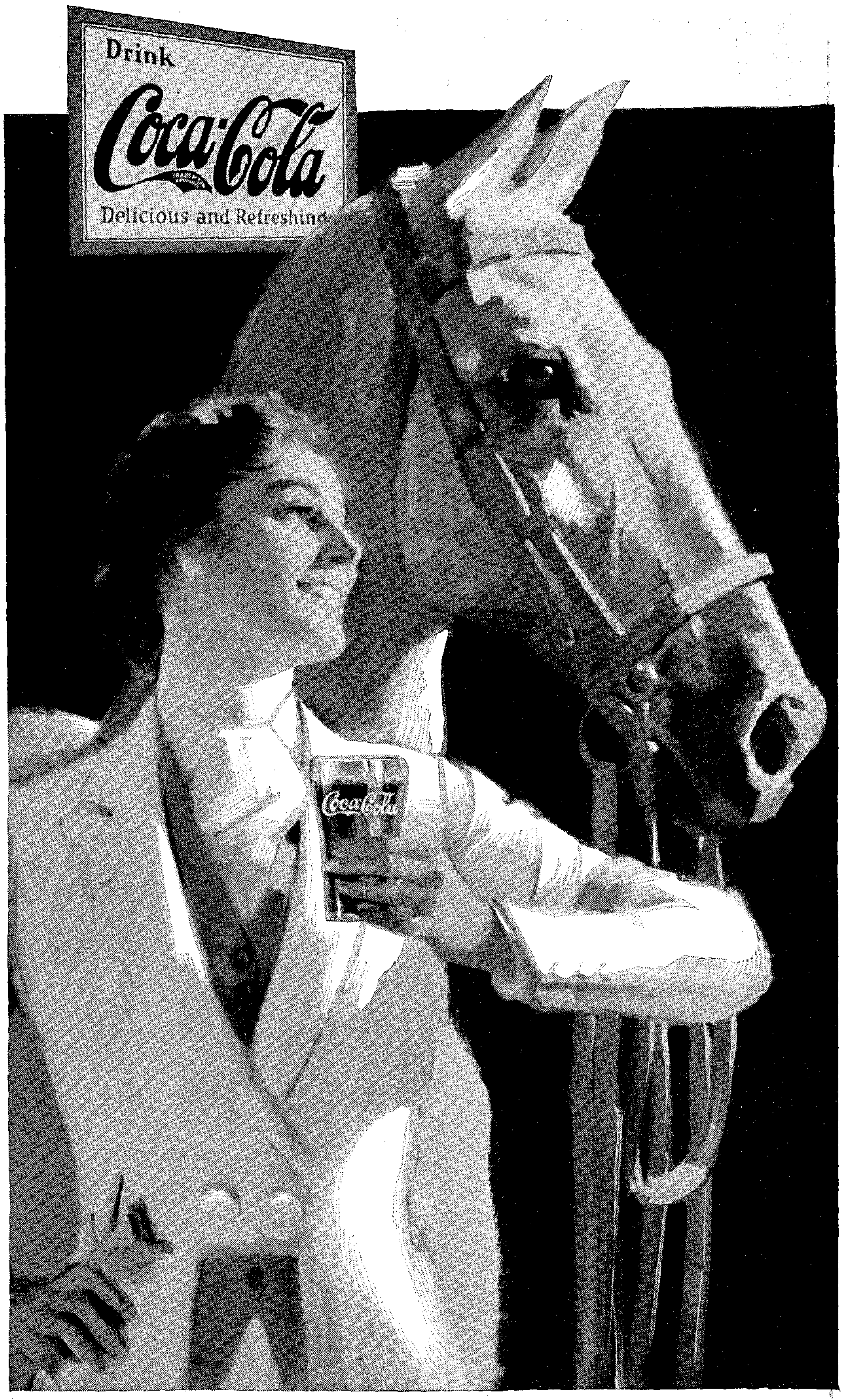
Coming back, the expense was a little less. Nineteen days on the road, but only one night in a hotel. It was the spring of the year, with a lucky run of warm weather and mostly dry roads. Total, $350.

Total living and transportation expenses, New York to California and return, aside from initial outlay, $735. Add the preliminary expenses and a garage bill for going over the machine before the return trip, and you get a total almost exactly the same as the round-trip railroad expense.

But note this: the total includes family living expenses for more than five weeks. Also we still have the camp equipment and the old car; the service-station people say it's in shape to start out again to-morrow.

Mr. Stearns mentions that the family living expenses at home run close to $200 a week. Figuring $1,000 for five weeks, the trip to California and back cost less, aside from the outlay for automobile and camping outfit, than it would have cost the whole family to stay home for the same length of time. The writer goes on:

Living expenses at $200 a week may seem pretty high for a family of six. But so is the $735 trip expense; our gasoline was



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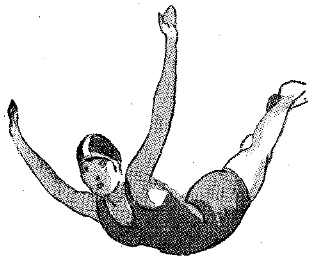

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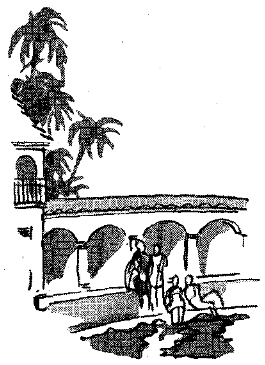

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MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

pulling three tons and a half—car, baggage and crew. A friend of mine made the trip in a Ford with his wife and baby for less than half what it cost us.

We're planning to go again next winter. We figure that, if we make the trip as cheaply as we did this time, we will cut our running expenses $250 over a five-week period by going to California instead of staying at home!

We have allowed ourselves to become overgrown with the minor conventions and necessities of a complex civilization. Olives and celery on the table, white collars and cuffs, table-cloths, shoe polish, gowns, house dresses, taxis, the theater and all the rest. When you start "touring," in the sense that we did, all that expenditure suddenly stops. Lunch may be eaten on stools at a lunch counter, or, perhaps, will consist merely of sandwiches beside a brook. (Note: This does not apply to Arizona. Our experience with brooks in Arizona and New Mexico was very meager.) In the evening a single main dish—steak, say, with an abundance of bread and butter, and perhaps lettuce. Always plenty of milk. In the morning hot cocoa and eggs. Good milk, eggs, and butter, we found, we could buy anywhere. Only at home, close to a big city, are fresh eggs hard to get. In one place we paid 18 cents a pound for sirloin steak; at our local market it is 48 cents.

Clothes and minor accessories the same way; there is saving in cosmetics and toilet preparations alone.

Everywhere we met "tourists" of all descriptions who had discovered, as we had, this way to escape the complexities of modern existence. In some parts of Indiana few houses along the boulevard are without their sign: "Rooms for Tourists." Nearly every town, every city, every hamlet in the country now has its tourist camp. It may be only an empty field beside the railroad track. It may be —as at El Paso, Los Angeles and dozens of other cities—an elaborate affair with gas for cooking and shower baths and a central reception-room. The records of the United States Forest Service show that last year something like ten million people toured the roads or visited the free camp grounds of the National Forests alone.

The casual "tourist," we found, has five sets of stopping places. He can go to a hotel; there is wide range in these. At one little place in Kansas when I laid my 200 pounds of meat and muscle on the bed it came down with a crash that threatened to take the whole shindig with it.

Next to hotels come "bungalow camps." These are a new development. They flourish particularly in the Southwest, but are rapidly spreading to all parts of the country. A bungalow camp will have from three or four little one-room houses up to possibly fifty or more. Beside each tent-house is parking space for an automobile. Inside each has a table, benches, a double bed with wire springs but without mattress or bedding, and a stove or plate for cooking. The charge is the same for a family of eighteen as for a bachelor traveling alone: $1, $1.25 or possibly $1.50 a night—rarely more.

Such camps represent an investment, frequently, of $15,000 or $20,000. They are run, usually, in connection with a grocery store and a filling station that

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supply tourist needs. At some mattresses and bedding can be rented. Some are scrupulously clean; others are not. But all, the clean and the unclean, are filled, during "the season," to overflowing. Nearly all that we found are either building or contemplating building additional quarters; the tourist public is increasing by leaps and bounds, and any family desiring a "private bungalow" will do well to apply before sundown.

Most of the bungalow camps, we are told, are run on a very close margin of profit. "One proprietor who charged a dollar a night per bungalow told me that he just about broke even on expense, including depreciation and stolen articles." And the writer quotes this camp-master as explaining:

"The profit is in the store and filling station. On the whole, my outfit here brings me in more money than the same investment would in a hotel."

Another set of "tourist camps" furnishes the third category. These have no elaborate equipment or housing arrangements. They include both the public and private variety, the latter charging usually a fee of 25 cents—occasionally 50 cents—for a night's camping privileges. Running water is usually available, and sometimes fuel. There is frequently a watchman, who sees to it that no one steals from you except your fellow travelers, and often there is in addition a fringe of electric lights that discourages robbers as well as sleep.

Still another type of camping ground is available, here and there, near isolated farmhouses or filling stations in open country. Sometimes there is a charge and sometimes not. As a general rule, butter and milk and eggs can be found at the filling station or farm. "Filling station," I take it, will soon apply along the tourist lanes to men as well as machines.

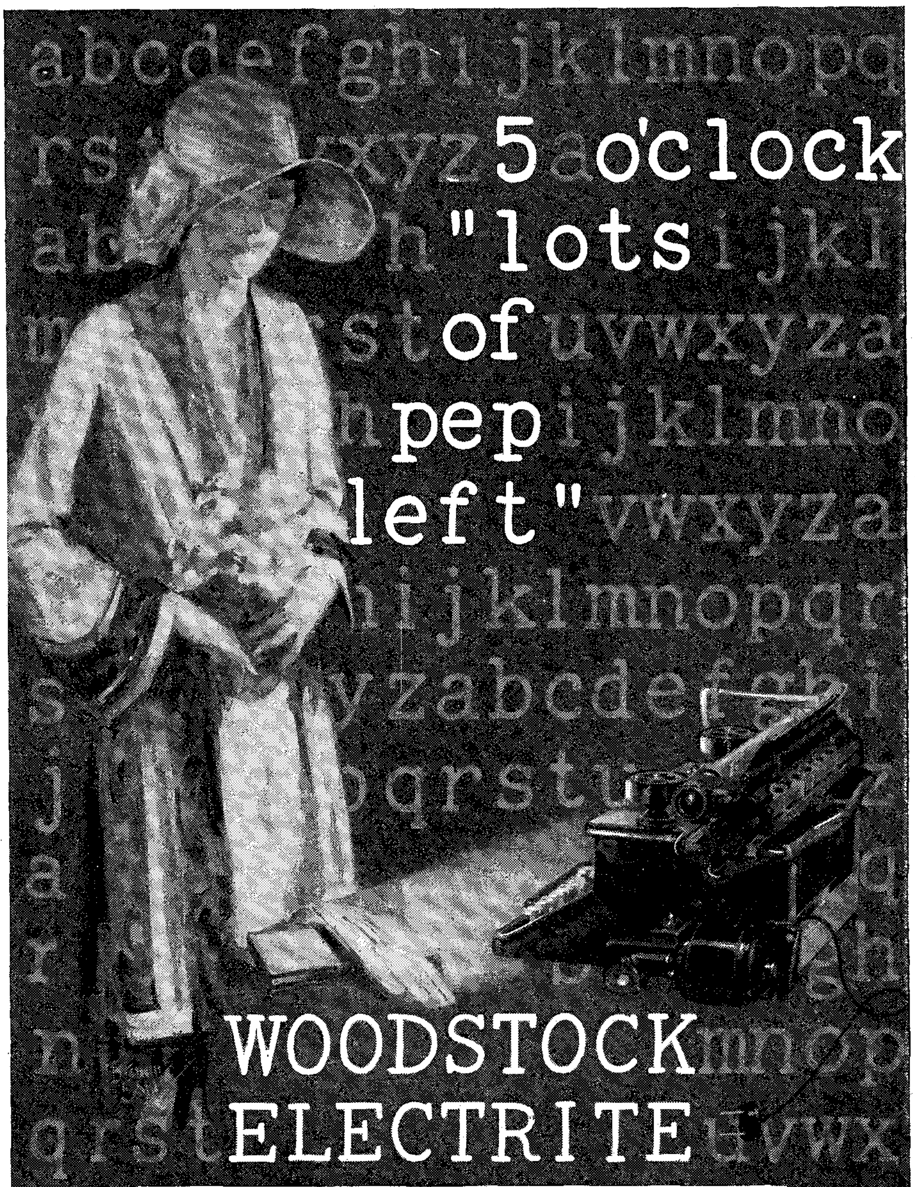
The fifth class is just "no place at all"—a field or a hillside above the road or the open desert. But there to-day are so many "automobile tourists" of so many varieties that in many parts of the country such camping places are regarded as far from desirable. Besides, you may have to travel many miles before you come to a place unguarded by barbed-wire, "No Tourists" signs, a belligerent watchdog or a still more belligerent farmer.

We tried 'em all.

The bungalow camps were richest in human interest. Decidedly so.

At Dodge City we found a comparatively new camp that advertised itself as "the cleanest camp on the entire highway." I'm inclined to think it was. It couldn't have been any cleaner without having the floor boards scrubbed entirely away. It had been open only five months. It represented an outlay of about $11,000. It had shower baths with hot and cold water, and a separate long dining pavilion, available for all. Already, the proprietor told me, his guests had stolen 125 cane-bottomed chairs.

"You see," he explained, "right now in the early spring it's a sorta bad time. The regular tourists don't come till summer; they have more money. But the bunch that comes along now—well, they're apt to be trying to get back from California without money enough to make the trip, or 'most anything." I started guiltily, but said nothing. "Sometimes they underestimate what it'll cost 'em; they have a breakdown or have to get a new tire they



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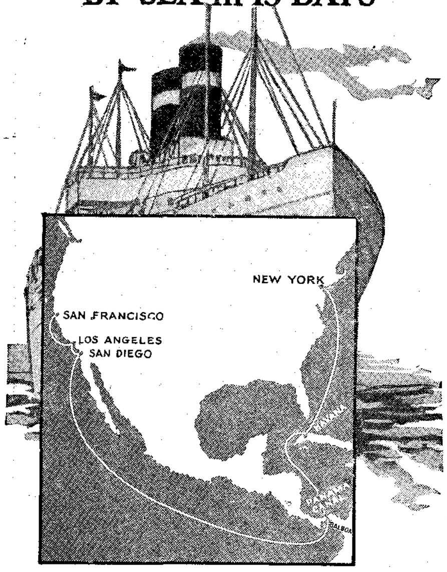

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

didn't count on or mebbe got run into by somebody. Then they blow in here, dead broke."

About one in ten, he estimated, of the tourists who came to his camp are "no good." "They'll steal anything," he complained. "Coal-hods, stove-lifters, wash-basins; anything that will hold water is sure to be took. They're always looking for things that'll hold water. One man paid twenty-five cents rent for a mattress, only last week, and then took it along with him. Bang goes another $10. Getting out so early, mebbe before daylight, gives 'em a good chance. My partner and I, we try to keep watch on 'em, but we have to keep the store and filling station open till midnight, and we can't be awake all the time."

Fifteen travelers' checks, he told me, had been returned to him during the five months that the camp had been open. Yet the overwhelming majority of his guests, he admitted, were all right; a good many were wealthy.

I talked with fellow travelers as occasion offered. For the most part, this meant quite an effort; "transportation" tourists are not inclined to be chummy. The average bungalow camper comes in tired, keeps to himself and his own family and gets away promptly in the morning. Bungalows that are not vacated by ten o'clock are charged for as an additional day.

WILL ROGERS WEIGHS UP THE NEW FORD

"GET a dull gray Ford—same color as a Rolls-Royce," chuckles the cheerful Will Rogers in one of the weekly articles that he writes, or talks—presumably juggling a brace of lariats the while—for a string of publications served by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc. And he remarks that saying a Ford is going to change its color or style is almost like saying, "Burbank has invented a different color for grass, from now on it will grow in Lavender and Battleship Gray." All Mr. Rogers knows about the matter, he continues to assure us with beguiling simplicity, is what he "read in the papers," and he pronounces the announcement of new styles in tin lizzies "the biggest news that's broke in this country since Dawes denounced the Senate." Taking up the specifications in detail, he rambles on:

> Here is what they are going to do: "The Model T chassis will remain the same." Now "chassis" is a word that has added to the cost but not value of our cars. It's French for "Running Gear." We had the same thing on wagons for years, but didn't know they were chassises. Well, the Running Gear will be the same. They are going to try and build out around and over it a little more. In other words they are going to try and hide the chassis. It's been exposed too much. They are going to change it; they are just going to conceal it. Heretofore wheels have stood out so far from the Ford Body that there has been some misunderstanding by drivers as to whether the front wheels that you saw out to one side belonged to you or to the car

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Besides fathering a large family of standard dictionaries, Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D., the distinguished lexicographer, is author of more than a dozen books on every-day speech and writing. The collection includes:

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you were trying to pass. Now they couldn't bring the wheels in any closer together, because if they did they would practically have a monocycle, one of these things that runs on one wheel. So they took the only course left open to them; they decided to build out and see if they couldn't reach the Wheels. So they are widening and lowering the Fender.

There is two things on a Ford car that you always bend when you hit anything. One is the Fender, and the other is the front Axle. (The axle is not to be changed; they figure people are used to bending them now and they don't want to disappoint them.) But the Fender is to be lowered. It has been discovered that in addition to the good it does (just for bending purposes) that by lowering it, it could be used to intercept some of the mud. Heretofore no mud has ever been able to live long enough to reach from the wheel up to the fender. Then they are going to widen the fender. That's so you will have twice as much to straighten out. They may possibly put fenders under the car as it has been proven that other cars can run successfully on top of Ford Fenders, so why not fix it so they can run on their own.

"Longer and Lower Bodies; the body will be seven inches longer and four inches lower from the top of the car to the road." How is any one to judge how far the top of the car is from the road? I have seen one hit a rut and bounce and no man living could measure how far it was from the top of the car to the road. Then again lots of times the top of the car is on the road. You have to lift the top off the road. So if I was you and was thinking of buying one, I wouldn't put too much dependence in these advertisements. We have all seen thousands of Ford cars miles from any road, so how are you going to judge one by a road?

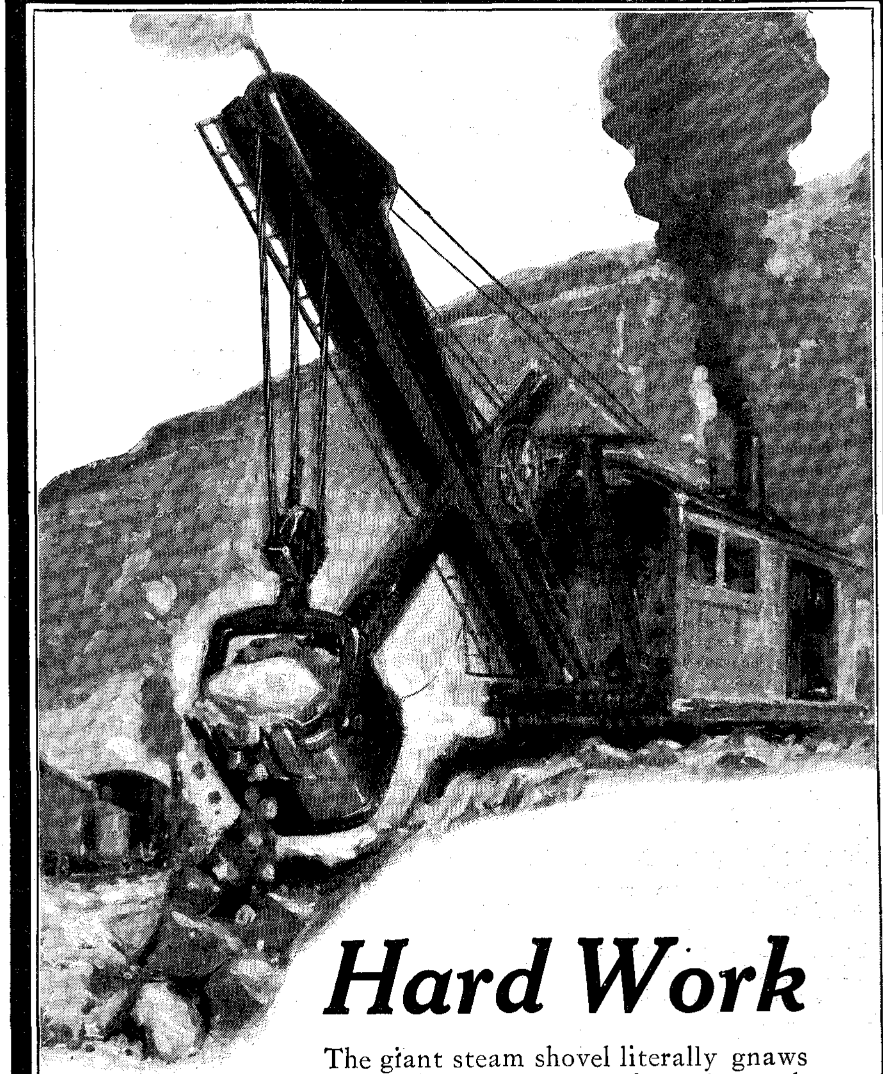
But that lowering the body is a good invention, because lots of people have had their heads bumped by running under other cars, so with four inches lower that should give you clearance without even removing your hat. Of course, the main thing they are lowering the body for is to lessen the distance of the fall. In other words, they have to look after the "Turnover." Every business has to watch their turnover. A quick turnover is what makes business, and no business so relies on the Turnover as the Ford business. They have the biggest turnover of any business in the world. Every turnover means a new fender.

Now they are "increasing the length and the width of the body—seven inches longer and four inches wider." You know what those inches will do? Well they will just increase the capacity of the car three adults or six children, or one and a half adults and nine children or, if you don't want to haul any more adults, why the new car will carry twelve more children than the old model. And what is more important still, it will carry eight more (12 Bottle) cases. You have to figure capacity nowadays not so much in flesh or pounds as you do in quarts.

Mr. Rogers duly notes the fact that the new model has "4 doors instead of 3," and remarks:

Their engineers have figured the time it takes to load and unload a car; when families are crawling in from four ways at once they figure you can get away one-fourth quicker, unload one-fourth quicker, in fact, you don't really unload, you just open the doors of a Ford and they just kinder burst out.

In case of accident you have one more



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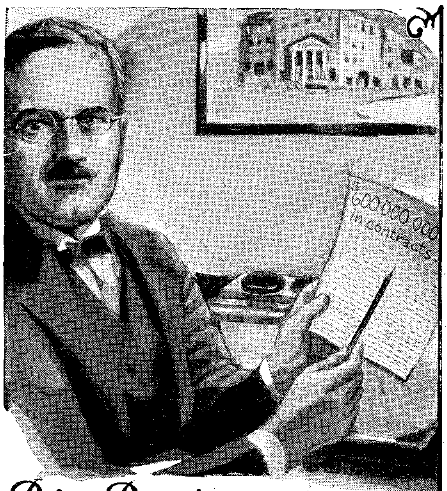

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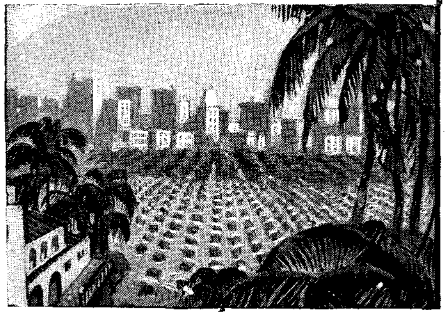

MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

means of escape with the extra door. In the old model if your corner didn't have a door, you had to climb over three or four to reach the nearest exit. Three doors always give you an odd rattle, but four doors make an even rattle.

A Ford will seem so big inside, and have so many doors, that he will have to have signs in there reading, "In case of accident walk, don't run, to the nearest Exit. Follow the red light."

"The Gasoline tank in the FORDER will be in the same place." Now get that name "Forder." That's the new style car he is making from parts of those Government ships he bought. It is a kinder aquatic machine. It takes to the water and is appropriately called the Forder. What it can't ford it swims.

"The Gas Tank is in the same place." Right where everybody h[illegible] get out to get Gas in. Then if they put in too much Gas you can't all get back in again.

"There is a newly designed Tire rack on the back." There is nothing that adds to the comfort and efficiency of an Automobile as a good tire rack. I have been in cars that the Tire rack just spoiled my whole trip.

"The Steering wheel will be lower." That is a good improvement. The steering wheel of a Ford always did come so high that it really interfered with the view. Young Boys or Girls driving them always had to peep out between the spokes of the wheel to see where they were going. A Ford steering wheel always gave one the impression that the driver was carrying it, ready to hand it to some one, rather than he was using it.

"The Radiator Cap will be ⅝ of an inch higher with no change in the Radiator, but on closed cars it will be nickeled." There is where he has disappointed me. The best Ford Joke I ever had in my life was, "If Henry Ford will just make one speech he can be elected. All he has to say is: 'If I am elected I will change the front on 'em.'"

And here Mr. Rogers complains that Mr. Ford has changed everything else but the front, "the only thing that really needed changing," and adds: "I think, tho, he is leaving that for his crowning achievement. That will be his last and greatest gift to posterity. 'A new shaped Radiator on a Ford Car.'" And he exclaims:

> Just think, it won't seem like the same old highway from now on. Six inches longer—that means 186 less to the mile. That sounds encouraging, but it is offset by the four inches in width. How many times have you missed one by less than four inches? From now on you will hit 'em. Why, it almost seems like changing the Statue of Liberty's dress from a flowing robe to Plus Fours. (You will have to look that Plus Fours up. I saw it in an English Paper the other day. I don't know what it means either. I think it means "without a Monocle.")
>
> Well it does seem good to be writing Ford Jokes again. Just like old times! What some of our self-styled prominent men do, nobody ever knows or cares, but what Henry Ford does or says is always of interest to everybody. Why? Because he is the greatest man we have

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in this Country. He has given real enjoyment to more people and work to more people, than any man living.

In five minutes I will be on my way to the Village Post Office to mail this Article, and I will be driving one, and if you read this you will know that the thing ran. But it's going to take me a long time to get used to riding in a CERISE colored one.

There is only one thing that I love better than telling a Ford Joke, and that is Ford himself.

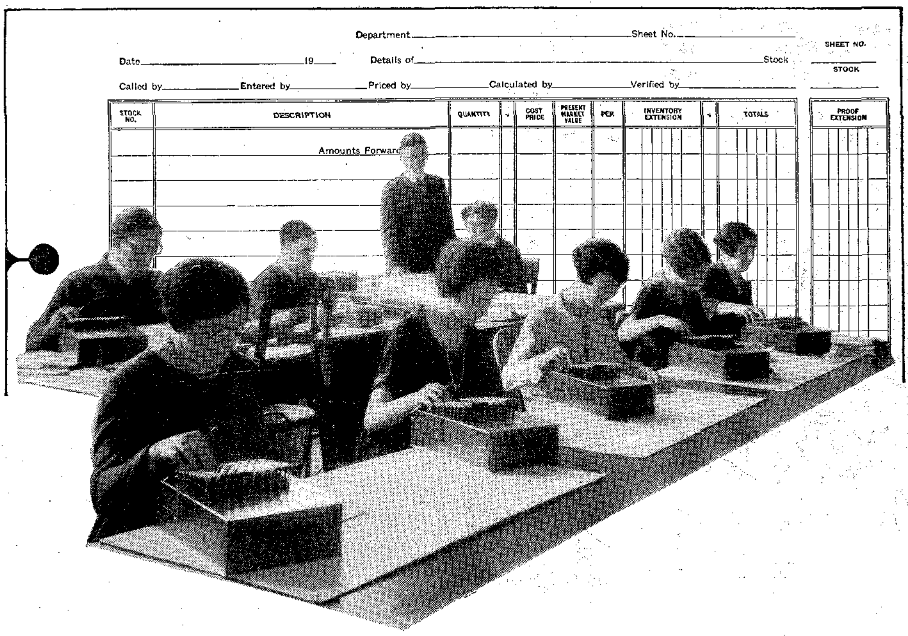
WHAT MAKES 17,591,981 MOTORISTS MAD

"TAX-RIDDEN" motorists all over the country have been mobilized to make a united drive for liberation from the lingering war impost on automobiles, and have already voiced their grievances to the House Ways and Means Committee. In a statement broadcast from the national headquarters of the American Automobile Association, attention is called to the fact that there are four times as many people paying excise taxes on automobiles and parts as there are people paying income taxes, and the owners of the 17,591,981 motor-vehicles registered in the country are called upon to get behind the Association's program. Thomas P. Henry, president of the A. A. A., is thus quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> With a surplus of $350,000,000 in sight for the fiscal year 1926, it stands to reason that the special tax imposed on motorists as a class by the Government can be removed without risking a deficit in Federal finances.

And we read further:

> The A. A. A. statement asked all motorists to urge their Representatives in Congress to support the repeal of the excise tax. It pointed out that the total excise tax paid by motorists on automobiles and parts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1925, was $122,742,440.29. This total is based on the figures of the Internal Revenue Bureau, and is equivalent to $29 per motor-vehicle. The total tax paid by motorists in 1924, including Federal, State and municipal taxes amounted to $555,028,548.
>
> As regards the operation of the excise tax, attention was called to the fact that in the eight-year period ended June 30, the Treasury Department collected from motorists, as a class, the grand total of $902,000,000 in excise taxes. While this tax is paid by the manufacturers in the first instance, it is always passed on direct to the motorists. In 1924, six years after the World War, the purchasers of more than 3,600,000 new cars were reminded in their invoices that they still had to pay war taxes.
>
> "The motor-vehicle excise tax," said Mr. Henry, "is essentially unsound. Even as a war measure it was unsound to base the tax on the assumption that the automobile is a luxury. Ninety per cent. of all cars are used more or less for business purposes, while more than 60 per cent. of the total passenger-car mileage is strictly for business use.
>
> "Realizing that a tax on transportation is the greatest impediment to business improvement, Congress removed the tax on the steam-railroads as well as the tax on



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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

telephone and telegraph messages, the only exception being in the case of the automobile, the motor-bus and the motor-truck.

"And yet the greatest portion of the freight handled by the railroads is also handled by trucks, while the motor-bus has fast developed into a gigantic agency of mass transportation. Motor-vehicles carry annually six times as many passengers as the steam-railroads.

"The tax is discriminatory in its effect on both an instrument of commerce and a commodity. The product of no other basic industry is similarly taxed by the Federal Government.

"The automobile owner to-day is the most taxed individual in America. Every taxing unit has tried to get as much money from him as possible. It is not unusual for him to pay as many as seven different kinds of taxes, such as excise tax, State license fee, gasoline tax, personal property tax, city personal property tax, State driver's license and a State registration fee."

The tax imposed by the Government on accessories and parts was characterized by the head of the A. A. A. as "the most glaring anomaly in the entire field of taxation," and he added:

> The tax on repairs and parts is in effect a tax on misfortune. Why should a man who has the bad luck to break an axle be required to contribute to the United States Treasury for the general expenses of the Government a sum in addition to what he would have to pay for the cost of a new axle and its installation? The tax on parts hits the farmer hardest, because as a rule he encounters the worst roads.

Seven years after the war, points out William Ullman in the Washington *Star*, the motorist "is still the prey of all sorts of taxation," and he goes on:

> There are ways of dodging the inheritance, corporation, income and other taxes, but the motorist who buys a new car having a wholesale value of $1,000 can not by any possible evasion escape paying a $50 tax.
>
> The farmer is particularly hard hit by the retention of the motor-vehicle tax. He is the largest single user of the motor-vehicle, and this is virtually the only form of relief which can be granted to him while general tax-reductions are being granted to other groups of citizens.
>
> Members of Congress who oppose the abolition of the tax have argued that the motorist gets back in Federal aid highway benefits a large part of the taxes he pays. On the other hand, it is pointed out that the Federal Highway Act was passed in 1916, a year prior to the passage of the motor-vehicle excise tax, and that the former was a measure having in mind the general good and prosperity of the country as a whole and not designed to benefit any particular group.
>
> The motorist has contributed liberally to all taxing units. He feels that he has been neither scientifically nor equitably taxed. The city, the county, the State and the Federal Government, all have collected from him repeatedly and unstintingly for use of the public highways, even tho the funds so collected, in many instances, were used to defray general government expenses. Altho the motorist makes large

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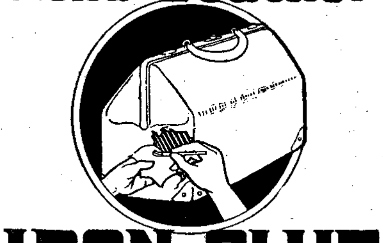

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use of the highways, their economic value is by no means limited to his class.

Society at large benefits from their improvement, development and maintenance, yet the revenues derived from Federal and State taxes against motor-vehicles last year amounted to 44.8 per cent. of the total highway expenditures of the National. Out of $79,000,000 paid by motorists last year on account of the gasoline tax, only $48,000,000 went to State highway work, the remainder being used for fish hatcheries, school funds, general expenses to pay city police departments and to retire old railroad bonds.

Treasury actuaries estimate that for the fiscal year 1926 there will be a surplus in Federal funds of between $350,000,000 and $400,000,000 which will be available for tax-reduction. Four kinds of taxes are scheduled for relief: War excise, which includes motor-vehicles, tires, parts and accessories; inheritance, gift and income. The motor-vehicle excise taxes for the fiscal year 1925 amounted to $124,686,000 which, if eliminated entirely, would still leave ample room for reductions in the other three classes.

President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon urged that the Federal tax on inheritances, which already are amply taxed by the States, constitutes double taxation, and that a reduction in income taxes will benefit the largest single class of taxpayers in the country and at the same time result in larger revenues for the Federal Government through increased business activity. According to the American Automobile Association, there are 12,000,000 automobile owners in the United States as against 4,000,000 income-tax payers, which fact would seem to indicate that the automobile excise tax is more universal than any other form of major taxation.

The automobile, along with hundreds of other commodities, was taxed for revenue to defray the expenses of the war. Since the original war revenue act in 1917, however, excises on the large majority of these commodities were repealed so that there now remain taxed as luxuries and non-essentials, automobiles, tires and accessories; cigar and cigaret-holders; coin-operated devices, mah-jong and pung-chow sets, cameras, sculpture and paintings and jewelry. On the other hand, relief from the special war taxes has been granted to athletic and sporting goods, candy, chewing-gum, dirk knives, hunting and bowie knives, hunting and shooting garments, livery boots, motion-picture films, patent medicines, perfumes and toilet preparations, piano-players and phonographs, portable electric fans, sailing and motor boats, thermos bottles, yachts, furs, and many other articles.

Probably the outstanding argument in favor of the retention of the motor-vehicle excise tax is that it is simple and easy to collect and that it has netted the Federal Government from $48,000,000 to $158,000,000 a year since it was inaugurated.

Some of the reasons why the motorist feels he should be relieved of these war taxes are: The automobile is not a luxury; the State alone should have the prerogative of taxing motor-vehicles; the motorist already is bearing his full share of taxation; Congress in 1922 removed the tax on railroads, yet retains the tax on motor-vehicles, one of the most essential forms of transportation.

These and other arguments have been developed in the hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee.

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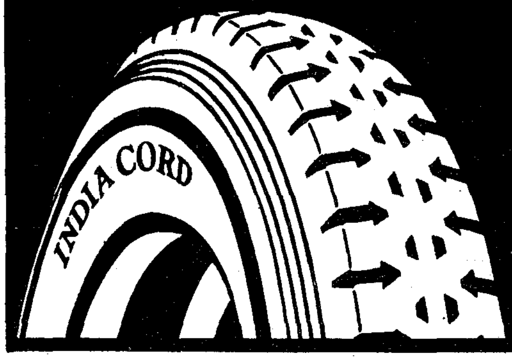

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J-38

INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

COST OF THE COAL STRIKE

THREE MILLION DOLLARS A DAY is the estimated cost of the present anthracite strike in Pennsylvania to the miners and the industries directly affected—the anthracite industry itself and the coal-carrying railroads—according to an article in the New York *Times*. Furthermore, there is not the slightest chance of an early settlement of the strike, in the opinion of spokesmen for both the miners and operators. What the coal strike will cost the public in physical suffering during the strike and higher coal prices afterward, if and when the miners decide to return to work, only one newspaper, apparently, feels brave enough to predict.

Up to October 25, when the *Times* figures were gathered, the strike had been in force fifty-five days. In that time, we are told, the strike cost some $165,000,000, of which $78,000,000 represents the wages which coal-miners and employees of the coal-carrying railroads might have earned. Six million dollars a month is said by the mine-owners to be the cost of maintaining the idle workings. The expense for this item alone, since the strike began, has, therefore, been more than $12,000,000. The loss to merchants in the hard-coal region of Pennsylvania unlike other losses, can not be estimated, but we are reminded that the miners are not drawing strike benefits from the union, "because, technically, the present tie-up is not a strike, but a 'suspension,' notwithstanding the results are the same so far as the public is concerned." Continues the writer in *The Times:*

> There are about 165,000 men out of work as a direct result of the coal strike, and the production of anthracite, of course, has ceased. Ordinarily, the annual commercial production of anthracite is 78,000,000 net tons. Between the beginning of the coal year, on April 1, and the ending of mining operations on August 31, this year, the quantity of coal loaded for shipment at the mines was about 36,382,000 net tons.
>
> According to their own statements, the United Mine Workers of America have a membership of 158,000 men in the anthracite region. With the exception of about 7,500 who are kept at work by agreement between the miners' union and the operators to prevent the mines from flooding, all of these men are on strike. The operators figure their labor bill, not including office salaries, at $1,200,000 a day. The total loss to the miners, therefore, for the forty-five working days which had elapsed between September 1 and October 25 was about $54,000,000.
>
> The anthracite mines produce an average of 1,500,000 gross tons of so-called commercial coal—that is, coal which is not needed for mine fuel—each week. Reduced to net tons of 2,000 pounds, the average weekly production is 1,680,000 tons. During the eight weeks which have elapsed since the beginning of the strike, therefore, there has been lost a total commercial production of about 13,440,000 net tons which, of course, can not be made up when mining is resumed.
>
> The financial loss to the operators through this lost production can not be accurately estimated, but, based on the recent statement of Samuel D. Warriner, President of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, one of the larger producers, that his company's average gross selling price at the mines was $5.68 a gross ton, a reasonable guess would be that the coal which might have been produced would have represented a total gross realization of $68,160,000.
>
> Since the strike began, the anthracite-carrying railroads have laid off about 15,000 men directly or indirectly connected with the work of transporting coal, according to R. S. Binkerd, vice-chairman of the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Railroads. Of these, about 5,000 are skilled shopmen, the remainder being train and engine crews, yardmen and common laborers. The average annual earnings of these men are estimated at $1,800 each, and, on this basis, the employees affected are losing pay at the rate of about $950,000 a week, or a total loss for the eight weeks of the strike of $7,600,000. As a result of the strike, Mr. Binkerd says, these carriers are loading an average of 30,000 fewer cars a week. He estimates the loss in revenue to the roads at $3,000,000 weekly.
>
> No person familiar with the strike situation could be found yesterday who was willing to venture a prediction regarding the probable duration of the tie-up. John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, is determined, according to his own statements, to force the operators to grant the miners' demand for the check-off of union dues from the members' pay envelops, and for increases of 10 per cent. in the wages of contract miners and of one dollar a day in the pay of day men. It has been said that he is particularly concerned about getting the check-off, which would assure the union a steady income from 158,000 hard-coal miners.
>
> The operators, on the other hand, seem just as determined to resist the check-off demand for reasons which they have often stated. As for the demand for increased wages, they point out that the cost of producing anthracite is already so high that the prices they are compelled to charge threaten their market.
>
> Reports come from the region that the mine workers are beginning to chafe under the idleness. They are known as a thrifty lot with a deep-rooted belief in savings-banks and building and loan associations. They do not mind an occasional vacation, but when the time comes to draw on the money they have laid by they get restive and eager to return to work.
>
> The anthracite mines are completely organized, however, and the union is strongly entrenched. Therefore, regardless of the personal feelings of the miners, no one who is familiar with the situation doubts that they will tie up the production of coal until their leaders tell them to go back to work.

The cost of the coal strike to the public, in the opinion of the Houston *Chronicle*, probably will not be so great as in past coal strikes. According to this Texas paper:

> In years past when the recurrent strikes were staged the people's fear of a coal shortage was made the basis for a boost in coal prices, and for the selling of inferior grades at top-notch prices. The operators rolled in extra profits and the miners trusted to getting their share in wage increases.
>
> But the game has been played too often. Not only has it aroused the suspicions of the consumers, but it has goaded them to the use of substitutes, even when this involved considerable inconvenience. As winter draws on, of course, the mining industry still has hopes that a real shortage will develop and that the people yet may be stampeded into bidding up the price on the available supply. If the operators should become convinced that substitutes are going to supply their markets, there will be a hasty end to the labor troubles in the coal-fields, and the anthracite will go back on the market very quickly. When it becomes apparent to both the miners and operators that they are not going to "bleed" the public this time, but that they are bringing losses only to each other and to the industry on which both depend for existence, it is more than likely that they will find a speedy settlement of their disputes.
>
> And the people need not be "bled" this time. If they play into the hands of the mining industry, it will be solely because of panic and ignorance. For coal substitutes are at hand. George H. Cushing, writing in a recent issue of *The Review of Reviews*, estimates available coal substitutes, translated into their equivalent in tons of anthracite, as follows:
>
> Anthracite stored in bins of householders and retailers and in mine stocks above ground, 20,000,000 tons.
> Surplus volatile or "smokeless" coal, 10,000,000 tons.
> Fuel oil in storage at Atlantic ports, 1,250,000 tons.
> Surplus fuel-oil production during winter, 1,750,000 tons.
> Domestic coke, 7,000,000 tons.
> Artificial gas, in terms of anthracite, 7,000,000 tons.
> Welsh and Virginia anthracite, 1,000,000 tons.
>
> This makes a total of 48,000,000 tons of substitute fuels, translated into terms of anthracite tons. Now it is estimated that the normal consumption of anthracite up to April 1 of next year, if the coal was on the market as usual, would be 50,000,000 tons. On the face of it, then, the available substitutes fall only 2,000,000 tons short of filling all needs. However, these figures are most conservative. The production of virtually every substitute can be increased with very little difficulty. British operators, for

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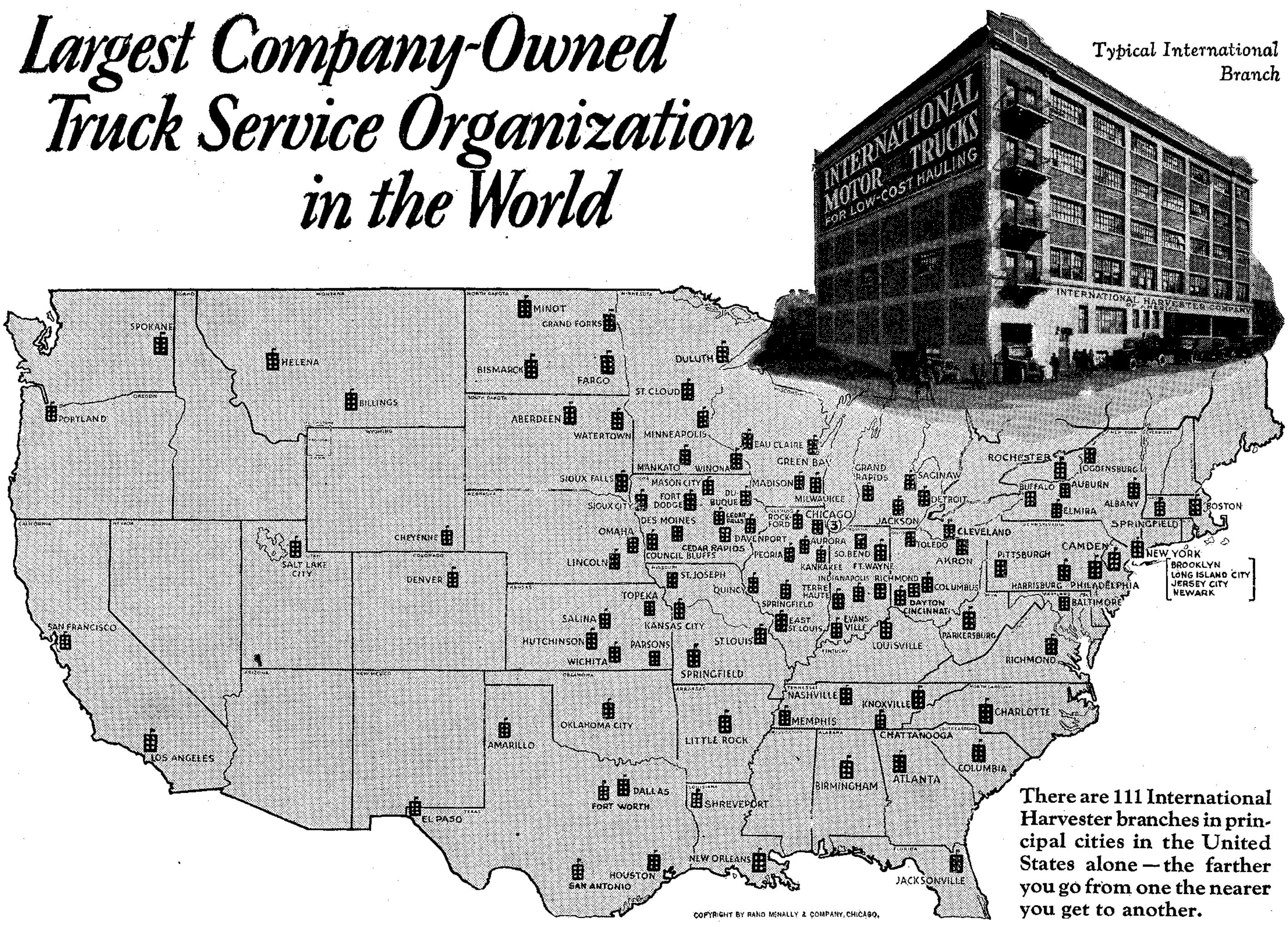
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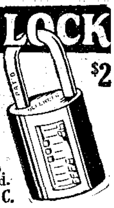

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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instance, would like nothing better than an opportunity to fill American coal orders for a while.

These figures are reassuring to the American public, because they indicate that the mining industry has no strangle-hold on it, not because the control has been broken, but because anthracite has ceased to be an absolute public necessity. And as the strike continues and the people become used to other fuels, anthracite will become less and less a necessity. It is this alarming possibility that constitutes the real threat to the mine operators in the present strike, and incidentally places in jeopardy the jobs of many thousands of men on strike.

The consumer should be very thankful that the working of economic forces has brought them out of their dilemma of former years. And they should be thankful that their position of comparative independence in relation to anthracite production will hasten a reorganization in the coal-mining industry. Too many men are employed, too many mines are operated, and excessive profits are made on the investment value. The industry is indeed in for a housecleaning, and the present strike is very likely to hasten it. The public can take real pleasure in the fact that the strike has reacted to its benefit in two distinct ways, in ways not at all calculated on by the men who planned the strike and the men who allowed it to be staged.

CONSOLIDATION PRESCRIBED FOR COAL ILLS

AN ERA of consolidations in the coal industry has at last arrived, in the opinion of no less an authority than F. R. Wadleigh. And Mr. Wadleigh, who is a consulting engineer with wide experience in railroading and the coal industry, and who was at one time Federal Fuel Distributor, is convinced that this is the one thing that will save the industry and put an end to such strikes as we are now experiencing. His views are given in a pamphlet reprint from *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* (Philadelphia). Some of the improvements that might be brought about by consolidation, "together with suggestions that will lead to better understanding and management," are enumerated as follows:

1. Elimination of needless mines and a check on the opening of new ones.
2. Weeding out of discordant elements.
3. Better management with an active policy as regards personnel.
4. Better preparation of product and its more efficient use.
5. Keeping the public interested, giving it facts and encouraging it to invest in coal.
6. Greater harmony in the industry—producers, wholesalers, retailers, and labor, with a united front to all disturbers and disturbances.
7. Open and above-board tactics and good faith in all negotiations; giving no excuse for government interference.
8. Working for true industrial democracy, and the elimination of self-seeking agitators and leaders everywhere and in all capacities, whether as employers or employees, or representatives of either.

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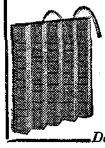

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9. Education of employers and employees in the workings of the industry.
10. Research and study in economic as well as in technical matters; in labor, welfare, distribution and marketing, as well as in engineering and chemistry, uses, by-products, and values.

The reason the consumer is likely to get wrong ideas about the coal business, argues Mr. Wadleigh, is because he knows nothing about it. So this distinguished engineer comes to the conclusion that one far-reaching effectual way out of the difficulties of the industry, "lies in not only taking the public into its confidence and inviting its assistance, but in a wider diffusion of ownership in coal securities among the public generally." As he explains:

> Diffusion in the spread of knowledge of the industry's activities and conditions is greatly needed. Given some financial share in an industry, a person would be more interested in and willing to learn about the industry.
>
> Financial or personal interest in either anthracite or bituminous would stimulate the consumer's desire for understanding the differences between them, and he would be likely to spread this knowledge among his friends and acquaintances.

Other industries, like utilities and railroads, we are reminded, have been making a point of selling or distributing their securities to customers and employees, and Mr. Wadleigh thinks that the coal industry may well profit from such examples. In conclusion, he returns to his main thesis that one of the causes for such deadlocks as occasioned the present strike, is the lack of knowledge regarding the financial position of the industry, and he asks:

> Is it not time for us to decide whether the opinion that any business should be owned and operated entirely in the interest of those financially concerned, should give way to the position that, in order to be entirely successful and avoid all disputes and lack of cooperation, a business or corporation, of whatever size or kind, must be considered as a combination between those financially interested, *i.e.*, productive labor and the management that directs the disposal of capital invested, the labor used on production and the sales of the product?
>
> It seems to me that at least careful consideration should be given by the coal industry to the question of adopting some plan in the way of publicity of costs of operation that would enable the public to judge whether it is being imposed on by either capital, employer, or labor. It should work no injury to the coal industry, if individually, or through its associations, or even, if desired, by large individual corporations, it should publish—say quarterly—as is to-day done by Great Britain's coal industry, summarized statements of costs and profits in each district.
>
> Would not such a public statement place the financial and employer side of the industry in the strongest position with the public, which after all is the court of last resort in any dispute with labor over wages and labor conditions, as well as give definite assurance to the public that it was not being imposed upon?
>
> Such action would greatly tend to make unlikely, if not impossible, the coming of government control or the so-called "nationalization" of the coal industry.

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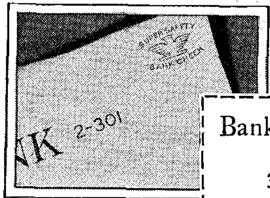

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 21.—The Greek Government sends an ultimatum to Bulgaria demanding an indemnity of 2,000,000 French francs, an apology and punishment of the guilty in the recent frontier fighting between Greeks and Bulgars near Demirhissar.

The temporary debt agreement providing for the payment of $40,000,000 annually for five years to the United States is reported unacceptable to the French Government and will not be brought before the Chamber of Deputies.

A new outbreak in China results in the capture of Hsuchew by forces opposed to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian leader. Hsuchew is an important railway junction about two hundred miles north of the Yangtze River.

October 22.—Syrians in Cairo, Egypt, present a petition to the American Legation requesting the United States to ask France to cease aggression in Syria. Protests against the bombing of Damascus by the French are laid before the Legations of the other Powers.

October 23.—Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, and president of the League of Nations Council, calls a meeting of that body in Paris for October 26, to take up the threat of war between Greece and Bulgaria. A dispatch from Sofia, Bulgaria, reports twenty-five people killed, 15,000 rendered homeless, and 240 square miles of Bulgarian territory occupied by the Greeks.

October 24.—The Greek and Bulgarian Governments accept the invitation to attend a meeting of the League of Nations Council in Paris. Meanwhile each continues to charge the other with provoking the outbreak between the two countries and continuing the fighting.

October 25.—The Nationalist members of the German Cabinet resign because of their opposition to the Locarno peace pacts.

The fighting between the Greeks and Bulgars continues, the Bulgarian Government charging that two Bulgar towns have been subjected to a bombardment by Greek troops, and the Greeks charging that the Bulgars have occupied Greek territory in the neighborhood of Demirhissar.

Gen. Emiliano Chamorro, former President of Nicaragua, seizes Managua, capital of the country, and demands that President Soloranzo dismiss the Liberal members of his Cabinet and restore the Conservative party to power under a Conservative President. The Conservatives claim to have lost the Presidency by fraud in the election of October a year ago.

October 26.—The League of Nations Council orders Greece and Bulgaria to withdraw their forces behind their own boundaries within sixty hours, the order to be issued within twenty-four hours.

Two thousand Chinese students riot in protest against the Provisional Government and kill a policeman while the delegates of twelve foreign Powers assemble in Peking for the opening of the Chinese Customs Conference. Chinese spokesmen propose that the Powers restore to China complete control of her customs tariff.

For You

whom coffee harms
Here's one that cannot

This is to people who must stint on coffee. Or who must drink substitutes. Or who cannot drink coffee and sleep.

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It worked, but my how it burned and blistered!

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WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb was reopened October 12, according to a dispatch from London.

DOMESTIC

October 21.—Fifty representatives of Iowa tax clubs appearing before the House Ways and Means Committee in behalf of tax-reductions are assured by Chairman Green, and Representative Garner, ranking Democratic member of the Committee, that the maximum surtax will be decreased.

Countess Karolyi, of Hungary, whose husband was permitted to enter this country some months ago on condition that he would deliver no speeches, and who practically evaded the condition by speaking in Canada, is refused a visa for her passport by the United States Consul at Paris, by order of the State Department, says a Washington dispatch.

The House of Deputies of the Episcopal Church votes to discard the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion which for 124 years have had a place in the American Book of Common Prayer. The action is subject to the approval of the House of Bishops.

Two American destroyers in European waters are ordered to Alexandria, Egypt, to be prepared to protect American lives and property which may be imperilled by the warfare between the Druse tribesmen and the French in Syria, says a Washington dispatch.

October 22.—In a new schedule filed with the House Committee on Ways and Means, which he says is more satisfactory than the one previously suggested, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon advocates sweeping reductions in the normal tax on incomes from $6,000 to $10,000, and upward, with the surtax beginning at $13,000.

October 23.—Governors of thirty-two States urge the repeal of the Federal estate tax at a hearing before the House Committee on Ways and Means.

October 24.—The youth of to-day need more parental oversight, says President Coolidge in an address to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States and Canada, meeting in Washington.

The House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, in convention in New Orleans, issues a pastoral letter saying that the world needs "both the religion about Christ and the religion of Christ," and asserting that a large number of children are growing up without religious training.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Scanlon, Secretary of Moral Welfare for the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, issues a statement in which he says that the report of the Federal Council of Churches on Prohibition, tho issued by friends of Prohibition, shows "evidence of more caution than courage."

A delegation from the Federal Council of Churches presents a petition to Secretary of State Kellogg that justice be done to China at the international conference in Peking.

October 25.—Sixteen persons are killed and more than a score are injured by a tornado in Pike County, Alabama.

Ouch!

'Mid Arizona's deserts,
Are things for us to frown on,
They grow the finest cactus
That ever I sat down on.
—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Colds can't come

when breathing passages are strong and vigorous. This alkaline antiseptic strengthens nose and throat.

A-CHOO-O!

This is nature's warning that a cold is on the way. But why wait for a sneeze to tell you to get busy? Start working on a cold even *before* you get one.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants which form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

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Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline.*

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter which the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline today. Use it regularly and enjoy greater freedom from colds and sore throat. Sold by druggists everywhere, in three sizes—3-ounce, 6-ounce, and 1-pound bottles.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

More Honest Advertising.—GENUINE Leather Footballs $1.00 Each. They won't last long. W. H. Boll.—*Marietta (O.) Register.*

Florida's Ruling Passion.—We have a place for a good woman bookkeeper who does not want to sell real estate. Salary $40 per week. 224 W. Forsyth St.—*Jacksonville Paper.*

Shorthand.—A new German dye company is to bear the name, Interessengemeinschaft der Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft, and those who owe any money to this corporation will save time by making checks payable to "Cash."—*Life.*

Absolutely Nothing Lacking.—FOR RENT—Large front furnished room. All improvements; twin beds, use of telephone, electric lights, and private family. Call at 410 Madison Ave., 2nd Foor.—*Scranton Republican.*

Suburbanites.—MAN FROM FLORIDA—"Yes, sir, 500,000 in Miami by 1927. Why, we've got not so far from that now—"

CALIFORNIAN—"Counting the outlying population, of course?"

MAN FROM FLORIDA—"Naw! The outlying population lives in California."—*The Continent.*

Triumphant Thrift.—HE—"But don't you cook much more for dinner than we use, darling?"

SHE—"Of course, silly! If I didn't, how could I economize by making leftover dishes?"—*Windsor Magazine.*

Spurned the Accusation.—J. E. Johnson, formerly one of Gov. Clarence J. Morley's special Prohibition agents, pleaded not guilty to a charge of receiving a bride before Judge Sackmann, and his trial was set for November 23.—*From a Denver paper.*

A Silver Lining.—Mrs. Knowall took a great interest in the doings of all the neighbors. It was a great day for her when a new arrival came to the house on the opposite side of the street, and she watched with interest as the furniture was removed from the van and carried into the house.

"Well," said her husband, when he returned from business in the evening, "have you found out anything about the social standing of the new folks across the street?"

"Not yet," was the reply. "They have no car."

"No?"

"Yes, and they have no pom, no phonograph, no radio, and not even a grand piano. I can't imagine what they have got."

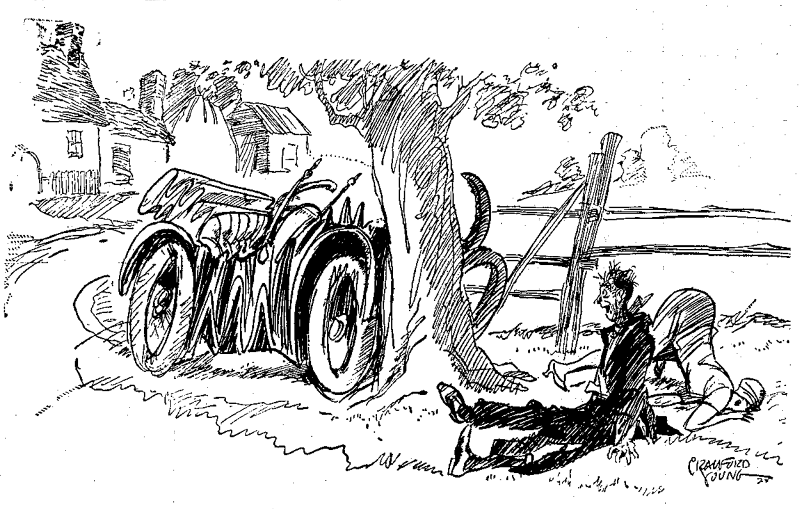
"Humph!" remarked friend husband, sardonically. "Perhaps they have a bank account."—*The Forecast.*

A Kongo Banquet.—
MORE THAN 10,000
SYRACUSE WOMEN COOKED ON
HESSLER'S ANDES RANGES
TO-DAY.

—*From an ad in The Syracuse Herald.*

A Bountiful Spread.—
DORCAS SOCIETY
TO HAVE A SUPPER
Thirty Ducks, Many Chickens Stolen
From Harold Wink's Farm.

—*Composite headlines on a New Castle budget in Every Evening, Wilmington, Delaware.*



INVENTOR: "My word, Mary! That's an idea! A folding car for parking!"—*Judge.*

Page De Wolfe Hopper.—
MISS JEAN C. MUIR TO
BE BRIDE THE 27TH OF
WOODBRIDGE MORRIS

—*Society Page headlines in the Springfield Sunday Republican.*

Ingratitude.—HOWARD—"Biggs has a million dollars due to his ancestors's thrift."

JAY—"What's he buying with it?"

HOWARD—"Different ancestors."—*Brown Jug.*

Doesn't Play Fair.—"Dad, I ain't going to school any more."

"Eh, why?"

"It's no bally good—I can't learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Home, Sweet Home.—SWEET YOUNG THING—"Tell me, don't you sailors ever get most terribly homesick?"

OLD SEAFARER—"Well, I daresay we should if we had to stop there any length of time."—*The Passing Show.*

Plain as a Mud Fence.—An actor fell in love with a chorus girl who did not return his affection. After he had proposed to her for the twentieth time she became exasperated, and said excitedly: "Look here, I wouldn't marry you not if you was the last man on earth. I don't want nothing to do with you. Is that plain English?"

"It's plain enough, my dear," replied the unabashed suitor, "but it isn't English, you know."—*The Argonaut.*

Try the Dentist.—"And how is the little girl?"

"Well! I've had her vaccinated and I've had her confirmed, but nothing seems to cheer her up!"—*Collier's.*

A Grave Error.—Mr. and Mrs. Holland received many gifts. After a wedding reception they left for a burial trip and upon return will reside at Traiton cottage, South Milford.—*From a Milford item in the Manchester (N. H.) Leader.*

Seven-League Boots.—Twenty years ago James Hocking announced he would walk as many miles on each birthday as he was years old. On October 12, when he was 70, he walked from Yonkers to Bear Mountain and back, seventy miles, in five hours.—*From a Spokane paper.*

Perhaps a Troy Collar Fracas.—Our Bureau of Missing Wars has just reported the discovery that the Tacna-Arica dispute is not a disagreement between a couple of rival tooth-paste manufacturers. That matter being settled, our Bureau is now endeavoring to ascertain what it is.—*Life.*

No Wonder Adam Fell.—Sir John Lavery, the famous painter, tells a story about an old Scottish gardener in the employ of a friend of his, who went one day to an exhibition of pictures in London. Among them was one labeled "The Fall." The gardener surveyed this so intently that his employer was moved to ask him his opinion of it. "I think no great things of it," was the reply. "Why, sir, Eve is tempting Adam wi' an apple of a variety that wasna known until aboot twenty years ago."—*Baptist Banner.*

Striking Contradictions.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13 (A. P.).—Domingo Merry del Val, a Spanish diplomatic agent and brother of Cardinal Merry del Val, has been robbed of priceless royal decorations and jewels valued at $50,000.—*News Dispatch in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

I desire to thank my many friends, tho few, who demonstrated that fine principle of Republicanism by voting for me.
ALAMANZA PORTER.

—*Ad in The Scranton Republican.*

The Custodian shall render a monthly report in writing to the Consistory in regular session, stating as to the condition of said buildings, etc., and what repairs may be necessary. Said report to be entered on the minutes. The term of office shall be permanent, expiring at the pleasure of the Consistory. Mr. Clarence A. Hendricks was then elected to the office.—*From a report of the Reformed Protestant Church, Kingston, N. Y.*